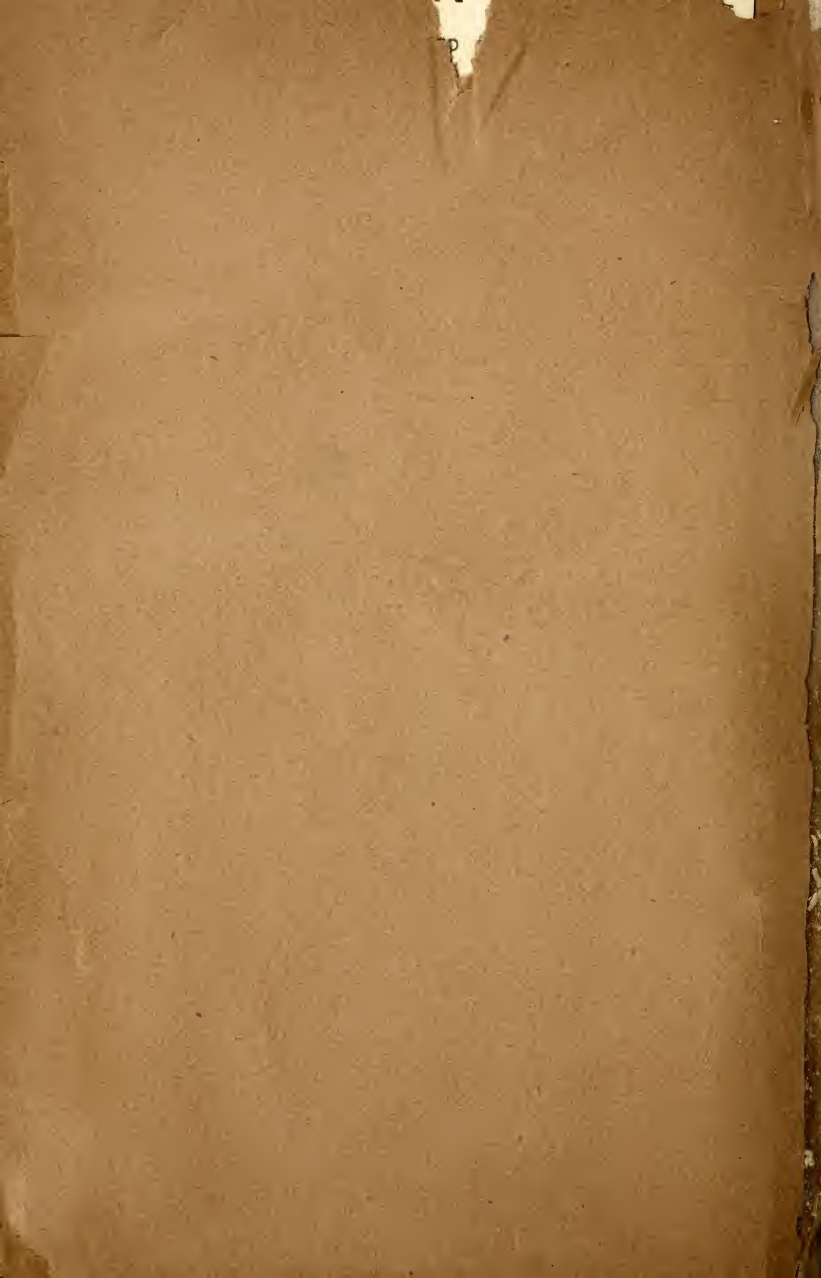




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MISS BONNYBEL.

UNIVERSITY OF N.C. AT CHAPEL HILL



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A NOVEL.

BY

JOHN ESTEN COOKE,

AUTHOR OF "SURRY OF EAGLE'S NEST," "HILT TO HILT,"
"MOHUN," "FAIRFAX," "OUT OF THE FOAM," ETC.



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MDCCCXCII.

a Double life
Welcker

The Mystery of Arcival
Emile Gabouan

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MISS BONNYBEL.

CHAPTER I.

FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

It is a beautiful May morning, in the year 1774.

The sun is shining brightly, the oriole swings to and fro on his lofty spray, and carols to the spring; the month of flowers has dawned upon the world in all its loveliness, and scattered daisies, violets and buttercups on the green expanse of smiling meadows, and along the grassy banks of streams.

Two children holding each other by the hand, take their way through a forest stretching to the west of Williamsburg, the old capital of Virginia.

They are a boy and a girl, apparently about ten years of age.

The boy is a gallant looking urchin, clad in a richly embroidered roundabout, drab shorts, and gayly colored stockings, which disappear in high-quartered shoes, ornamented with rosettes of ribbon; his curling hair, framing ruddy cheeks, is surmounted by a little cocked hat with a jaunty feather.

The girl's costume is in some points similar.

She wears a sort of frock coat, so to speak, of pink "calimanco," opening in front, and displaying a species of waistcoat, laced across a ruffled stomacher. The frock falls only to the knees, where it is met by white silk stockings, held

by velvet garters, ornamented with clocks at the instep, and ending in small high-heeled shoes, with galoshes. Her head, with its bright curls, is protected by a broad-rimmed chip hat, secured with a blue ribbon tied beneath the chin.

The boy is gay, mischievous, full of mirth and high spirits. The girl gentle, sedate, with a pensive look in her mild eyes which peer out from a number of stray ringlets. In one hand she carries a checker-work satchel, holding a few books—for they are going to the old field school; in the other, a nosegay of violets and sweet-briar roses, the gift of her cavalier, who disputes the possession of her hand with the flowers.

They soon come in sight of the old field school. It is a log building, with a broad, well-barred door, a log for a step, a chimney of rough stone built outside, and heavy oaken shutters on rusty hinges.

The rude old building sleeps beneath the lofty oaks very tranquilly; but from the interior comes a busy hum which indicates the presence of children.

The girl looks anxiously toward one of the windows and says:

“Oh me, Paul! See the sun on the shutter! We’re *very* late, and I’m afraid Uncle Jimmy ’ll keep us in!”

“Let him!” replies Mr. Paul with great gallantry, “who cares? We’ve had a glorious time getting flowers, Blossom; and I don’t mind being kept in with *you*.”

Paul inserts one thumb into the arm-hole of his waistcoat as he speaks, and bestows a devoted look upon his companion.

“I don’t mind myself,” says Blossom, hurrying on, “but you love Prisoner’s Base so, Paul!—and then you came in time: for yonder is your pony tied to the oak, and you’ll be kept in, because you came to meet me.”

“Well, what if I did come?” says Paul, carelessly, “although you wouldn’t let me carry your satchel. Is Uncle Jimmy to ride roughshod over me for that? Can’t a Vir-

ginia gentleman get flowers for a lady without being brought to trial?"

And Paul looks proud and indignant.

"A lady, Paul!" says Blossom, with a low silvery laugh; "why I'm only a child!"

"You're my sweetheart."

"Pshaw, Paul! what a goose you are! how foolish you do talk!"

And Blossom turns away her head, hastening on towards the school-house. Paul gets before her, however, and in a moment they are standing in presence of Uncle Jimmy Doubleday, an old gentleman with a lengthy coat, huge goggles, splatterdashes, and a gray queue, who presides over a crowd of boys and girls—all rosy cheeks, curls, freckles and health—busy studying at the long desks against the walls.

Uncle Jimmy has just inflicted condign punishment upon an urchin who was drawing individuals in a boxing attitude upon his slate—the criminal having been posted in a corner with the slate around his neck, and a huge dunce's cap upon his head. Uncle Jimmy is therefore irate. He sternly demands of Paul and Blossom why they are so late.

Paul, who still holds his companion's hand, declares, with an easy air, that *he* is the cause of it: he thought he'd carry Blossom off to get some flowers.

"Oh no, Uncle Jimmy!" says Blossom, with a timid look into the old schoolmaster's face, "I was late before, and Paul is not to blame. Papa came home last night, and I love to talk with him so much."

At the word papa, Uncle Jimmy seems suddenly mollified.

"Well, well," he says, looking through his great goggles at the child's face, and trying not to smile, "well, Blossom, you are excused; you never do wrong purposely, my child; and for your sake I excuse this youngster. But take care sir!" added Uncle Jimmy, turning with a tremendous frown to the urchin, "take care, in future, Mr. Paul Effingham! I

make the prediction, that the birch destined for you, is growing."

And Uncle Jimmy scowled ferociously at Paul, who sauntered with a jaunty air toward his desk. For Paul was a favorite too.

The old pedagogue fell into a reverie, caressed gently Blossom's hair, heaved a sigh, and then awoke. Having vigorously applied the birch to a youngster who had just made his neighbor execute a terrible leap, by sticking a pin into him, Uncle Jimmy called the next class, and so the old field school went on its way as usual.

At last came "play time," and the old schoolmaster closed his books. To his profound astonishment the girls andurchins did not move. Uncle Jimmy saw with incredulous stupefaction that they did not snatch their hats with ardor, and rush into the open air.

The worthy pedagogue rubbed his eyes. Was he dreaming? Had he made a mistake and forestalled the hour? No: there was the rustic dial consisting of a nail driven into the window seat, whose shadow, when it ran along a certain line, marked noon; and now the shadow plainly indicated twelve. Instead of rushing out, the boys and girls had gathered around Blossom, and evidently desired to use her favor with the pedagogue to obtain some boon.

Blossom seemed to resist; but the eloquent advocates redoubled their entreaties, and at last the girl approached the schoolmaster.

"If you please, Uncle Jimmy," she said, timidly, "we want you to give us a holiday to-day."

"Holiday!" cried Uncle Jimmy, with a horrified expression, "holiday! On what earthly ground?"

Blossom was a little abashed by the loud exclamation, and faltered.

"There, my child—there, Blossom," said Uncle Jimmy, "don't mind my outcry. I'm not a little forest bird like you, that does nothing but cheep and twitter. I growl: don't mind me; but say why you want a holiday. Can any one explain such an unusual request?"

And the pedagogue addressed himself with dignity to the crowd. He had cause to regret the movement. A deafening explanation greeted his appeal, above whose uproar were heard only the words, "They're coming! They're coming! They're coming!"

The schoolmaster closed his ears with horror; and then rising to his full height upon the rostrum, extended both his hands in wrath above the youthful orators, and cried—

"Cease, ye young bulls of Bashan!—cease! Have you no regard for my ears, unhappy reprobates that you are! Let Blossom speak, and hold your clatter, or I'll birch every mother's son of you!"

It seemed that even the little maidens were terrified by this address to the boys. A deep silence followed, and Blossom having again urged the general request, Uncle Jimmy did what he had never for a moment hesitated about—he gave the desired holiday.

"Go, go my children," he said, "yes, go and see the vain pageant of a poor mimic royalty! You are not an old fellow like me; you are children, and love music, and bells ringing, and fine dresses. Go see how gallant we can be in old Virginia when we—pshaw! I'm not making an address! Go, children, and come early in the morning."

With these words Uncle Jimmy extended his hands paternally, and in a minute and a half the old school-house was deserted.

At the same moment the noise of chariots was heard upon the forest road in front of the school-house—the rolling of wheels, and the sound of the hoofs of horses.

CHAPTER II.

FLOWERS OF THE COURT.

PAUL was hastening, with his arm around Blossom, toward the tree where his pony Shag was tied—the young gentleman's design being to convey his sweetheart behind him into Williamsburg—when suddenly both stopped, arrested by the appearance of a brilliant cavalcade.

It consisted of three richly decorated chariots, each drawn by six glossy horses, and followed by plainer vehicles. The drivers and footmen who hung behind were white English servants, as were the numerous outriders.

The first equipage contained three ladies—the rest seemed occupied chiefly by gentlemen.

As the flock of children ran out to look upon the brilliant spectacle, the head of a young lady was thrust from the window of the foremost coach, and she seemed to be calling the attention of her companions to the children.

It was a beautiful face, framed in bright curls, and looking very sweet and good-humored.

“Isn't she pretty, Paul?” said Blossom, in a whisper.

“Uncommonly,” returned Paul, with the air of a connoisseur; “but look, Blossom, she is beckoning to you!”

In fact, the pretty picture of the boy and girl, with their arms around each other, had attracted the attention of the young lady, and taking advantage of a momentary pause, occasioned by a portion of the harness becoming out of place, she had really beckoned to the girl.

Blossom approached the chariot, followed by Paul, and looked with timid grace into the face of the young lady, who smiled sweetly, and gave her hand to each.

“That is a school-house, is it not, my dear?” she said; “every thing is bright here, and you and all look very happy.”

“That's because Blossom is so good, ma'am,” said Paul politely; “everybody's happy where she is.”

"Blossom," said the lady smiling, "is that your name?"

"Yes, ma'am," returned the child, "and his is Paul."

"Paul! do you hear, Susan?" said the young lady, turning one of her companions; "what pretty names they have in Virginia—*Blossom* and *Paul*! and you know we stopped last night at *Roslyn Hall*."

Then turning to the children, the young lady added:

"I wish you would come and see me, Blossom—and you too, Paul. My name is Augusta Murray, and we are going to live in Williamsburg now."

As she spoke, the footman again mounted behind, having fixed the harness, and the young lady again gave her hand to the children, with a pleased smile.

The cavalcade then resumed its way slowly.

The flock of children, Blossom and Paul leading, surrounded and followed it, as a triumphal escort, and it went thus attended toward the old capital.

For many hours the good town of Williamsburg has been in commotion. An immense crowd has assembled, and the waves of the multitude now extend from the college of "William and Mary," past the old magazine, and the "Raleigh" tavern, quite onward to the steps of the capitol, where, around the base of Lord Botetourt's statue, the restless and variegated billows seem to break into foam and spray.

All classes, all costumes are seen. Plain homespun clothes and rich doublets, gentry and commoners, merchants and factors, and yeomen, and negroes, and a great crowd of students from the college of "William and Mary," who flock in gay groups along the thoroughfares, cracking jokes like their brethren in all ages.

"Duke-of-Gloucester-street" thus represents a jubilant carnival: it is a conglomeration of forms, plain and picturesque, old and young, male and female—jesting, laughing, shouting, jostling—awaiting the event of the day.

From time to time the crowd moves to and fro unwillingly, and as it were under protest; then rapidly divides itself

into parallel columns on each side of the street ; and through this space rolls a chariot, with four glossy horses. It contains some old planter in his richest pourpoint, with his wife and daughters blazing in silk and velvet and diamonds ; and the driver is a portly and consequential negro, who, proud of himself, his master, and his position, looks down with aristocratic condescension on the "poor white folks."

As the chariot disappears in the direction of the palace of the Governor, some richly clad gallant, mounted upon his gayly-caparisoned thorough-bred, prances by in the same direction ; and if he be handsome he occasions favorable remarks from the damsels, whose heads are visible in the windows above.

He is succeeded by some country cart of rude pine board, drawn by a solemn-looking donkey ; and as the old countryman and his wife bounce up and down, the heads at the windows utter jests and laughter—a taste for the grotesque having characterized the maidens of that epoch, as it does the damsels of to-day.

With the uproarious crowd mingle members of the House of Burgesses, and many personages who seem to look with a philosophic eye on the carnival. These do not laugh or jest ; they wait ; they seek for the currents of popular opinion, and continue to gaze silently.

All at once, in the midst of the tumult, a bell is heard, and this is followed by a shout.

Then a great undulation takes place in the mass ; the waves roll right and left, young girls are precipitated into strangers' arms ; through the open space comes on a troop of horsemen from the direction of the palace—Lord Dunmore's guards, who occupy barracks near at hand.

They ride vigorous horses, and are clad in the British uniform, being, indeed, Englishmen. They disappear at the western end of Gloucester street, followed by some murmurs.

The crowd closes after them ; the bells continue to ring ; the windows are more densely crowded ; urchins even

mount upon the old Magazine, and clasp the flag-staff bearing aloft the banner of St. George. A great shout tells that the object of all this excitement has entered the capital.

The confusion becomes now like Pandemonium. The heads of young girls are thrust to a dangerous distance from the windows; handkerchiefs are violently waved by these splendor-loving youthful personages; and the number of damsels, children, and all weaker characters who are precipitated upon alien bosoms is more marked than ever.

But the end is accomplished; the center of the street is left free.

A score of the guards, riding four abreast, precede the cavalcade which we have seen stop a moment near the old field school. As many follow it.

The first chariot contains the Countess of Dunmore, wife of his Excellency the Governor, with her daughters the Ladies Susan and Augusta.

The second is occupied by Lady Catherine and her brothers, the Honorable Alexander and John Murray.

The third contains Lord Fincastle, Captain Foy, the private secretary of his Excellency, and his wife. Captain Foy looks forth calmly on the crowd—his pale, quiet face betrays nothing.

But the countess, her daughters and her sons, are plainly gratified by their reception. The young ladies especially, with their rosy and good-humored faces, seem far from indifferent to the shouts of welcome which greet them. They look out and smile, and raise their eyes to the fair faces at the windows, or scan the crowd.

The crowd looks back amiably. It pays no attention to Lord Fincastle, Captain Foy, or the sons of his Excellency. They are accustomed to lords and honorables, and prefer the smiling faces of the young ladies.

Thus the cortege passes along Gloucester street, accompanied by the crowd which bears it on its way. The bells continue to ring—a band of music in the palace grounds commences an inspiring march—the chariots enter the great

gateway, flanked as now by the two guard-houses—and then the Scottish lindens hide them from the eyes of the multitude.

Virginia has beheld her last viceregal “entrance.”*

CHAPTER III.

HOW BLOSSOM FAINTED, AND WHAT FOLLOWED.

THE crowd does not at once disperse. It busies itself looking at the chariots, at the fat gentleman on the palace portico, at the musicians who blow away with puffed cheeks.

The strident music has a less pleasing effect upon the horses of the troop, who, ranged on each side of the great gate, defend the passage against all but the chariots of the “gentry.”

The animals move uneasily, threatening every moment to trample on the crowd, and their riders are evidently as ill at ease.

This sentiment seems experienced, more than all, by their commander.

He is a young man of twenty-four or five, wearing a rich uniform, and a heavy saber. He curbs with a vigorous hand his restive charger; his dark eyebrows are knit into a heavy frown.

More than once his animal has just escaped trampling on some member of the crowd whose attention is attracted by the efforts he plainly makes to subdue the horse; but the officer seems ill disposed to furnish an object for popular comment. His patience all at once gives way—anger overcomes him—and striking the animal violently on the head with his gauntleted hand, he mutters something very much like an imprecation.

The horse backs, then starts forward under the spur

* Historical Illustrations, No. I.

driven violently into his side. At the same instant a cry beneath the very feet of the charger is heard, and the young man sees that a child has fallen under the trampling hoofs.

A score of hands are stretched out—as many exclamations heard—but the young officer forestalls assistance. He throws himself from the saddle, and raising the figure of the child in his arms, asks anxiously if she is hurt.

“No sir—I believe—not,” she falters. “I was a little frightened—I can stand—I think, sir.”

And Blossom—for it is our little friend of the old field school, separated from Paul by the crowd—Blossom glided from the encircling arm, and placed her feet upon the ground.

Had not the young man supported her again, she would have fallen. The frown deepened on his face, and something like a growl issued from his lips.

“Go!” he said, turning to the troop with an imperious gesture, “Go! you are disbanded!”

The troopers gladly obeyed. They quickly returned to their barracks through the crowd, which made way for them, one of them leading the young officer’s horse.

As they disappeared he felt the slender form weigh heavily upon his arm. A sudden pallor diffused itself over Blossom’s countenance; the long lashes drooped upon the cheek, and the weak head fell like a wounded bird’s upon the young man’s breast. The child’s knees bent beneath her, and she fainted in his arms.

A glance told him all, and raising the light figure wholly from the ground, he bore the child quickly beneath the lindens into the palace of the Governor.

A door was half open at the end of the hall, and perceiving a vessel of water upon a sideboard, he hastened thither and bathed the child’s forehead in the cool liquid.

A slight tremor now ran through her frame, the color returned to her cheeks, and with a deep sigh Blossom opened her eyes.

“Ah!” exclaimed the officer, drawing a long breath of relief, “there’s your color back again, my little girl! That’s well! You are not hurt, I hope. ’Tis but a poor pageant that ends with injury to a child; and I’d much rather resign my commission than have it on my conscience!”

A species of haughty growl, accompanied by the rustle of silk on the opposite side of the apartment, attracted his attention as he spoke, and, turning round, the young officer saw that he was in presence of Lord Dunmore and his household, who had apparently been so much surprised by his entrance as not to have been able either to speak or move.

CHAPTER IV.

A GLIMPSE OF HIS EXCELLENCY LORD DUNMORE.

LORD DUNMORE was clad on this occasion with great splendor. His short and somewhat corpulent person had apparently been decorated by his valet with extraordinary care.

He wore a full dress—silk stockings, gold embroidered waistcoat, velvet surcoat, also embroidered, a bag wig, and a profusion of ruffles. At his button hole fluttered an order of nobility.

The red and somewhat coarse face did not prepossess strangers in his lordship’s favor. They seemed to feel that this countenance must needs indicate a scheming and wholly egotistical nature. And it is certain that reliable records establish this view. Lord Dunmore was not proficient even in intrigue. He bungled in the dark paths which he trod, and stumbled. All his plans went ill. No one would rely on him. More than once, when thrown in collision with the growing spirit of liberty in the colonies, and its advocates in the Burgesses, he had essayed to wheedle the members;

and for this purpose had descended, as he conceived, to undue familiarity. But this manner did not set well upon him. Essentially unreliable and scheming by nature, he could not conceal his character, and generally ended by disgusting those whom he desired to conciliate. He was not wanting in those social attentions which his predecessors from the time of Berkeley had found so useful; but the guest whom he entertained generally went away distrusting his uneasy politeness, and doubting the reality and good faith of his Excellency's protestations.

Lord Dunmore had little of that urbanity and cordial politeness which characterized his amiable predecessor, Francis Fauquier; he possessed none of the tranquil and well-bred courtesy and ease of the justly popular Lord Botetourt, who had coveted no other title than that of "Virginia gentleman." In Fauquier the planters of the colony could and did easily pardon a mania for card playing and wine; they had not the same charity for Lord Dunmore's less amiable weaknesses. While the counties of "Fauquier" and "Botetourt" still remain, and will always, the county of "Dunmore" had its name changed unanimously to "Shenandoah."

The people of Virginia at the period brought ugly charges against his Excellency. They said that through his secret agent, Conolly, he was embroiling the Virginians and Pennsylvanians about the boundary line, to divert attention from the designs of the ministry, and dissipate the increasing spirit of rebellion. They added that he had a league with the savages, whom he tempted to make incursions on the Virginia frontier,* and thus break the opposition to the English Parliament by exhausting the colony's resources. They finally declared that he was a traitor, inasmuch as he attempted to betray Lewis into the hands of the enemy at Point Pleasant. Colonel Bland charged his Excellency with lying; said he held "lewd and filthy orgies in his pal

* Historical Illustrations, No. II.

ace ;” and the events which attended the last months of his residence seem to support this view of his character.

His Excellency, indeed, was no favorite with the Virginians, who pardon much if a man possesses refinement and amiability. “ Lord Dunmore,” says Mr. Wirt, “ was not a man of popular manners ; he had nothing of the mildness, the purity, the benevolence, and suavity of his predecessor. On the contrary he is represented as having been rude and offensive ; coarse in his figure, his countenance and his manners.”

That his Excellency was both cruel and cowardly, the events which attended his flight from Williamsburg, and his piratical ravages on the shores of the Chesapeake, will prove abundantly ; defying all explanation or apology.

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH HIS EXCELLENCY GETS THE BETTER OF A CHILD.

LORD DUNMORE stood motionless in his rich dress, by the window, and neither deigned to bow or speak, when the young officer turned to him.

Fauquier would have been at his side with a smile and a welcome. Dunmore stood still and raised his head haughtily.

This lofty expression, however, seemed to produce very little effect on the intruder. For some time now he had been accustomed to excellencies and honorables. He placed the child on a settee, and made the ladies a profound bow.

“ Your Excellency will pardon my unceremonious entrance,” he said, coolly ; “ there was no one to announce me, and this child had fainted.”

“ Your entrance was very natural, and quite pardonable, sir,” said Lord Dunmore, with an expression of mingled hauteur and condescension ; and then extending his hand

ceremoniously towards the young man, he added, "Lady Dunmore, permit me to present to you, and my daughters, Mr. St. John, lieutenant of my guards."

The officer bowed low again, but it was easy to see from the slight movement of his proud lip that something in the title thus bestowed upon him was displeasing.

Lady Dunmore was about to speak, and from the amiable smile upon her countenance, to refer, doubtless, to the pleasant reception she had met with, and Mr. St. John's part therein, when his Excellency forestalled such colloquy by recalling attention to Blossom.

As he looked at the child there was as little evidence of courtesy or amiability as in his address to Mr. St. John, and he said, almost rudely—

"Is this young person hurt, sir? I confess I see no traces of any accident, unless you call lassitude an accident."

Mr. St. John's brow clouded more and more; for under the circumstances of the case, the tone of Lord Dunmore was as much an insult to himself as to the child; and the young man did not seem to have been habituated to insult. Before he could reply, however, the Governor turned away from him to Blossom, and said, in the same careless and rude tone:

"What happened to you?"

"I fainted, sir," murmured the child, frightened at the cold face and harsh voice, "in the crowd, sir."

"A mere trifle! Where do you live—in Williamsburg?"

"No sir—I came to see the procession, and—"

"What! you had the imprudence to come to town thus! Your parents show little sense in their government."

"Paul was with me," murmured Blossom—"we go to school at Uncle Jimmy's, not far from here, and our house is not so far as that. I think I can walk home now, sir!"

And anxious to get away from the forbidding presence of her interlocutor, Blossom rose to her feet, and made a step toward the door. Her strength, however, was unequal to

the exertion, and she sank down again with an expression of pain.

Mr. St. John, whose brow had assumed a darker and darker cloud, as he stood listening to this conversation, would have hastened to her, but he was forestalled by one of the young ladies, who rose quickly, and in a moment was at the child's side. It was the Lady Augusta whom Blossom had met at the old school.

"Are you much hurt, Blossom?" she said, kindly and softly; "don't try to walk yet."

The child murmured something which was inaudible.

"Are you not sick?" asked the young lady, in the same kind voice.

"No ma'am," faltered Blossom.

"I'm afraid you are," said the young lady, gazing at the child with tender pity; "you must let his lordship send you home in his chariot."

"In his chariot, ma'am?"

"Certainly."

Blossom murmured that she could walk; she was very much obliged for her kindness; then the child paused, her voice dying away in her throat.

The young lady had looked at her so kindly, and held the small hand so lovingly in her own, that Blossom, in her weak condition, had been too much affected to speak.

"Come, Lady Augusta," said Lord Dunmore, coldly, "let us prepare to receive the guests in the drawing-room. As for this child—"

"Yes, yes, your lordship," said the young lady submissively and hurriedly, and turning to the child she said:

"Where do you live?"

"Just out of town, ma'am."

"What is your name?"

"Beatrice, ma'am—but they call me Blossom."

"Oh I know," said the young lady, "but your other name?"

"Beatrice Waters, ma'am."

Lord Dunmore, who had turned stiffly away, wheeled round as he heard this name.

“Did you say Waters?” he asked curtly.

“Yes, sir,” murmured Blossom.

“What Waters?”

“Sir?”

“I asked you what was the Christian name of your father.”

“Charles, sir—he is Mr. Charles Waters.”

His Excellency’s brow clouded over, and he frowned.

“Lady Augusta,” he said, “do you know who you are fondling?”

The young lady turned a frightened look upon her father, and murmured some inaudible words.

“You are bestowing your caresses upon the daughter of the most dangerous—yes! the blackest-hearted rebel in this colony! A man,” added Lord Dunmore, with growing choler, “who is a firebrand of sedition, and who will swing from the gallows if my authority lasts, and I lay hands on him! It is *his* offspring that *my* daughter, madame, is bestowing her attentions upon!”

His Excellency was mastered by one of those sudden fits of anger to which he was constitutionally subject. His countenance reddened, and became puffed up; the vein in his forehead was swollen, and his small keen eyes flashed, as he spoke in his tone of disdainful roughness and anger.

His family were accustomed to humor him when these fits seized upon him; and by submitting, to thus divert and dissipate those domestic thunderbolts of his lordship.

One person present, however, did not seem to have been trained to this species of deference. Mr. St. John had apparently been in an ill-humor all day; moreover, he seemed to be accustomed, himself, to courtesy at the very least, and the utter want of ceremony on the part of his lordship, added to the unfeeling insults directed toward his young protégé, produced in Mr. St. John’s countenance an expression of impetuous anger and no little disdain.

"Perhaps your lordship is mistaken in the individual who is this child's father," he now said, with cold courtesy.

"Impossible, sir! I'm *not* mistaken!" replied his Excellency, surveying the young man with a look which seemed to ask if he had the presumption to address him in that tone.

Mr. St. John's brow darkened more and more.

"At least this girl does not resemble a very dangerous rebel," he said, with an imperceptible shade of sarcasm in his voice, which made the Governor's cheek flush with rage.

"Mr. St. John!" he said.

"Your Excellency," was the cold reply.

"This is a singular colloquy! Your meaning, if you please, in reading me a lecture, sir!"

"I read no lecture to your lordship," replied the young man, with a haughty look, and without lowering his eyes; "my meaning simply is, that whatever may be the character of this child's father—his dangerous character—your lordship can't possibly be afraid of the child herself."

For a moment his Excellency's countenance resembled a thunder-cloud from which a flash of lightning was about to dart. The vein in his forehead turned black, and his frame trembled with anger. But his prudence suddenly came to control him; he seemed to feel the bad policy of a quarrel with Mr. St. John; and passing from rage to hauteur, he endeavored to speak in a tone of insulted dignity.

"I am not in the habit of entering into debates with young men, sir," he said, "and I must beg that this discussion may here end. I am sorry to say, Mr. St. John, that I find you, like other gentlemen of this colony, inclined to oppose my opinions and wishes, as well as strangely neglectful of that ceremony and respect which are due to myself, as a peer of the realm and the representative of his majesty! I pass over this occasion, sir, and trust that you will perceive the necessity of not holding arguments with me in future, especially in the presence of my family."

“I did not wish to argue with your lordship; you questioned me—I replied,” said the young man, with internal rage, but outwardly as cold as ice. “If any thing which I have said, has wounded the feelings of your lordship’s family, I most humbly pray them to pardon me.”

“Enough, sir,” returned the Governor, in no degree mollified, if any thing, more haughtily than before; “the Countess of Dunmore and my daughters are not accustomed to have their feelings wounded by everybody; you may be at rest upon that score, sir. Now let this conversation end.”

“I ask nothing more!” replied Mr. St. John, flushing with anger and disdain at the tone of the Governor.

“I will see that this young person is conveyed home—if the man Waters does not conceal his abode—but I certainly shall not send my chariot and servants to the house of a traitor!”

“Your Excellency need put yourself to no trouble—my own carriage is at hand, and I take charge of the child.”

“Do so, sir; and permit me to congratulate you upon making the friendly acquaintance of a treason-monger! It is quite in character to allow his helpless daughter to wander about unprotected. A traitor makes a heartless father, and a bad man.”

Before Mr. St. John could speak, another voice was heard—it was Blossom’s. The child had listened with pale cheeks, and a frightened look, to the fiery colloquy, and had not dared to open her lips. But now her father was insulted more grossly than before; his very affection for her was called in question; the little heart boiled over with pain and anguish; and clasping her hands Blossom cried:

“Oh no, sir! indeed, indeed papa’s not bad! He loves me dearly, and he did n’t know I came, sir.”

“Enough of your childish twaddle!” said Dunmore contemptuously. “I’m not here to be wearied by it. I’ll make your rebel father whine, too, before I have done with him!”

“Oh me!” sobbed Blossom, “please let me go, sir!”

I do not feel well. I ought not to stay and hear papa abused."

"Go, then!"

Blossom rose quickly, with a flood of tears, and turned toward the door. But again her strength failed her; she turned deadly pale as her bruised foot touched the carpet, and fell back sobbing.

The arms of Mr. St. John received her, and thus standing, with pale face and fiery eyes bent on the Governor, his indignation and disdain were imperial.

He would have spoken, but his pale lips refused their office. With a single look of defiance at his Excellency, the young man raised the form of the child completely in his arms, and left the apartment and the palace.

He passed rapidly with the sobbing girl along the graveled walk beneath the lindens, and issued from the great gate. Without pausing, he strode along Gloucester street, followed by wondering eyes, and soon reached the *Raleigh Tavern*.

In fifteen minutes a handsome chariot, with four splendid bay horses, stood before the door, and Mr. St. John deposited the child in the vehicle. Her delicate form sunk into the luxurious velvet seat as into a bed of down, and Mr. St. John took his place by her side. He then gave an order to the negro driver, and the chariot proceeded slowly out of the town in a westerly direction.

The young man had made but one allusion to the scene at the palace; uttered but one word; that word was—

"Vulgarian!"

It was Mr. St. John's honest opinion of his Excellency Lord Dunmore.

The evening was a lovely one, and the sun had sunk beyond the belt of forests, leaving the sky rosy and brilliant, and swimming in a gentle mist. The birds sang merrily, and the woodland road unwound itself like a ribbon before them as they penetrated into the leafy depths of the forest.

The anger and disdain of Mr. St. John slowly disappeared, and he seemed to enjoy the freshness and innocence of his little companion. At last they reached Blossom's abode. It was a small cottage, fronting south, and had about it an air of home comfort which was very attractive. The tender foliage of May appeared to wreath the small portico, the drooping eaves, and even the old chimneys; and a thousand flowers, chiefly early roses, studded the diminutive lawn, and filled the warm air of evening with their fragrance.

Blossom had indeed told her companion that the cottage was called "Roseland," and the name was perfectly appropriate.

On the threshold was no less a personage than Mr. Paul, in an attitude of profound despair. He had just returned to the cottage, hoping to find his companion, from whom he had been separated in the crowd, and not finding her was about to go back to the town, he declared, and find her or perish in the attempt. That was happily unnecessary, St. John said, with a smile; and so, with mutual good will, the young man and the children parted.

St. John returned in his chariot to Williamsburg.

The town was brilliantly illuminated. From every window along the main thoroughfare lights blazed in honor of his Excellency and his family.* The crowd of revelers was greater than ever, and the palace of the Governor was one mass of light—more especially the great drawing-room, where, under the globe lamps, and fronting the portraits of the king and queen, the amiable countess, supported by her daughters, received the congratulations of the gentry of the colony upon her reunion with his Excellency.

Dismissing his chariot, Mr. St. John went and gazed for some moments at the brilliant front of the palace.

"The silly masquerade may go on its way without my assistance," he muttered, coldly. "I'll not go there and bow and simper when his lordship's put a slight on me—

* Historical Illustrations, No. III.

insulted me! Hang him! let the rest pay him their respects—I won't, and there's an end on't."

With these words Mr. St. John retraced his steps to the Raleigh Tavern, and sitting down, demanded a bottle of wine and some biscuits.

Having finished his repast, he went out, passed down Gloucester street, and entered a house, whose second floor he occupied. Throwing himself upon a lounge, he tossed his hat and sword on the floor, and looked through the window.

"I'm the only one who do n't illuminate," he said. "Well so let it be."

And leaning back, he closed his eyes—meditated, and from meditation glided into sleep.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GREAT GRANDSON OF POCAHONTAS.

HENRY ST. JOHN was the only son of Colonel John St. John, of "Flower of Hundreds," in the county of Prince George. This John was himself the only son of Henry St. John, Esquire, called "King Harry," who having run through a fine estate in Hertfordshire, England, came to Virginia about the time of Bacon's rebellion, in which he took part against the government, but, by good luck, escaped with the payment of a heavy fine. He married, the second time—his first wife, who was a Miss Pendleton, having died without issue—Miss Virginia Rolfe, daughter of Thomas Rolfe, Esquire, the only son of Pocahontas, daughter of Powhatan, King of Virginia, whose empire stretched from Florida to the great lakes, and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi.

The Mr. Henry St. John of our narrative was, therefore, the lineal descendant of Pocahontas.

We have little genius or fondness for the details of pedi

gree, but surely 't is a source of noble pride to be descended from our dear Virginia maiden. Royalty and nobility are but vulgar things, and the boast of Norman blood is but the child's fondness for the rattle of a toy. The grace of the fashion of it perisheth—its glorious beauty is a fading flower—only the shadow of a shadow stays. It is different in the case of the descendants of our little queen of the West. Her patent of nobility was won beneath the war club raised above the head of a poor captive; her royalty was the royalty of a noble heart, of a great and pure devotion to the cause of love and mercy.

So writes the good author of these manuscripts. Let us pass, however, to the young gentleman who had in his veins the blood of this new Indian royalty.

As he sleeps, in the flood of light from the tall silver candlesticks, it is not difficult to fancy, from the wild grace of his attitude, and the character of his face, that something of his origin reveals itself.

The face is a handsome one, with a clear brown tint, almost that of a brunette, and the hair is dark and waving. The rounded and prominent chin indicates resolution, and the curve of the lips, which possess great mobility, as plainly show that the young man is subject to strong passions. In the scene with the Governor we have observed the quick shades of anger and resentment only; but now this has quite disappeared, and, sleeping like a placid infant, all the features of the face have subsided into softness and repose. In his dreams the young man smiles, and the smile is one of great sweetness.

Leaving to the course of the narrative any further indications of Mr. Henry St. John's peculiarities, we proceed to relate that, at the end of an hour, he was waked by a knock at the door, which was followed by the entrance of a young man clad in the height of the fashion. Indeed, it might almost be said that this young gentleman's costume was one mass of lace and embroidery. The drop curls of his flaxen peruke were glossy with perfumed powder, a

little dress sword just lifted up the skirt of his richly decorated pourpoint of Mecklenburg silk, and his aristocratic hands were covered with the finest *point de Venise*. Mr. Tom Alston—for that was the name of the worthy—presented a mixture of the fop and the philosopher in his dress and manner, and seemed to have stepped carelessly from the frame of one of Vandyke's pictures.

He extended two fingers to his friend and sat down.

“Not sleeping, Harry, my boy?” he said. “Why not at the Governor's?”

“I preferred staying away. Did you go?”

“Yes—a crowd of nice girls, and refreshments of a pleasing description.”

“Very well—but I do n't regret my absence,” said Mr. St. John; “the fact is, Tom, I'm tired of his lordship, and think I'll resign my commission. I'm no man's servant, and I won't be his Excellency's.”

“Eh? His servant?”

“Yes. I am absolutely nothing more. There, let us leave the subject, or I'm sure to burst forth into useless expletives.”

“Expletives?” said Mr. Alston, tranquilly. “Come, tell me all about it. I see that something has occurred, and I'm really dying to hear a bit of scandal—absolutely none for a whole week. Do proceed, Harry, my boy, and narrate from the beginning, with all the orations, like that tiresome old Thucydides.”

Mr. St. John was silent for a moment, and then said:

“I do n't care if I do, Tom. I feel as if the historic muse would come at my call, and I'll try her. Well, here goes, but you are not to yawn at my apologue.”

“By no means,” said Mr. Alston, with an air of reproach. “Proceed, my friend.”

“Well, you must know that there formerly resided in a country called Virginia a young man called Harry St. John. You understand so far?”

“Yes.”

“Well, this young man, who had the misfortune to lose

his parents in his childhood, was sole heir to an estate called the 'Flower of Hundreds,' upon which estate there was a big old house, full of deer antlers, fine furniture, tall mirrors, portraits of old fellows in periwigs, and dames in odd-looking dresses; and in the stables were as fine a collection of thorough-breds, 't was said, as any in the colony. Every thing else was ample and comfortable, and it was reasonable for the youngster to expect a life of ease and satisfaction—was it not? He might marry his cousin, grow fat, reside at the county court, and be a respectable vestryman of the parish. There were plenty of foxes on his lands, and a quarrelsome neighbor near at hand, with whom he might, at any moment, plunge into a good comfortable lawsuit. In a single word, all the elements of human happiness were at the young fellow's disposal, and he had only to 'enter and enjoy,' as the lawyers say."

"He was a lucky fellow, my boy. I should like to know him," said Mr. Alston.

"As to the luck, there's the question," continued Mr. St. John, "for nature had put a nail in the young man's shoe—restlessness. He longed for something more exciting than plantation life. Having left college, he came into his property, carefully administered by his excellent uncle, Colonel Vane; but very soon he began to grow dissatisfied. You see, the couches were too soft, the beds were too large, the wines were too good, and the fields which stretched far away to the horizon from the portico of the old hall, were deficient in rugged beauty and picturesqueness, such as the mountains yield. In a word, the youthful heir was tired of the insipidity of farm life, and longed for something like adventure, having a private impression of his own that the clash of swords and the whistling of bullets would make merrier music than the winds in the trees, or the waves lapping on the banks of the river."

"Odd," observed Mr. Alston, "but I think I understand."

"Well," proceeded M. St. John, "this young fellow

struggled with his passion for two or three years, but at the end of that time his predilection got the better of him. A nobleman came to be Governor of the country he lived in — a vulgar fellow named Dunmore.”

“Oh! a vulgar fellow do you say? But proceed, my friend.”

“You ’ll see before I end, if I am wrong in my characterization, Tom,” continued Mr. St. John. “Well, as I said, this man, Dunmore, came to the country in question, called Virginia, and a great talk was made about his excellence and greatness. He professed to be most solicitous about Virginia, and turned his attention especially to repelling the attacks of savages upon the western frontier. He said he wished the inhabitants to hold themselves in readiness to march under his command, and as a proof of his intention to act vigorously, he brought with him some foreign soldiers, who would serve as a nucleus for the proposed forces. Exception was, however, taken by some persons to the presence of this body of men, and in order to allay the disquiet, his Excellency sought for a Virginian who should be placed, as it were, in their front rank, to disarm this sentiment. Here commenced the connection of Mr. St. John with his Excellency. Introduced to him as one of the large landed proprietors of the colony, his Excellency treated him with much politeness, and finally requested private interviews. Would Mr. St. John accept the commission of lieutenant, commanding, for the present, this nucleus?—they would ere long march to the frontier, and much glory would ensue. Do you understand?”

His friend nodded.

“The aforesaid Mr. St. John was then twenty-three or so, and had greater thirst for adventure than ever. Would he accept? Yes, most willingly. No sooner said than done. He leaves his estate, comes to the capital, establishes himself therein as becomes a soldier, and gloriously parades on horseback, in fine uniform, at the head of his troops. He enters into military affairs with ardor and enthusiasm—he trains

his men in quick evolutions, in bush fighting, in rapid discharge of pistols, and in approved cut and thrust with the saber. He sees that their arms are as brilliant as silver; their uniform and entire equipments perfect. He calls on his Excellency every day to inquire for news from the frontier, and receiving comforting answers, goes away twirling his mustaches, his sword clanking against his boots, his head full of martial glory, and conscious of the admiration of every urchin who beholds him."

"Of none of the girls—eh, my boy?" inquired Mr. Alston.

"Doubtless, for you know the gentler sex admire the soldier, at least some of them. But to proceed. The young man, you see, is ready, impatient; but somehow the order to march is delayed, his Excellency's excuses are repeated, the young fellow's assiduity finally seems distasteful. Moreover, the troops he commands seem permanently stationed in guard houses, flanking his lordship's gate—they attend solely on his lordship's person—they ride behind his coach, and are called by him, "My Guards." His lordship is a king, the young lieutenant a satrap of the provinces, and, contrary to the habit of Virginians, he has become an upper servant. Can you wonder that the result is distaste upon his part; that he begins to think his Excellency insincere? He finally concludes that he is tricked, and it is just at this moment that he receives orders to marshal "My Guards," and go and receive the royal family on their entrance, which event occurred this morning. Well, he obeyed. They were ladies, and he was far from objecting to take part in the pageantry. But he found in this cortége other characters—lords, honorables, captains, drivers, footmen, outriders—it was his place to escort them all. He did do it. He mounted guard at the palace gate even, to keep the ill-bred Virginians at their proper distance. He succeeded. Well, now for the conclusion. The young soldier rode a spirited horse; the music of a band annoyed him, the animal became restive, and the result was the overthrow of a child, who

rolled beneath his feet, and, when the young man raised her, fainted away. He went to the nearest point for some cold water, procured it in the palace, and for presuming to so intrude was insulted by his Excellency. You see his lordship was an English nobleman, and the young man was only a Virginia gentleman. Not only the young man himself was outraged, but the child who accompanied him was grossly insulted and wounded! and Mr. Lieutenant St. John was requested to retire and make way for his betters! Curse me! if the man's one particle of a gentleman, and I'll throw his commission back in his face!" cried St. John, flushing, and thus breaking forth with long-gathering indignation.

Mr. Alston was silent for some moments, apparently musing tranquilly upon the history to which he had just listened. At last he said:

"Throw it back, Harry! what's the use? Do n't take the trouble—rather come with me to my house of 'Moorefield,' where I will try and entertain you, though this peruke from Mr. George Lafong's, who calls himself a wigmaker, is making me silent and melancholy. Come, Harry, my boy, come with me."

"No, Tom," said his friend, "I'll tell his lordship my candid opinion of him, if he arrests me the next moment. Hang him! he sha'n't tread on me, if he is a tyrant!"

And Mr. St. John scowled in imagination at Lord Dunmore, with a sincerity that was very striking.

"You won't go to Moorefield?" said Mr. Alston, smiling; "but that's just the way you always treat me. May I make a second suggestion, however, Harry? Go to—Vanely."

Mr. St. John turned his head quickly, and looked at his friend. As he encountered Mr. Alston's eyes and smile, something almost like a blush diffused itself over his cheek.

"Ah! ah!" said Mr. Alston, laughing, "there's a fine historian! You make a splendid historic narrative, and you leave out the most striking event in the life of your hero! You carefully forget to mention that this Virginia Achilles had a Briseis—this Hector of Prince George county, a pros-

pective Andromache—and that the nodding plume of war was put on to flash in the eyes of somebody!”

Mr. St. John blushed unmistakably this time, and then burst out laughing.

“Well if I did, Tom,” he said, “what’s the odds? She’s the loveliest girl in the colony.”

“Perhaps! But why not go and try your luck, then?”

Mr. St. John sighed.

“I’m afraid it’s no use,” he said; “she loves me, but unfortunately she’s not in love with me.”

“A profoundly philosophical distinction; but did you never hear the Spanish proverb, ‘Patience, and shuffle the cards?’ Now the cards are at ‘Vanely;’ leave this abode of royalty with me, forget his Excellency, and go see *Dulcinea*.”

Mr. St. John pondered, and from the varying color of his tell-tale cheek, it was plain what he was thinking of.

“Well,” he said at last, “I’ll do so, Tom. I’ll follow the advice scratched on the wall yonder, with the odd name, *Sir Asinus* to it—‘*The duty of a subject is submission.*’ Yes, I’ll leave this wretched mimic court, and go to Vanely, provided you stay all night and go with me.”

“Done,” said Mr. Alston, “and now let us have a game of tric-trac.”

“Willingly,” Mr. St. John replied, “and my first stake shall be these tawdry epaulets of gold thread against sixpence—the value I attach to them!”

Cards and wine were quickly brought by a servant in waiting, and the young men commenced playing.

Two hours afterwards they were sound asleep, and an attentive listener might have heard the lieutenant of his Excellency’s guards murmur the name of a woman of whom he seemed to be dreaming.

CHAPTER VII.

CONSPIRACY.

WE have glanced at the scenes of the day on which, amid the glare of sunlight, and the noisy plaudits of the crowd, the Countess of Dunmore entered grandly the old capital.

We shall now pass to the night world; to a few scenes which concealed themselves beneath the silence and gloom.

The lights in the city of Williamsburg had one by one disappeared, as lord and lady, noble and commoner sought their pillows; all the noises of evening and night had long since died away, and a gloomy silence, only interrupted from time to time by the low muttering of distant thunder, reigned over the ancient town.

There was one exception, however, to this total darkness. From the lofty window of a tall mansion which rose like an attenuated ghost above the surrounding roofs, a faint glimmer, like a star, just dispelled the gloom, and even this much light seemed to escape by accident through the chinks of the carefully closed oaken shutters.

Let us ascend the precipitous and winding stair-way of the half-deserted mansion, and opening the door of the turret-like chamber, endeavor to discover what business is thus being transacted under the jealous veil of silence and darkness.

The apartment is destitute of all ornament, the furniture consisting only of a long table, a few rough chairs, and some shelves filled with old volumes and papers. It has two occupants. The first is a rough-looking man, covered with dust like a courier after a long journey, who is slumbering heavily upon a bear skin thrown down in one corner. The other inmate of the room sits at the table writing rapidly—two loaded pistols lying within reach of his hand.

He is a man of middle age, clad in a suit of dark cloth, affording no indication of his character or station. In the

face and form of this person, however, there is more to attract attention.

The countenance of the stranger is one of those which, once seen, haunts the memory. He has not passed middle age, apparently, but the thin brown locks around his broad forehead are sprinkled with gray; labor or care has furrowed deep lines from temple to temple, and a slight stoop in the neck communicates to the general carriage that air of intense meditation which characterizes profound thinkers, or those upon whom is thrown responsibility of the most critical character. Covered with the pallor of care or exhausting toil, with clear-cut and resolute features, eyes burning with a gloomy flame beneath bushy brows, and lips set sternly with an expression of iron will, every thing in the face of the stranger indicated an organization of the largest strength, and an intellectual vigor which no obstacle could daunt.

His thin muscular fingers traversed the paper for an hour without pausing scarcely, and then, as he reached the end, the stranger laid down his pen, and leaned back in his leather chair.

"Why, I grow old!" he murmured. "This writing for a day and a night only, begins to fatigue me. 'Tis no matter."

And without further words he set about folding the written sheets. They were then enveloped in stout brown paper, corded, and securely waxed. Upon this envelope was written simply—

"To Mr. Samuel Adams,

"At Boston, in the Province of

"Massachusetts."

A word awoke the sleeper, who rose quickly and stood at the stranger's side. Few words were exchanged; the two men seemed to understand each other, and the stranger gave his directions in a brief low tone, to which the courier replied by a slight movement of the head only.

"This to the town of Baltimore," said the stranger, tak-

ing a dispatch similar to the one he had just finished—"you know the house. This, to Philadelphia—guard it carefully. This, to the port of New York—as quickly as possible. Have you enough money?"

The courier laid his leather purse on the table, and the stranger examined its contents.

"'Tis enough, unless your horse fails, but that must not happen. Here is more gold, for which you will sign a receipt."

The receipt was written, signed by the courier, and deposited in a drawer with a number of others.

"Go at once now, and proceed cautiously as you leave the town. The patrol is abroad."

"Yes, your honor; never fear me. My service to you, and good times to the cause."

The stranger returned the salute, and the courier disappeared. In a few moments his horse's hoofs were heard as he cautiously proceeded along Gloucester street, and the stranger who watched the retreating shadow from his window, drew a long breath of satisfaction.

"Now for the rest," he said, and leaning against one of the panels of the oaken wainscot, he touched the spring of a secret closet, which flew open. From this aperture he took a bundle of letters, which he placed in his bosom. He then rapidly returned to the table, secured the two pistols in his belt, and throwing a cloak over his shoulders, put out the light, and descended to the street.

The moon was just rising through a bank of threatening clouds, which at one moment obscured the red orb, then swept onward and permitted the full light to shine. No wayfarer was visible upon the silent and deserted street, and an expression of satisfaction came again to the features of the stranger.

He wrapped his cloak more closely around him, and passing along in the shadow of the houses, stopped, at the end of ten minutes, before a low building, into the basement or rather cellar of which he descended by a flight of precipit-

ous steps. All was dark, but the stranger proceeded without stopping along the damp passage way, and struck quickly thrice, then, after a pause, once again, upon an iron-bound door. A boy opened the door, and he entered.

Two men were engaged at a printing table striking off, by means of a "deer's foot" and mallet, copies of a species of circular. Upon one end of the table lay a pile of these printed sheets, still damp, which every moment received a new addition from the cautious labors of the printers.

A masonic movement of the head was the sole recognition which passed. To the stranger's brief question of the number of copies printed, the reply was, "two hundred."

"That is enough for the present moment," he said; "fold them securely."

This was done rapidly, and with great skill, and in five minutes the stranger stood again in the street. He proceeded, as cautiously as before, on his return to the building from which he had issued, stopping for a moment in the shadow of one of the houses to let two of the Governor's guardsmen in uniform go by.

They passed within three feet of the silent figure, jesting roughly, their sabers rattling against their huge horseman's boots. The figures finally disappeared at the corner of Palace street, and the solitary man hastened onward, keeping, as before, in the shadow.

He soon reached the tall house from which he had dispatched the courier to the northern provinces, and, opening a narrow gate, disappeared. Behind the building, in the deep shadow, a horse awaited him, and, mounting, he issued forth and proceeded cautiously in a westerly direction, keeping as much as possible in the darkness.

He reached in safety the last house of the town, the muttering over head nearly drowning the noise of his horse's hoofs, and was about to issue into the country, when, as he came opposite the door of this house, a party of the Governor's patrol, who had been drinking in the ordinary, challenged him and commanded him to halt. The stranger's

reply was the spur in his horse's side, which made the animal bound ten feet.

A second and louder challenge was instantly followed by the quick report of a carbine, and a ball passed through the horseman's cloak between his side and his bridle hand. With an unconscious movement as rapid as lightning he drew one of his pistols, cocked it, and leveled it, with flashing eyes, at his assailants.

He did not discharge it, however; quickly replacing it in his belt, he muttered, "Useless!" and put spur to his horse. Before a second carbine could be brought to the shoulder, the figures of the stranger and his flying animal had disappeared like shadows under the gloomy foliage of the great woods. Without checking his horse, and with the air of a man who knows the road as well by night as by day, the stranger went on rapidly, penetrating deeper and deeper into the forest, whose heavy boughs moaned in the wind.

At the end of half an hour's rapid riding, he came to a sort of glade in the woods, and as he emerged from the dense shadow the moon burst forth from a black cloud, and poured a flood of yellow light upon the open space. Beneath a huge oak, a confused mass of men and horses revealed itself, and the stranger was challenged a second time.

"Good!" he said with satisfaction; "you are watchful, friend. Wake your comrades; 't is time for them to be in the saddle."

In five minutes as many men were mounted and awaiting silently their directions. The stranger drew from his breast the package which he had taken from the wainscotting.

"West Augusta," he said, briefly.

One of the horsemen silently rode up and took the dispatch held out to him.

"Frederick," continued the stranger.

A second horseman came and took this letter as the other had done. In the same manner dispatches addressed "Fairfax," "Orange," "Culpepper," "Westmoreland," "Bottourt," "Essex," "Lancaster," "Accomac," and to other coun-

ties, were delivered in turn, one courier having charge of all lying upon his route. The entire province of Virginia, north of the James, was thus apportioned out to these five men, who seemed to understand perfectly what was expected of them.

"Friends," said the stranger, wrapping his cloak around him as he delivered the last dispatch, "I need not tell you to be cautious in the carriage and delivery of these missives. You know their importance, and every day the times grow more dangerous, the encroachments of the government upon private rights more daring. I do not conceal that the dispatches you have received contain treason. Carry them to his Excellency Lord Dunmore, and I will hang on Tower Hill, if I'm taken. *You* will be rewarded richly, friends. Enough! let us now go to our work!"

And making a salute with his hand, the stranger was saluted in turn by the party of men, who, only replying by an indistinct murmur, diverged upon their various routes.*

The solitary horseman retraced rapidly the road by which he had come, for the space of a mile; then taking a bridle-path to the left, he proceeded more slowly. In a quarter of an hour he found himself in front of a small cottage, lost like a leaf in the depths of the woods. On its roof the moon poured a silver flood—the storm had muttered itself away into the distance.

He dismounted, opened the door by means of a master-key, and taking a light which was burning upon the table, ascended the stair-case to his chamber.

Upon a chair lay a valise, ready prepared for a journey, and as the eye of the stranger fell upon it, his brow relaxed, and an expression of softness which his features seemed incapable of, communicated to the resolute countenance a singular attraction.

Then his head turned unconsciously as it were toward a door leading from the chamber into another, apparently. This door he cautiously opened, and passed through into an adjoining room.

* Historical Illustrations, No. IV.

It was the chamber of a girl, full of little feminine ornaments, and filled, if we may so speak, with an atmosphere of purity and innocence. The indefinable grace of childhood seemed to pervade the balmy air, half illumined by the soaring moon which poured through the open casement its mellow light, and in the midst of this flood of radiance, a child was sleeping in a little white bed.

It was a girl of about ten, with delicate features, long silken lashes, and cheeks tinted with faint roses. The lips smiled in sleep, and possessed great sweetness in curve and expression; the hair of the child was light brown, and fell in curls upon her white night-dress, and the bare arm which supported her cheek. The fringed counterpane rose and fell gently with the breathing of the little sleeper, and her forehead was bathed in the faint and almost imperceptible dews of slumber.

As he gazed at the young creature, the brilliant and fiery eyes of the stranger softened more and more, his stern features relaxed, he murmured softly, "my little Blossom!" and bending over the child, he pressed upon her forehead a kiss of indescribable tenderness. The small frame seemed to thrill even in slumber, and the lips murmured something, but the girl did not awake. The stranger knelt at the bedside—remained in this devout attitude for a long time—then rising, pressed a second kiss upon the child's lips, and left the apartment.

He made a few preparations, and was soon in the saddle, riding rapidly in a southern direction through the moonlit forest. As he went on, his stern features resumed their expression of austere resolution—the fire of his eyes returned—he was iron again. Again his dominant idea possessed him, and he muttered broken words.

"Yes!" he said aloud finally, "at last I think the struggle comes! The light of a glorious dawn begins to touch the gloomy east! The iron heel is almost down upon the forehead, and henceforth there 'll be no appeal to the miserable justice of the king. The true King of kings, the God

of Battles will decide! O Lord of Lords, fight for us!—make us free!”

The head raised devoutly, sank again, and the stranger rode on silently, the stillness of the forest only broken by the noise of his horse's hoofs, or the mournful sobbing of the wind.

CHAPTER VIII.

V A N E L Y .

EARLY on the morning after their colloquy, Mr. St. John and his friend, Tom Alston, had left Williamsburg far in the distance, crossed the river, and were pursuing their way gayly through the spring forest, in the direction of Vanely.

Mr. St. John had thrown aside his uniform, and wore a simple but elegant cavalier's suit—a coat of drab silk, pliable knee breeches of dressed buckskin, and fair-topped boots, fitting closely to the leg and ankle. He rode his fine sorrel “Tallyho,” and the animal champed the bit, and tossed his handsome head, with evident satisfaction at the breath of his native air.

Mr. Tom Alston prefers a “sulky” for traveling—and mounted in the circular leather chair, high above the wheels of the airy-looking vehicle, he holds, with dainty fingers clad in soft gauntlets, the slender “ribbands,” cutting at butterflies occasionally for amusement.

The simple landscape seems entertainment enough for Mr. St. John. He looks with joyous eyes upon the smooth road winding along beneath the budding foliage of the forest, and his impulsive nature fills with delight as he inhales the fresh air laden with the perfume of leaves and flowers. He is no longer lieutenant of his Excellency's Body Guards—only Henry St. John. He laughs, leans idly on Tallyho's neck and talks to him, follows the flight of a hawk across the blue sky overhead, or bursts into snatches of song, in

opposition to the oriole, whose joyous carol fills the wood with music.

The young men passed rapidly through the green forest, and at last, as they mounted a slope, Mr. St. John extended his hand and cried,

“There ’s Vanely! See how it shines in the sun, on the hill top! The oaks are huger to my eyes, and the sunshine brighter there! Adieu, Williamsburg!” cried the young man, rising in his saddle, “and welcome Vanely! I think ’t is a capital exchange!”

And putting spur to his horse, Mr. Harry St. John set forward at full gallop again.

“I think I know what makes the sun shine brighter, my youngster,” said Mr. Alston, as he followed rapidly; “there are two violet-colored eyes there. Well, there are two black orbs as handsome!”

And Mr. Alston indulged in a private and confidential nod to himself. Soon afterwards they had reached the broad esplanade in front of the house.

Vanely was one of those old mansions whose walls still stand in Virginia, the eloquent memorials of other times, and the good old race who filled the past days with so many festivals, and such high revelry.

The first brick of the edifice had been laid upon the lap of a baby afterwards known as Colonel Vane, and passed through his tiny fingers. The life of the mansion and the owner thus commenced together. It was a broad, rambling old house, perched on a sort of upland which commanded a noble landscape of field and river; and in front of the portal, two great oaks stretched out their gigantic arms, gnarled and ancient, like guardians of the edifice. In these, as in the hundred others, scattered over the undulating lawn, and crowning every knoll, a thousand birds were caroling, and a swarm of swallows darted backward and forward, circling around the stacks of chimneys, and making the air vocal with their merriment.

There was about the odd old mansion an indefinable air

of comfort and repose, and within, these characteristics were equally discernible. The old portraits ranged along the hall in oaken frames, looked serenely down upon the beholder, and with powdered heads, and lace ruffs, and carefully arranged drapery, seemed to extend a stately and impressive welcome. Sir Arthur Vane, who fought for a much less worthy man at Marston Moor, was there, with his flowing locks, and peaked head, and wide collar of rich Venice lace, covering his broad shoulders;—and Miss Maria Vane, with towering curls, and jewel-decorated fingers, playing with her lap-dog, smiling meanwhile with that winning grace which made her a toast in the days of her kinsman Bolingbroke, and Mr. Addison;—and more than one tender and delicate child, like violets or snow-drops, in the midst of these sturdy family trunks, or blooming roses, added a finishing grace to the old walls—that grace which nothing but the forms of children ever give. Deer antlers, guns, an old sword or two, and a dozen London prints of famous race-horses, completed the adornment of the hall; and from this wide space, the plain oaken stairway ran up, and the various doors opened to the apartments on the ground floor of the mansion.

On the May morning we have spoken of, the old house was in its glory; for the trees were covering themselves densely with fresh green foliage, and the grounds were carpeted with emerald grass, studded with flowers, waving their delicate heads, and murmuring gently in the soft spring breeze, and the golden sunshine. The oriole swung from the topmost boughs, and poured his flood of song upon the air; the woodpecker's bright wings flapped from tree to tree; and a multitude of swamp-sparrows flashed in and out of the foliage and fruit blossoms, or circled joyously around the snowy fringe-trees sparkling in the sunshine. From the distant fields and forests the monotonous caw of the crows, winging their slow way through the blue sky, indicated even on the part of these ancient enemies of the cornfield, joyous satisfaction at the incoming of the warm

season after the long winter; and a thousand merry robins flew about, with red breasts shaken by melodious chirpings, and brilliant plumage burnished by the sunlight.

Every thing was bright with the youthful joy of spring, and as Mr. St. John and his friend dismounted before the old mansion, the very walls upon which the waving shadows of a thousand leaves were thrown seemed smiling, and prepared to greet them; the open portal held imaginary arms of welcome to them.

Before this portal stood,—its old form basking pleasantly in the sunshine,—the roomy, low-swung family chariot, with its four long-tailed grays, as ancient, very nearly, as itself, and showing by their well-conditioned forms and glossy manes the results of tranquil, easy living. By their side stood the old white-haired negro driver, time out of mind the family coachman of the Vanes; and in the person of this worthy African gentleman a similar mode of living was unmistakably indicated. Old Cato had evidently little desire to be a censor; sure of his own high position, and quite easy on the subject of the purity of the family blood, he was plainly satisfied with his lot, and had no desire to change the order of things. In his own opinion he was himself one of the family—a portion of the manor, a character of respectability and importance.

Old Cato greeted the young gentlemen with familiar but respectful courtesy, and received their cordial shakes of the hand with evident pleasure. The horses even seemed to look for personal greeting, and when the young man passed his hand over their necks, they turned their intelligent heads and whinnied gently in token of recognition.

Mr. St. John patted their coats familiarly, and called them by name, and looking up to the old house said, smiling,

“Welcome, Vanely! The month I’ve been away seems a whole century. After all, the town is nothing like the country, and no other part of it’s like Vanely!”

CHAPTER IX.

BONNYBEL VANE.

THE young men entered the familiar old hall and then passed to the comfortable sitting room, where Tom Alston subsided languidly into an easy chair.

"Stay here till I return, Tom," said St. John; "I'm going to salute my respected aunt, and will announce her arrival to anybody else I see."

"Give my compliments to Miss Anybody Else," said Tom.

But his friend did not hear him. He ran out, ascended the broad oaken stair-case, three steps at a time, with the gayety of a boy, and threw open the door of the chamber immemoriably the haunt of good Aunt Mabel.

The consequence was a collision with a lovely girl who had been combing her hair, apparently, before the mirror, as the profuse brown curls were hanging down on her bare white shoulders and silken dress,—presenting to the eyes of Mr. Harry St. John a mass of shadowy, waving gold, which charmed him.

The girl no sooner caught sight of the young man, or rather found their faces in collision, than she uttered a scream, and crying "Good gracious! me!" quickly retreated, and slammed the door in his face.

St. John burst into a fit of laughter and cried, gayly,

"Let me in, Bonny!"

"I won't!" cried the girl's voice vivaciously, accompanied by the sound of a key hastily turned in the lock.

Then the following observations ensued, mingled with laughter:

"I think you might, Bonny; I want to see aunt."

"She's not here! there, sir!"

"Why, this is her room."

"It is not! Mamma has moved down stairs."

“Oh! she has! But I want to see you, too. I think, after being away so long, you might at least shake hands.”

“Shake hands! humph!” said the girl’s voice, very expressively. “I think kissing me was quite enough, sir!”

“Kissing you!” cried St. John, with well affected surprise.

“Yes! you know you did, and it was just like your presumption!”

“You astonish me! Did I kiss you? If I did it was wholly accidental. But how long will it be before you come down? Pray, make haste!”

The girl’s smothered laughter was heard.

“You do n’t deserve it, you odious fellow!” she said, after a pause; “but wait! I’ll open in a minute.”

And at the expiration of the appointed time, the key was turned in the lock, and Miss Bonnybel Vane, for that was her name, opened the door. She had hastily arranged her hair, some curls of which were still falling carelessly, however, on the bare round shoulders. They did not detract from her beauty.

“Where in the world did you come from?” she said, giving him her hand. “You frightened me nearly to death, sir, and you dared to kiss me!”

“Did I? Well, it is not the first time.”

“Humph!” as before, very expressively.

“It was by accident,” said St. John, laughing, “and I will make you as many apologies as you wish, to say nothing of as many compliments.”

“Thank you!” cried the girl, pouting satirically as she made a mock curtsy, “I do n’t want any of your compliments.”

“Then you are the first young lady I ever knew who did not.”

“My Lord Harry is still severe upon our sex, I see—very smart, indeed!”

“*My Lord Harry!* How familiar the foolish old nickname sounds. I love every thing about old times, though.”

“Do you? But when did your lordship arrive?”

“This moment, with Tom Alston.”

“Oh! then we’re to have a double pleasure! The lieutenant of his Excellency’s guards, and the fine gentleman, above all others, of the colony! And just to think! my goodness! to appear before such company with my hair down! Will you wait a minute while I fix it, my lord?”

“Yes, indeed, and look on too.”

The girl did not seem to mind this in the least, but running back to the mirror, gathered up her curls, and quickly secured them with a tortoise-shell comb. She then affixed a bow of scarlet ribbon, added a loop of pearls, and turning round with a demure air, said,

“How do you like me?”

St. John tried to make a jesting reply, but failed. The little elf looked so lovely, standing with a vagrant gleam of sunlight on her head, which was inclined coquettishly over one shoulder, that her companion’s fun disappeared. For a moment he gazed at her in silence, and we shall embrace the opportunity to make an outline sketch of the little beauty --our heroine.

Bonnybel Vane is a sparkling, mischievous little maiden of about seventeen. She has a slender, but elegantly rounded figure, a clear white complexion, with two fresh roses blooming in her cheeks; red, pouting lips, large bright eyes of a deep violet, which seem ready to melt or fire under the long dusky lashes, and a profusion of light brown hair, as soft as silk.

The face is oval, of that pure-blooded Norman type which fascinated the kings and princes of the middle ages, and led to so many bitter feuds and bloody wars. The beautiful, mischievous-looking head is placed upon a swan-like neck, and inclines toward one of the snowy shoulders.

As to the expression of the girl’s features, we can not describe it. The brilliant violet eyes are ready to dance with merriment and mischief, or swim in the dews of feeling; the lips are mobile, prepared to contract, like crumpled rose-

leaves, with demure amusement at some jest, or, half-parted, to express a world of pity and pathos. Bonnybel is a striking type of the woman of the South, as opposed to the pale, calm, statuesque beauty of more northern countries; she is brimful of feeling, of impulse, mischief, coquettish wildness; indeed, but for the impropriety of the illustration—

“——it sounds ill,

But there's no wrong at bottom—rather praise”—

we should say that she resembles a “thorough-bred” young race-horse of the most elegant proportions and the purest “blood.”

She is clad in a pink dress, looped back with bows of ribbon, a close-fitting, square-cut bodice; and a frill of rich lace runs around the neck, and appears beneath the short sleeves, which leave the arms of the girl bare almost to the shoulders. She wears red coral bracelets clasped with gold, and her arms are of dazzling whiteness.

In reply to her question, “How do you like me?” St. John at last, when he has recovered from his trance of admiration, replies that he likes her more than he can tell.

“Your arms are especially beautiful, Bonny,” he says. “Do you use cosmetics?”

“Cosmetics! indeed! No, sir, I do not!” she cried, with indignation. “Nature made them as they are!”

“I wish nature had given them to me.”

“To you? Pray, what would you do with them?”

“I would clasp them round my neck,” said the young man; “though I know about fifty young gentlemen who would like, in that event, to put an end to my existence.”

“A very pretty speech!” cries Bonnybel, with a dangerous glance of her coquettish eyes; “please inform me what romance you have been reading lately.”

“None. I have not had time. I have been thinking.”

“Thinking of what?”

“Of reality—suppose I say of you, Bonny?”

And the young man, losing his tone of jesting satire, al-

most sighs. Bonnybel's quick ear catches the sound perfectly, and the change of tone. But she does not betray the fact in the least. On the contrary, she laughs carelessly and says:

"Of me? Good gracious! is it possible you have time to think of your little country cousin in the midst of your arduous toils, parading and marching?"

"Yes," replies St. John, looking with honest fondness straight into the girl's eyes, "I thought of you often. Ah! my dear, a young man can not be so much with his 'little cousin,' as you say, when she is as sweet as you, Bonny, and then master his thoughts. I dream of you sometimes, and 't is a lovely, laughing little fairy I see in my dreams."

"Excellent! You have certainly been reading romances! Gracious! I a fairy. I suppose you 'll call me an angel next. Thank you, sir, but I'm sorry to say I am neither. I am only a country girl, made of flesh and blood, with a fine appetite, a quick temper, and a fondness for every thing like a frolic—there, sir!—and a—"

"Warm, true heart, in spite of your mischievous ways!" added St. John, returning to his light tone of jest. "Oh, I know you very well, Bonny—may be too well. I mean that I had better have not seen so much of you; but let us go to aunt."

He took her hand, and Bonnybel, who had rapidly glanced at his face, yielded it without a word. The little beauty, with the quick instinct of her sex, had already discovered the state of her cousin's feelings—the secret of the power she could exert over him. The further progress of our narrative will show whether the young lady's calculations were or were not correct.

They rapidly descended the stair-case, hand in hand, and Bonnybel, quietly extricating herself, led the way to a room in the rear, the door of which she opened.

In a moment Mr. St. John found himself affectionately embraced by a pair of thin arms, and received a kiss. Aunt Mabel sat in her old chair, thin, erect, clad in black silk, a

snowy handkerchief pinned across her bosom ; her scant gray hair neatly gathered beneath the plaits of her full lace cap. The old lady was busy knitting, casting from time to time a glance at a little negro girl, who was taking her first lessons in coarse sewing, on a cricket at her mistress' feet. At the distance of six paces, a chambermaid was knitting rough stockings, and, in the corner, an old negro woman, with her head tied up in a white cloth, assiduously plied the shears in cutting out clothes for the household.

Aunt Mabel received her nephew with great affection, and made him give her all the news.

"Well, well," she said at last, "I'm glad to see you in such good health and spirits, nephew. Still, you were best here attending to your interests."

"I think so, too, aunt," said the young man, looking toward Bonnybel, who was powdering her hair at the mirror, with a little round cushion of swansdown ; "and what does Miss Bonnybel think on the subject ?"

"*Sir ?*" said the young lady, turning round ; "did you speak to me ?"

"Yes."

"What did you say ?"

"Then our conversation is inaudible—is it ?" he said, with a smile. "I was only telling aunt that I thought I had best come back to the old county and remain here. I think there's nothing like the beauty of our fields in the whole wide world, aunt. To be a country gentleman after all seems to me a worthier ambition than to bow my knee before the grandest royalty of Europe. The sight of the fields yonder, where I played in boyhood, makes me a boy again ; and," he added, with a smile, "I have the pleasure of meeting one of my old playmates."

"You mean Bonny, I suppose, Harry," says Aunt Mabel, knitting busily. "Yes, she often says 't is not so merry when you are away—your laugh is wanting."

Miss Bonnybel turned quickly, having suddenly finished her occupation.

"I said!—mamma!—I only meant—"

"That Columbine did n't enjoy herself without Harlequin!" said the young man. "I'm glad you've suddenly found your ears, Miss Columbine!"

"Thank you, sir!" said Bonnybel, curtesying with mock ceremony, and pouting satirically, "I suppose you think that's very smart and fine! O! goodness gracious!" suddenly cried the young lady, relapsing into laughter, "there's all my hair come down!"

In truth the ardor of the damsel in turning her head had produced the result indicated, and her snowy shoulders were again covered by the profuse brown curls.

"Let me assist you," said St. John, raising a mass of curls and smiling.

"No, if you please, sir!" cried the girl, drawing back; "you would make a bad lady's maid, and I'd rather not!"

"Then I'll go see Aunt Seraphina and Cousin Helen," said St. John, and with these words he descended to the sitting-room.

It was a large apartment, decorated, after the fashion of the period, with carved wainscoting, and hung around with many portraits of old gentlemen in powder, and fair dames floating in translucent clouds of saffron lace. High-backed chairs stood about in picturesque disorder, and upon a table, with crooked legs, were a number of volumes in embossed leather, tossed about at random. An embroidery frame stood in one corner, upon which a lady was then working, the design of her picture being Amyntor, in red stockings, and a blue hat, with snowy feathers, playing upon a Spanish mandolin, beneath the window of Amoret. An old sideboard, with some silver plate on it, a little table, covered with china figures and grotesque vessels of that hideous description fashionable at the period, and, between the windows looking on the lawn, an old harpsichord, tall, stately, and antique—completed the accessories of the apartment in which Mr. St. John now found himself.

Miss Seraphina, sister of Colonel Vane, and a lady of un-

certain age, was working at the embroidery frame with sentimental smiles, as Mr. Tom Alston exchanged compliments; and Mr. St. John had scarcely gotten through his greetings when Miss Helen Vane made her appearance, her waist encircled by the arm of Miss Bonnybel, a pretty picture which young ladies have affected in all ages. Miss Helen is a handsome brunette of about twenty, with dark hair, dark eyes, and an air of serenity which seems incapable of change. She is erect and somewhat stately in the carriage of her full and handsome person, clad in rich black, rustling silk, and the faint smile which wanders from time to time over her countenance, scarcely relaxes this prevailing expression of collected calmness.

When Mr. St. John essays to "salute" Miss Helen, she draws back, turning away her head, and the young man is obliged to content himself with a salute bestowed upon the ribband of her head dress.

We have thus attempted to outline two young ladies who were great toasts in their day—especially the younger maiden, Miss Bonnybel, whose brilliant eyes, and lovely face, with those of her companions, illustrated so finely the times in which they moved. Yet who can paint them? cries our good author, breaking forth, as is his wont, into raptures. Who can even so much as outline them truly, those tender little dames of the Virginia past? They shine upon us now like stars, glimmering far away on the blue horizon of the elder day, withdrawing, as we gaze, their ineffectual fires, and fainting in the garish sunlight of the present. It is easy to tell of the looped-back gown, and all the rich fur-belows and flounces, with streaming ribbon knots; the red Spanish shoes, the clocks on the stockings, the lace around shoulders like the driven snow, or the powder that lies, like that snow, on the hair—the dark or bright hair, the raven or the golden! But alas! these are only the externals. There is something beneath all this which still escapes us, which we vainly attempt to grasp or describe. Mild and serene, there was yet something bright and ardent in these

natures which we do not see to-day! The blossom on the bough, the spray on the wave, the dew on the grass—something fresh, and natural, and indescribable! A grace which we can not express, which flits when we try to embrace it—the shadow of a shadow!

CHAPTER X.

“OLD GOUTY.”

THE party of young people are laughing and talking with immense assiduity, when a door in the hall is heard to open, a species of growl resounds, and Helen and Bonnybel say, at the same moment, “There ’s papa!”

The young men rise, and at the same moment old Colonel Vane appears at the door, and cries in a cheery voice,

“Good morrow, Tom, and welcome, Captain Harry! When did you turn up, and where from?”

“Tom came with me from town, uncle,” says Mr. St. John, shaking the fat hand, “how is your health?”

“So so—so so! I think the devil’s in this foot, Harry! I might sit for the portrait of Old Gouty!”

And the rubicund old gentleman laughed and grimaced. There was much truth in his declaration. Never did gout attack a more suitable subject. Colonel Vane was an old fellow of about sixty, with a portly person, one foot wrapped in bandages, while the other was encased in a neat buckled shoe, and silk stocking, and his costume indicated one well to do in the world, and fond of his ease. His powdered hair was gathered in a queue behind, his ruffles were huge and spotless, and the gold-headed cane which he carried had evidently found its way to Virginia from the shop of a London maker. With this cane he half supported himself, though he seemed greatly to prefer the soft shoulders of Misses Helen and Bonnybel, who hastened to his side.

Had Addison seen the old fellow thus smirking and making wry faces at the enemy in his foot, the worthy colonel would have been immortalized in a number of the Spectator, and it is more than probable that Hogarth, or one of the later humorists of the town, would have drawn him in the character of an East Indian director limping forth to his coach, after a dinner at the Lord Mayor's, irascible with the gout, and still growling at the insolence of the American rebels, who had tossed the Company's tea overboard in the harbor of Boston.

"Youth 's a fine thing!" said the jolly old colonel, smiling at the party, "and I enjoyed my own. There! there! my dear—softly!"

And the colonel commenced moving toward the chariot.

"I am going to the county court," he said, "that is if this cursed gout will let me! My old enemy, boys," added the worthy; "and like a scolding wife, has ever the last word! 'T is enough to make a man swear; but I won't. I must get on and see to that road to the river; the girls will take care of you—there! there! easy, my dear!"

And the colonel stepped upon the portico, still supported by the girls.

"Come here you old rascal!" he cried to Cato; "give me your arm!"

Old Cato, in a measured and deliberate way, abandoned the horses, and approached his master. The colonel, however, desired that Cato should rush rapidly toward him, and the deliberate pace of the old negro caused him to flourish his cane and swear.

Cato did not hasten his steps, however. He seemed to think that he as well as his master had rights, and moreover, was convinced from long experience that the cane would not descend upon his shoulders. The event proved his good sense—he preserved his personal dignity and lost nothing.

"Look at the old dog!" said the colonel; "he presumes upon my good nature and takes his time. Come, you abandoned old wretch! There! take care of the foot! easy!"

And leaning upon Cato, the old gentleman reached the chariot, and was comfortably deposited within upon the soft cushions. The young girls bade him good-bye, with a kiss; and old Cato having received an intimation from the colonel that he would thrash him on his return, if he drove faster than a slow walk, the chariot rolled away over the smooth gravel at a brisk trot, and was soon out of sight.

It had scarcely disappeared behind the foliage, when half a dozen ladies and gentlemen on horseback appeared at the outer gate, and mounted the hill at full gallop. They dismounted before the house in the midst of a joyful clatter and a shower of kisses, and Miss Bonnybel seemed ready to dance with delight at the anticipation of a frolic.

CHAPTER XI.

A MAY MORNING IN '74.

OUR history will not admit of a detailed description of the events of the day at Vanely, else should we take pleasure in relating how the gallants in ruffles and powder paid assiduous court to the damsels in hoops and furbelows; how laughter and sighs, bright glances and jests, with incessant rattling on the old harpsichord, filled the morning.

Many songs were sang, and in truth—says our good author, full of admiration, as usual, of the damsels—there was rarest music in those girlish voices caroling the tender or gay ditties of the past. The ardent love of faithful shepherds for the dearest shepherdesses sang in their madrigals, and all was love and sunshine, laughter, merriment and joy. Sparkling eyes lent point and brilliancy to jests from rosy lips; and all was May in the old house, whose very portraits seemed to smile and say, “Be happy while 't is May!”

At last the gay sunshine drew them to the lawn, and soon they were wandering across the flowery grass, and under

the old century oaks—a merry party, brilliant as the flowers which the little maidens really resembled in their variegated dresses, and communicating to the grounds of the old homestead new attraction.*

The birds sang merrily above their heads, flitting from tree to tree across the mild blue; the apple blossoms lay upon the boughs like fragrant snow, and the fresh river breezes, bearing on their wings the odor of the sea, blew on the tender foreheads, and made every cheek more rosy, and ran through the branches overhead, dancing and singing, and then died away, a musical murmur, mingling with the carol of the maidens like a symphony from airy harps.

And suddenly in a dell of the forest, or rather beneath a knoll of the lawn, they came upon a very pleasing device of Miss Bonnybel's—nothing less than a most tempting array of edibles scattered in picturesque confusion on the grass. Heavy slices of fruit-cake piled themselves up or lay in masses; cut-glass dishes scarcely held the golden mountains of cool jellies; bottles of the colonel's finest sherry rolled about, like toppers overcome with liquor, in the grass; and in the center a huge round of beef flanked with cold fowls and ham, twinkled in light and shadow, as the boughs of the great oak moved with the breeze.

Laughing like children at the pleasant surprise, the young men and maidens hasten to the spot, and the attack commences very vigorously.

It is a scene from "As You Like it," or of Robin Hood's day, or such as Watteau liked to place on canvas.

Seated on the emerald sward, in attitudes of careless ease and graceful abandon, with saffron laces around snowy arms, and silken dresses emulating tulip beds, and small hands grasping slender glasses filled with gold, and merry laughter at a thousand jests—thus scattered over the lawn, beneath the rustling boughs of the old oak, the party make a little Arcady for themselves, without a cloud, filled full with sunshine.

* Historical Illustrations, No V.

"'T is really charming," says Tom Alston, who, having finished his repast, gently smooths his ruffles with one hand, holding a glass of sherry in the other; "'t is quite a sylvan scene, from one of the pastorals, of Mr. Pope, say."

"Or Theocritus," adds a young gentleman recently from college.

"Yes," says Mr. Alston, "and reminds me of a similar scene, when I was a young fellow, in Effingham woods."

"When Kate Effingham was your sweetheart," cries Bonnybel, laughing.

"Really—ahem!—really now," replies Mr. Alston, modestly, "I prefer not alluding to these subjects, but I believe that most charming young lady did have some regard for me."

Mr. Alston looks more modest than ever, and adds,

"I, however, resigned her to my friend, Will Effingham—sacrificed myself on the altar of friendship—they are now married."

General laughter greets this communication, and a smile even wanders over the countenance of Helen. The laughter does not embarrass Mr. Alston, who says,

"On that agreeable occasion, Miss Kate sang a charming song—'I'm o'er young to marry yet;' also another, which methinks no poet has surpassed—'There lives a lass upon the green.'"

Mr. Alston's talent is well known, and he is besieged to sing. He receives the proposal with surprise, declares he has a cold—protests he can not. At the end of ten minutes, however, he is singing in a voice of great melody. This is his song:

"There lives a lass upon the green;
 Could I her picture draw,
 A brighter nymph was never seen;
 She looks and reigns a little queen,
 And keeps the swains in awe.

"Her eyes are Cupid's darts and wings,
 Her eyebrows are his bow,

Her silken hair the silver strings,
Which swift and sure destruction brings
To all the vale below.

“If Pastorella’s dawn of light
Can warm and wound us so,
Her noon must be so piercing bright
Each glancing beam would kill outright,
And every swain subdue!”

Much applause follows, and Mr. Alston raises his glass—
“I have the honor of drinking the health of our hostess,
Pastorella,” he says, bowing to Bonnybel.

The young lady rises, and makes a low and demure curtesy, endeavoring to smother her laughter, caused by the languishing expression of Mr. Alston. It bursts forth, however, and all join in the merry peal.

At the same moment, a distant cannon booms across the fields, and every one starts. Bonnybel claps her hands and cries that it is Captain Fellowes, of the “Charming Sally,” with all the new London dresses! She has seen his arrival at York in the Gazette, and he always fires his swivel at the landings!

Miss Bonnybel’s excitement about the new dresses is contagious, and in fifteen minutes the entire party of young ladies, accompanied by their cavaliers, are galloping toward the Vanely wharf.

The “Charming Sally” has gone aground, owing to low water, at some distance from the piers running out into the river, but the large boat, always lying below the old warehouse, is put in requisition, and, propelled by two stalwart and grinning Africans, the craft plunges her cutwater into the current, and lands the party on the vessel.

Captain Fellowes is a good-humored old tar, and meets the young people with the air of an old acquaintance. To Miss Bonnybel’s excited question as to her dresses, the old fellow replies by lugging down his book of entries, smiling, and the young lady having come to *V*, reads aloud hurriedly—

“Colonel Vane—Vanely Landing—Prince George—casks Canary—boxes Zante currants—oranges Barcelona—Lucca olives—saddles—harness—volumes in leather, namely—gowns from Madam Fenton—over against—”

“Here it is!” cries Miss Bonnybel; “look, Helen! every thing we sent for!”

Helen smiles—she is less enthusiastic.

“O thank you, Captain Fellowes!” cries Bonnybel; “you must not laugh at me for my noise, for you know I’m not one of the lords of creation. Please send these boxes at once to the house, and papa’s Canary for dinner, if he comes back.”

To all this, Captain Fellowes growled a good-humored assent, and then the party, having scattered themselves over the vessel, and satisfied their curiosity by inspecting every thing, reëntered the boat and were rowed back to the wharf.

But not to the sons or the daughters of men, come days without a cloud—unalloyed pleasure—the rose without the obstinate thorn.

Bonnybel and her cousin were the last to leave the boat. With dancing eyes, and bright cheeks, rosy with pleasure, the young lady hastened to ascend the wharf. But unhappy to relate, her slipper was placed much too carelessly upon the smooth gunwale; the boat swayed, and slipping first upon her knee, then wholly, Miss Bonnybel was precipitated into the river.

We need scarcely say that she rose from the waves in the arms of Mr. St. John, who gallantly rescued her.

A dozen frightened faces and eager hands were immediately stretched out, and the young lady stood safely upon the wharf; but with a direful change in her appearance. Her hair had fallen upon her shoulders, and streamed with water; her furbelows had disappeared, and a small foot clad in a white silk stocking, from which the shoe had been lost, peered from her skirt, from which a flood of moisture descended.

“Oh me!” cried the young lady, leaning upon one of her companions, “how did I fall into the water?”

“Very gracefully,” replied St. John.

“And you saved me!”

“In the most heroic manner,” replied the young man, wringing his wet sleeves, “and I know you are too much of a heroine to mind it.”

“I do n’t,” said Miss Bonnybel, laughing and blushing as she drew back her foot; “but, oh goodness, I’ve lost my shoe!”

It was brought as she spoke, by a negro who had fished it out; and Mr. St. John most gallantly replaced it upon the foot. It was doubtless owing to the moist state of the stocking that he consumed about twice as much time as was necessary.

The ceremony was concluded at last, however, and then the young man would have sent for a carriage, but Bonnybel would not hear of it. She declared that the accident was nothing; she could return upon horseback as she came; and mounting with laughter into the saddle, she galloped off with her hair streaming, followed by the other young ladies, and the gallants, who declared that she was a heroine, and “full of pluck.”

We shall not pause to discuss the question, but proceed to relate that they soon reached Vanely; that Miss Bonnybel was forced to partake largely of artificial spirits by good Aunt Mabel, and that the young lady thereafter put on one of the London dresses which punctual Captain Fellowes had just sent from the vessel, and flirting an enormous fan, swept up and down the room with all the mincing languor of a lady of the court, to the great enjoyment of the young ladies, her companions, who greeted the exhibition with much laughter.

They had then a great dinner, at which sunset surprised them; and so the day was done; but not the merry-making.

CHAPTER XII.

THE WINDOW PANES AT VANELY.

MR. HARRY ST. JOHN changed his wet dress, and having taken a last survey of himself in the mirror, issued forth and descended the stair-case.

At the bottom step, he paused and leaned upon the banister.

A portrait hanging high up on the old wall, among the powdered heads and snowy bosoms of the Vane family, has attracted his attention.

It is a picture of Bonnybel, taken in her fifteenth year, when the London artist came to Williamsburg, and turned his skill to golden account among the gentlemen and ladies of the colony. The little maiden looks lovely on the canvas, in her pretty costume of silk, and lace, and ribbons; her sunny hair descending upon plump white shoulders; her mischievous eyes and rosy cheeks peering forth as it were from the brown curls. She caresses with her dimpled hand the head of a shaggy little lapdog, and looks into the beholder's face with a mixture of mirth and tenderness.

"'Tis a wonderful art," mutters the young man, "and there 's the very face I've loved to look on for many a day—full of wild mischief, and yet tender. 'T would make quite a story for the pastoral romances!—the history of my life—and now I wish to go away and fight the Indians!

"Tom 's right after all," he continued. "I doubtless put on the plume of war to dazzle the eyes of *somebody!* I believe I am falling regularly in love; but what will be the issue I do n't know. Well, patience and shuffle the cards, as Tom says; who knows what will happen?"

"Suppose now you look a minute at the original," said a voice at his elbow. St. John turns quickly and sees the vivacious Miss Bonnybel, decked out for the evening, at his side.

“But if I prefer the portrait?” he replies; “it reminds me of old times.”

“When I was a child, I suppose, sir!”

“Yes; and when you loved me more than now.”

“Who said I did not love you now?” asked the girl, with a coquettish glance.

“Do you?”

“Certainly. I love you dearly—you and all my cousins.”

St. John sighed, and then laughed; but he said nothing, and offering his arm, led the girl into the sitting-room.

The young girls, whilst awaiting the appearance of Cæsar, the violin player, from the “quarters,” amused themselves writing their names, after a fashion very prevalent in Virginia, upon the panes of the windows. For this purpose they made use of diamond rings, or, better still, the long, sharp-pointed crystals known as “Virginia diamonds.”

With these the gallants found no difficulty in inscribing the names of their sweethearts, with all the flourishes of a writing-master, on the glass, and very soon the glittering tablets were scrawled over with Lucies and Fannies, and a brilliant genius of the party even executed some fine profile portraits.

Those names have remained there for nearly a century, and when afterwards the persons who traced them looked with age-dimmed eyes upon the lines, the dead day rose again before them, and its forms appeared once more, laughing and joyous, as at Vanely on that evening. And not here only may these memorials of another age be found; in a hundred Virginia houses they speak of the past.

Yes, yes, says our author, those names on the panes of Vanely are a spell! They sound with a strange music, a bright wonder in the ears of their descendants! Frail chronicle! how you bring up the brilliant eyes again, the jest and the glance, the joy and the laughter, the splendor and beauty which flashed onward, under other skies, in the old Virginia, dead to us so long! As I gaze on your surfaces, bright panes of Vanely, I fancy with what sparkling

eyes the names were traced. I see in a dream, as it were, the soft white hand which laid its cushioned palm on this glittering tablet; I see the rich dresses, the bending necks, the figures gracefully inclined as the maidens leaned over to write "Lucy," and "Fanny," and "Nelly," and "Frances," and "Kate;" I see the curls and the powder, the furbelows and flounces, the ring on the finger, the lace on the arm—poor lace that was yellow indeed by the snow it enveloped! I see, no less clearly, the forms of the gallants, those worthy young fellows in ruffles and fairtops; I see all the smiles, and the laughter, and love. All is very plain, and I mutter, "Fair dames and cavaliers, what's become of all your laughter and sighing—your mirth, and bright eyes, and high pride? Did you think that all generations but your own were mortal? that the sun would always shine, the music ever sound, the roses on your cheeks never wither? You had pearls in your hair, and your lips were carnations; the pearls may remain, but the carnations, where are they? O beautiful figures of a dead generation! you are phantoms only. You are all gone, and your laces have faded or are moth-eaten; you are silent now, and still, and the minuet bows no more; you are dimly remembered laughter, the heroines of a tale that is told—you live on a window pane only!" Old panes! it is the human story that I read in you—the legend of a generation, and of all generations! For what are the records of earth and its actors but frost-work on a pane, or these scratches of a diamond, which a blow shatters. A trifle may shiver the tablet and strew it in the dust! There is only one record, one tablet, where the name which is written lives for ever; it is not in this world, 't is beyond the stars!

"O there's Uncle Cæsar!" cries Bonnybel, "and we'll have a dance!"

"Yes, a dance!"

"O yes!"

"How do you do, Uncle Cæsar?"

"A minuet first!"

These are some of the outcries which resound through the apartment as an old gray-haired African appears at the door, and removing his fox-tail cap, louts low before the animated throng.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW THEY DANCED A MINUET DE LA COUR.

WE linger for a moment to look upon the divertisements of that old, old land—the far away colonial Virginia. It is all gone from us, and, as says our worthy author, the minuet bows no longer, but it shall bow in our history as it did before. A narrative, such as we write, should not only flow on like a stream toward its termination, it should also mirror on its surface the bright scenes it passes through—the banks, the skies, the flowers of other years, all should be painted on the ever moving current.

Therefore we pause a moment to look on the minuet, to listen to old Uncle Cæsar's fiddle, to hear the long-drawn music wind its liquid cadences through mellow variations, and to see the forms and faces of the young men and the maidens.

They have a quadrille first, and then a couple take the floor.

St. John leans on the carved back of Bonnybel's chair, and makes himself generally agreeable.

"How gracefully the girls of Virginia dress," he says, "like butterflies, all blue and gold, and—down."

"Butterflies indeed!" cries the young lady, "and pray what do the gentlemen resemble—wasps?"

"No; working bees."

"Drones rather!"

"What a wit you have!" says Mr. St. John, laughing; "but, really now, just see. Consider these lilies of the par-

lor, they toil not, neither do they spin, like their grandmothers.”

“I do, sir!”

“Then you are different. The young ladies do n't sew or spin, they engage Mr. Pate or Mrs. Hunter to relieve them of it.”

“Pray, what do you know of Mr. Pate?”

“I know what I read,” says St. John, taking up, with a smile, the “Virginia Gazette;” “see here the notice that Master Matthew Pate has for sale, ‘Stays, twin and single; jumps, half-bow stays, stays made to buckle before, pin or button,’ no doubt with diamond studs, like yours, madam!”

“You are extremely wise and learned in the female costume; my stays came from London, and I'll thank you—”

Here the minuet ends, and the particular conversation is lost in the general buzz. It is next Bonnybel's turn, and with a queenly air she says to Mr. St. John, who has engaged her hand,

“You 'll please ask me to dance formally, sir?”

St. John smiles, deposits his cocked-hat on his heart, and bowing to the ground, requests the pleasure of a minuet.

Bonnybel opens her enormous fan, with ivory decorations, places its downy edge upon her chin, and inclining her head sidewise with a die-away expression, declares, simpering, that really the gallants will not let her rest, she's wearied with attention, but supposes, since my Lord Bolingbroke has asked her hand, she ought not to refuse.

With these words, and in the midst of general laughter, Miss Bonnybel gives her hand daintily to her partner, and they advance into the floor, to the mellow strains of Uncle Cæsar's fiddle.

It is a little beauty of the eighteenth century, armed cap-à-pié for conquest, that the current of our story now reflects; the picture will be seen no more in truth, however, unless grandma on the wall yonder, painted at the age of seventeen, steps down and curtesseys to us in some reverie or dream.

Bonnybel wears, over a scarlet petticoat, a hooped dress of yellow satin, all furbelowed and decorated, especially with a row of rich rosettes, down to the feet. The bodice is cut square, the waist long and slender; the satin fits closely to the young lady's pliant figure, which is encircled by a silver girdle, and between the silken net-work of red cords, securing the open front, a profusion of saffron lace, kept in its place by diamond studs, dazzles the eye like a heap of new fallen snow tinted with sunset. The sleeves are short, or perhaps it will be more correct to say that the dress has no sleeves at all, the round, dimpled shoulders of the young lady being encircled only, so to speak, by a narrow band of silk; and, last of all, a cloud of gauze floats round the neck and shoulders, reconciling Miss Bonnybel to a pattern which she gazed at somewhat ruefully when it was first unfolded. Blue satin shoes, with slender heels about four inches high, and a light head-dress, principally consisting of a wreath of roses, finish the costume; the young lady having for decoration only a pearl necklace, rising and falling tranquilly.

As this prettily clad little beauty bowed before him, Mr. St. John thought he had never seen a fairer sight, more dancing eyes, any thing at the same time half so feminine and mischievous. Bonnybel danced exceedingly well; and as she moved in perfect time to the stately music, and bent in the measured curtesey, until her curls fell like a cloud of dusky gold around the rosy cheeks, and her knee touched the floor almost,—thus gliding before him in the fine old dance, and giving him, with dainty ceremony, the tips of her fingers, the young dame made her partner fancy that the most attractive and provoking fairy of Titania's court had come in from the moonlight, and would flit away as she came. He saw her thus curteseying long afterwards, and when an old man, told it to another generation.*

So the minuet bowed and curteseyed itself onward through its stately motions, and with a low sigh of satisfaction and self-admiration, died away.

* Historical Illustrations, No. VI.

But the dancing was not over. A reel succeeded. The fiddler exchanged his mellow cadences for spirit-stirring mirth, the tragic symphony gave way to sparkling comedy. Darting, inclining, clasping and unclasping hands, the gay party bore no bad resemblance to a flock of children turned loose for a holiday. Even the stately Helen's "dignity" was overthrown, and Mr. Tom Alston's fine peruke, from Monsieur Lafonge's, filled the whole wide apartment with its perfumed powder.

For almost an hour thus Uncle Cæsar made the bounding feet keep time to his gay music, and as he approached the end of the performance, the old fiddler seemed to be carried away by the genius of uproar. With head thrown back, eyes rolling in their orbits, and huge foot keeping time to the tune, his bow flashed backward and forward with a wild delight, and the violin roared and burst into shouts of laughter. Quicker yet and ever quicker grew the movements of the "Snow-bird on the ash-bank," the old musician threw his whole soul into the uproarious reel, and the brilliant forms, with dazzling silks and eyes more dazzling still, and rosy cheeks, and laughter, flashed from end to end of the great room, and whirled through mazes, and were borne like variegated foam upon the sparkling waves—those waves of the wild music which roared, and laughed, and shouted over pearls and powder, diamonds and bright eyes, in grandest revelry and furious mirth.

So reigned the great Cæsar over man and maid, and so, perhaps, the headlong violin would still be playing—but for cruel fate. Suddenly a string snapped, the dance was at an end, and Uncle Cæsar, with a long scrape, put his fiddle under his arm, and made his most impressive bow. The maidens stood still panting and laughing, with undulating forms, and rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes, and vigorous fannings; and then the reel at an end, they hastily prepared to depart.

In vain they were pressed to stay; and soon, with a multiplicity of kisses, (then, as now, a favorite amusement of

young ladies in the presence of young gentlemen,) they fled away into the moonlit forest, with their attendant cavaliers.

Fair dames! what a pity it is that the pen of him who writes could not adequately paint your joy and beauty, your brilliant eyes, your pearl-looped tresses of curls, your dangerous glances—all your sighs, and coquetries and laughter! And if your fair grand-children, following, in an idle moment, their most humble servant's chronicle, cry out with a pretty indignation at the fact, the chronicler can only take his hat off humbly, and bow low, and plead his inability to make the picture; to tell how beautiful those lilies of the past appeared; those lilies and dear roses of Virginia fields; and hope that they are somewhere blooming on Virginia walls—flowers of the years before; but fresh still for us, in imperishable memory!

St. John and Bonnybel stood on the portico and watched them till they disappeared.

She must have understood the long ardent look which he fixed upon her face, as she stood thus, bathed in the silver moonlight; but Miss Bonnybel was sleepy and intent on bed.

Much as she would have liked to promenade with her companion, and tantalize him with her glances, she preferred retiring. So, pursing up her lips toward him, as though she wished to be kissed, she darted away, laughing, and disappeared.

St. John remained alone, musing by moonlight for an hour, and then also retired to his chamber and his bed. It was to dream of her.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHICH VERIFIES THE PROVERB THAT LISTENERS NEVER
HEAR ANY GOOD OF THEMSELVES.

ON the morning following the scenes just narrated, St. John leaped out of bed at sunrise, and leaving Tom Alston still asleep, dressed quickly, and went down stairs; thence he issued forth upon the lawn, and bent his steps toward the "quarters."

Here, in all the dignified state of a log cabin of the largest size, his nurse, "Mammy Liza," resided.

Let it not be a matter of surprise that the lieutenant of his Excellency's guards rose thus early to go and see his nurse. In the South, and more especially in Virginia, that element of society denominated "Mammy," is of no slight importance and dignity.

This lady is of high aristocratic dignity. She is of the Order of the "Bath"—in reference to the young ladies of the manor house, both of the "Bath" and the "Garter."
Honi soit qui mal y pense!

For her young master, the old African countess preserves an unflinching attachment and a jealous care. All his goings on are criticised with a watchful supervision. Does he perform a generous and noble action? the countess is there to say it is just like her boy. Does he sit up late with reveling blades, and make darkness hideous with tipsy uproar? the countess eloquently extends her arm, assumes a look of outraged virtue, and rates the delinquent soundly—using for the purpose all her vast resources in the art of scolding; and ending with an ominous shake of the head, an unfavorable comparison of the scapegrace with his honored sire, Old Master, and a prophecy that if he do n't reform, he'll come to want, and them overseers will be masters at the hall. Does the crushed malefactor urge in gentle tones that he was merely entertaining his friends, and playing a hand at

cards, for amusement only? the countess is unconvinced, and requests, with dignity, that she may not be told any thing of that sort; she never thought that any son of Mistress would turn out a sorrow to her; and with renewed ominous shakings of the head, she sends away the penitent criminal, overwhelmed with remorse, and making good resolutions. Beautiful and touching is the love of these old women for the children they have nursed; and they cherish and love, and scold and forgive them, with the earnestness of real maternity.

Mammy Liza is an old woman with her head enveloped in a white handkerchief, and she spins at the door of her comfortable cabin, from the summit of whose stone chimney built up outside, a wreath of smoke rises, and glows like a stream of gold in the sunrise.

St. John hastens on, smiling, and his shadow falling before her, makes Mammy Liza lift her old face. She utters an exclamation of great joy, and in a moment they are sitting side by side on the old bench, talking of a thousand things—this talk being chiefly on the part of the old woman, who, with the garrulity of age, embraces the past, the present, and the future, in her monologue.

For half an hour they thus sit side by side, and then Mr. St. John rises with the bright smile which makes his countenance at times singularly attractive. He has renewed with the old woman all those recollections of his youth and childhood, rapidly disappearing amid the dust of the arena, and the kind old voice has sounded to him like the softest music, the very echo of happiness.

As he looks forth thus into the fields, he thinks he sees Bonnybel approaching, and soon this is confirmed. He suddenly passes behind the door, and cautioning the old woman, waits to give the young lady a surprise.

She comes on with an active and springy step, clad in a brown gown, thick, serviceable shoes, and a broad-rimmed chip hat; presenting thus a strong contrast to the Miss Bonnybel of the minuet. But her cheeks are even more

rosy, her eyes brighter, her laughing lips resemble real carnations. She is followed by a small negro maiden, carrying a basket and pitcher—the duty of this maiden at Vanely being to watch Miss Bonnybel's countenance, and run at her nod.

Bonnybel's voice salutes Mammy Liza, and asks how she is, to which the old woman returns the reply that she is "poorly, thank God; how is Miss Bel?"

"I'm as gay as a lark," returns the young lady, summoning her body-guard, "and I've been to see Aunt Jane and all the sick. Aunt Seraphina tried to take it away from me, but I fought her and made her give up," added Miss Bonnybel, with great cheerfulness.

St. John, behind the door, laughs silently. The young lady continues, running on carelessly:

"Here's some breakfast, Mammy. I suppose you know the news. Your great General Harry's come back! and now I suppose you think I'm going to praise him! but you're mistaken! He is terribly ugly! and the most disagreeable person I ever knew! Lazy, too! just think of his lying in bed, with poor little me out here! It was chilly enough when I got out of my warm bed. But I am going to get up every morning, just to shame those lazy boys. Ha! ha! now you are getting angry, Mammy! You want me to praise that stiff, awkward, lazy, odious, good-for-nothing Harry of yours, but I won't! Do you believe that he had the audacity to kiss me! Humph! he thinks I'm a child still, does he? I'll make him know that I'm a young lady! I'm seventeen! and I intend to make every one of the boys run when I tell them! some of 'em are glad enough to!"

The young lady paused to catch her breath; but seeing what she considered an expression of pain upon Mammy Liza's face, immediately recommenced:

"Have I hurt your feelings, Mammy, with my talk about your boy? O! I was only jesting! and I'll say any thing you wish! To think me in earnest! He's the dearest, sweetest, handsomest fellow in the world! I would n't have had him to miss kissing me for any thing! He's so

erect, and proud, and noble! and has such an excellent heart! and dances so well! and rides so well! and—”

“Fishes young ladies from the water so well!” says St. John, coming from his hiding place, with a laugh.

Bonnybel retreats a step, almost screaming. She reconsiders this, however, and bursts out laughing.

“Ain’t you ashamed, sir?” she then says, passing quickly to a pout, “to lie in wait, and listen to me so! But there’s one comfort, you heard my abuse of you; listeners never hear any good of themselves.”

“I did,” said St. John.

“You heard some bad too, then!”

“Well, I’ll mix the good and bad together, and perhaps I shall arrive at your real opinion of your poor cousin.”

“Now you are commencing your mock humility. I detest you!”

And Bonnybel draws away abruptly the small soft hand which, by some accident, has remained in that of her companion since he took possession of it. There is, however, very little detestation in the tone of the words, or the glance which accompanies them.

When they take leave of Mammy Liza, and return toward the mansion over the beautiful dewy lawn, beneath the great oaks, bathed in the red sunlight, an excellent understanding seems to have been arrived at, and Bonnybel is plying the dangerous artillery of her eyes with fatal effect upon her companion.

Mr. Harry St. John is falling in love as rapidly as it is possible to go through that ceremony.

CHAPTER XV.

BONNYBEL LOOKS IN A MIRROR AND LAUGHS.

THE ladies were assembled in the cheerful breakfast room, and half a dozen servants were placing on the broad table a profusion of smoking edibles, contributing to the perfection of that most perfect of inventions, a Virginia breakfast.

St. John mixed a julep with the skill and rapidity of an old practitioner, and the ladies, having each taken a sip, the parties were soon seated around the board, Miss Bonnybel behind the urn.

"Did Mr. Alston commence his toilet when you did?" asked the young lady, innocently, of St. John, glancing, as she spoke, demurely at the stately Helen; "he takes as long to dress as a girl, and Bel Tracy said, the other day, that he was no better than one, with his curls and perfumes!"

Helen, with a dignified toss of the head, intimates her opinion of this attack upon her admirer, but says nothing.

"Just think of Mr. Alston on horseback!" continues Bonnybel, pouring out, "with musketoon, and saber, heavy boots, and pistols, going to the wars! Now you all frown at me, as if it was treason to doubt that the elegant Mr. Alston would leap out of his bed, and be ready at sunrise, if the trumpet called to horse!"

"I doubt that myself, my dear Miss Bonnybel," said the subject of the conversation, behind the young lady; "it is only the breakfast bell that rouses me."

And Mr. Alston, in snowy ruffles, and serene smiles, saunters in and distributes a comprehensive salute.

"Was I the subject of discussion?" he says, amiably. "Chocolate, if you please, Miss Bonnybel."

"'T was Miss Tracy's epigram about you that was repeated," says St. John.

“ Ah, Miss Tracy ?” replies his friend. “ A fine girl, Miss Tracy—told me she wished she was a man, the other day.”

“ Well, Tom, she said she regarded you no more than a girl. ’Tis only reasonable to suppose that she wishes to change her condition with her sex and marry you. Mr. Bel Tracy, on the 10th, to Miss Thomas Alston, daughter of, and so forth, in the ‘ Gazette ! ’ ”

Mr. Alston replies, serenely,

“ Delighted to marry Miss Bell Tracy, but not to change my sex.”

“ I would,” says Bonnybel.

“ You ! ” says St. John ; “ pray why ? ”

“ Oh we ’d have such glorious fox-hunts—I and the other boys ! ” cries Bonnybel, “ and such a jolly frolic afterwards ! ”

The air of the young lady, while she utters these words, is so excellent a farce that even Aunt Mabel laughs.

“ But, you will permit me,” says Mr. Alston ; “ what would be the state of mind of your adorers, Miss Bonnybel, for doubtless you wish to marry a young gentleman.”

“ No, sir ! Pray whom ? ”

“ Why, let us say, Will Roan—why not espouse that gentleman ? ”

“ For a very good reason—he’s not asked me ! ” laughs the young lady ; “ besides, I would n’t if he did. I’ve no desire to go halves in his affections with the thorough-bred he’s had the goodness, I am told, to call ‘ Bonnybel,’ after me, forsooth ! ”

“ Well, Roan *is* fond of horses. But there’s Buck Ranton. He’s a fine fellow ; though I heard an aristocratic little lady in town, the other day, declare that Mr. Ranton’s family were scarcely ‘ good enough for *her*—he was n’t an F. F. V.’ ”

“ An F. F. V. ? I hate that new-fangled phrase ! ” cries Bonnybel, “ and I think the young lady was a goose ! I say Mr. Ranton’s every inch a gentleman, and I do n’t care a fig about his family ! ”

“Why not have him then, my dear Madam?” urges Mr. Alston, gently.

Bonnybel is silent—Mr. Ranton’s misadventure being very recent.

“Or Charley Fox,” continues the gentleman, smiling, and sipping his chocolate; “he at least does not fill his mind with horses like Mr. Roan.”

“But he does with his namesakes, the foxes!” says Bonnybel. “’Tis even more humiliating to divide with fox-hounds than horses. Mr. Fox’s wife is sure to be the keeper of the kennels!”

“Say Mr. Lindon, then.”

The girl’s face clouds, and she says, coldly,

“I do not like Mr. Lindon.”

“Well, well,” says Mr. Alston, “then I will not further annoy you, unless you will permit me to suggest the names of your friends, Mr. Randolph, Mr. Page, Mr. Pendleton, or Mr. Braxton; I believe they all come occasionally to see you, do they not?”

A smile runs around the table, and for a moment there is silence. Mr. Alston has given an accurate catalogue of the slain and wounded, for whose condition Miss Bonnybel is responsible—for all these gentlemen have met with bad fortune at Vanely.

Bonnybel, however, is a true woman—that is to say, she finds no difficulty in commanding her countenance.

“Did you ask if these gentlemen were my friends?” she says, with the most dove-like innocence, “and if they ever came to see me? Yes, they do, sometimes, sir.”

Mr. Alston gently inclines his head, sipping his chocolate.

“I thought I had seen them here once or twice,” he replies, “though not very frequently of late. However, I suppose they have one and all been detained by some little accident.”

“Do you think so?” says Miss Bonnybel, with innocent curiosity; “but while I think of it, pray how do you gentlemen propose to spend the morning?”

Mr. Alston acquiesces in the change of topic, and says with graceful ease,

“I think I shall bestow my poor society on Miss Helen, if she is not afraid of being thrown into a fit of yawning.”

“And I will ride out with you if you wish,” says St. John to Bonnybel.

This arrangement is acquiesced in, and the breakfast ends. Aunt Mabel retires to her chamber to supervise the “cutting out,” Miss Seraphina to peruse the last romance brought from London, and the young men to smoke pipes and look at the horses. The Vanely stables boast many thorough-breds, and more than one racer in full training.

St. John had that passion for fine horses characteristic of the soil, and with a corn-cob pipe between his lips, in the midst of a crowd of stable-boys, who respectfully greeted him as an old friend and favorite, discoursed at great length to Tom Alston on the points of the animals, as they were led out, and stepped proudly onward, in the sunshine.

The last was a bay filly of elegant proportions, and this he ordered to be saddled for Bonnybel, whose property it was.

Soon afterwards—Tom Alston having sauntered back to the drawing-room—the young man, mounted on his fine “Tallyho,” was flying along a winding road of the Vanely woods by the side of his cousin.

It is said that ball-rooms, parlors, and social haunts in general, are unpropitious for certain emotions. Either something distracts the attention or the atmosphere is unfavorable to romance. It is added that it is extremely dangerous, however, to a young man to ride alone, with a lovely cousin in a beautiful forest.

In the case of Harry St. John this proved true. After that ride, he felt with a sort of fearful happiness, a rueful delight, that his fate was sealed. As they galloped on, his eyes were unconsciously riveted on the mischievous little beauty, who, with rosy cheeks and rippling curls, and slender figure, undulating in the close-fitting riding-habit, resembled rather a wild nymph of the woods than a mortal

maiden. Every word she uttered was a jest or an exclamation; she performed a thousand antics on her steed; the very spirit of the laughing audacious spring seemed to flush her blood. The perfume of a thousand flowers crammed the balmy air with fragrance; the birds sang joyfully from the oaks and pines; the leaves whispered in the river breeze, and cast a fitful shadow on them as they moved.

Our chronicle would grow to ponderous length, if we paused to record the witty nothings uttered by Miss Bonnybel; her careless and sparkling jests, pointed with laughter, and bright glances of coquettish eyes. We must leave the conversation unrecorded. All lived, however, in the young man's recollection, and this ride became one of the most delightful treasures of his memory.

Three hours were spent thus; then the heads of the horses were turned toward home. At the great gate they encountered the chariot, and were gaily greeted by the jovial old colonel, who had been detained over night at the house of one of his neighbors.

They stopped but a moment; leaving the ponderous chariot to follow at its leisure, they sped up the hill, and the foaming horses were checked before the great portico.

In helping the young lady to the ground, St. John did even more than his duty. He quietly took her in his arms and lifted her from the saddle, receiving a box on the cheek for his pains, given and received with laughter.

Bonnybel then gathered her long skirt in her hand, and ran up stairs to her chamber. It might have been supposed that her object was to lay aside her habit, but her first proceeding was singular. She went to the large mirror, turned herself from side to side before it, surveying, from every point of view, her graceful face, her curls, her cheeks, her very dimples; then, with a proud and triumphant toss of her little head, and a confidential nod, the maiden threw aside her chip hat, and letting fall her beautiful brown hair uttered a low laugh.

Can any of our fair readers tell us what she meant?

CHAPTER XVI.

THE NEWS FROM BOSTON.

THE profuse dinner is nearly over, and nothing remains upon the wide table but the nuts and wine.

Leaning one arm upon the board, and pushing about the port and Canary, Colonel Vane, with features which gradually flush with anger, addresses the two young men :

“ Yes, gentlemen, you have a right to be astonished !” he says, “ and I share your astonishment.”

“ But ’t is not in the last ‘ Gazette,’ ” says Mr. St. John. “ How could the intelligence have arrived ?”

“ Well, it arrived through a private channel, but a reliable one. An emissary, who never deceives, announced it yesterday at the court house, and there is no longer any doubt of it. Yes, things at last approach an issue. Government enacts that, after the first day of June, the harbor of Boston shall be closed by armed troops, her shipping shall rot in the bay, her streets be thronged with red coats, and martial law prevail ! What think you, gentlemen of the colony of Virginia, of this blow at our beloved sister province of Massachusetts Bay ?”

“ I think ’t is a despotic and base exercise of power ” says St. John, “ and I ’d resist at all hazards.”

“ And I agree with you, Harry,” says Mr. Alston, “ to the letter.”

“ You are right, gentlemen,” said the old planter ; “ and no North American can see Massachusetts holding out her hand without aiding her. Whatever touches her, touches Virginia, nay, touches all the colonies, for this tyrannical edict is but the entering wedge ! If it does not arm the colonies, then they will lie down in chains for ever ! Miserable and woful times ! tyrants and knaves banded against honest men !” cries the old gentleman, dashing down his glass, wrathfully. “ I ’ll buckle on my sword and fight for

the cause in the ranks, as a common soldier, before I'll forget that I'm a Virginia gentleman, and grovel in the dust, and lick the boots of North and his yelping beagles. And not even tyrannical edicts will answer! We are to be whipped into submission by this General Gage, commander of his Majesty's forces in the provinces! He is to cut and hack us to pieces if we dare to murmur! By Heaven! we are slaves indeed! We, the descendants of Englishmen, with the strong arms of our forefathers, and their liberty as British subjects! We who fought for the king on a hundred battle fields, and poured out our best blood like water for our sovereigns; sovereigns that never gave us any thing to bind our wounds, although we served them generation after generation, as kings were never served! We Englishmen are to be trodden down and trampled on like a pack of curs, and whipped back to our places by this body of time servers, who are rolling yonder in their wealth, and making laws to bind the chains upon our limbs, as though we were their serfs! Damn my blood!" cries the colonel, striking the table with his fist, "I'll give half my estate to arm a company, and I'll march myself at the head of it, if Cato has to hold me on my crutches."

During the course of this explosive address, which was terminated by a sudden attack upon the colonel's foot by his old enemy, Mr. St. John leaned back in his seat, and, with folded arms, revolved, in the depth of his mind, the significance of this new blow at the colonies.

Was it not foreseen or even reported by its movers, by secret dispatches to Lord Dunmore, and had not this fact something to do with the existence of his Excellency's "guards" at the palace gate—soldiers who recognized no other allegiance than that due to their master, and who, if need be, would be employed to awe the inhabitants of Williamsburg and the House of Burgesses?

And he was the commander of this body! He who swore by the code which the old gentleman had just proclaimed, who rated his dignity of honest gentleman as

high as that of a peer of the realm, who was ready to pour out his blood for the preservation of his most trivial right—he, Henry St. John, was in the pay of his Excellency!

The young man's brow clouded and his eyes flashed.

“You are right, uncle,” he said, “’t is a bitter draught they hold to our lips and expect us to drink. I predict that this act will open the eyes of the inhabitants of this colony, and that there will soon be a struggle for supremacy with Lord Dunmore. In that cause, I, for one, know which side I’ll be ranged on. I’ve long felt that my position yonder was slavery, and nothing but disinclination to retreat from my post in the service of the government, threatened with Indian troubles, has kept me from resigning what has come to be a menial’s miserable routine! Lord Dunmore has deceived me, sir, in a manner wholly unworthy of a gentleman, and I’ll tell him so, if need be. Yes, sir! if the struggle’s here in Virginia, I’ll myself cheerfully brace on my sword, and strike as hard blows as I’m able in the contest against this detestable tyranny! I am more than of your way of thinking, sir. For this body of men across the water to be forcing down our throats every nauseous dose they choose! binding us hand and foot with chains, no doubt to lash us the better, and so force us along the king’s highway, dragging at our heels the lumbering parliament coach, with my Lord North and his family inside! I’ll no more wear their harness than I’ll longer don the livery of his Excellency, which I’m fixed to discard and throw from me, as a plague garment! I’ll be no nobleman’s dog, to hunt his prey and do his dirty work; I’ll not be this man’s lackey—a vulgar fellow, in my humble opinion, neither more nor less, and I’ll say it to his face, if I’m provoked to it!”

St. John stopped, red, angry and disdainful, thinking of the scene at the palace.

“Well, well,” said the colonel, relieved by his explosion, “let us not speak evil of dignitaries, Harry. I confess I do not like Lord Dunmore, but he is Governor.”

St. John made a motion of his head, indicating his willingness to dismiss so distasteful a subject.

“All I have to say, sir,” he added, “is that things in Virginia seem to be progressing, and we’ll probably have an act of Parliament for our own special behoof ere long.”

“Well, well,” said the old gentleman, who seemed to regret his momentary outburst, “we shall see.”

“If I am not much mistaken, sir, his Excellency will endeavor to make us shut our eyes as long as possible, and use his skill to make us believe black’s white. Yes, sir, we shall see, and perhaps we shall do more—we shall fight!”

There was silence after these words, and the colonel filled his glass and pushed the wine.

“Perhaps we will not find in his lordship a tool of the ministry, Harry,” he said, “and my old blood flushes up too hotly. I should set you youngsters a better example than rashness. You are already too full of fight. I remember Lord Botetourt said to me one day that he’d throw his appointment into the Atlantic rather than aid in enforcing upon Virginia a tyrannical regulation of Parliament; and who knows but the like public spirit may exist in the bosom of Lord Dunmore; at least ’t is time lost to speculate at present. Let us hold in, and watch the action of the House of Burgesses. If they proceed to the resolves which become them, they will come to a point, and his Excellency will have to show his hand.”

“Yes, sir,” said St. John, “and I predict that you’ll see a card up his sleeve.”

The old gentleman smiled.

“Well, well, Harry,” he said, “we won’t charge him with cheating till we see it; and then it will be time enough to outlaw him. Thank Heaven, we have noble players in the game! There’s Bland, and Pendleton, and Harrison, and Henry, a host in themselves, especially this last, who’s an absolute thunderbolt. There’s Lee, and Randolph, and Nicholas, and Cary, all gentlemen of conspicuous talents. Mr. Jefferson from the mountains, too, goes, I’m told, all

lengths, and is of extraordinary political genius. We must not forget Colonel Washington, whose fine house at Mount Vernon is so delightfully situated on the Potomac. You know how heroically he fought in the expedition against Fort Duquesne, in which I am told he gave General Braddock advice which it had been well for that ill-fated gentleman to 've taken. Certainly Colonel Washington is of admirable presence, and there is I know not what of majesty in his deportment, and grandeur in the carriage of his head. I think we have a worthy body of gentlemen engaged at present in our public affairs, and history may yet dwell on our period and its characters, and future generations may erect statues to these patriotic leaders of opinion. Certainly they do seem to possess remarkable unanimity in distrusting his lordship. But let us wait, Harry, and not try his Excellency before he is caught with the bloody hand—an unfortunate illustration I have fallen on, but—”

“It 's apt, sir.”

The colonel shook his head in a good-humored way and smiled.

“No, no, Harry,” he said, “let us be just to all men; let us not forget that moderation is the most fatal enemy of despotism, until it throws off its disguise. Then there 's time enough to gird on the sword. My preaching and practicing are, I confess, somewhat different on the present occasion, and I 've set you a bad example. But the old hound growls the loudest, you know, because he 's got no teeth, and thinks every shadow reason for alarm. There, there, Harry, let us leave all this to the future, and to that Almighty Power in whose hand are the balances of fate—the issue of peace and war!”

St. John bowed his head, and was silent.

“I 'll go take my nap now, boys,” added the old gentleman, smiling pleasantly; “that road to the river 's all fixed, and I shall sleep with a good conscience, and have pleasant dreams, I trust.”

Having delivered himself of this good-humored speech,

the old gentleman emptied the remainder of his glass of Canary, and, assisted by Bonnybel, who ran to give him her shoulder, limped from the room into the library upon the opposite side of the hall.

Here, composing himself comfortably in his customary arm-chair, with the gouty foot across another, the worthy colonel covered his face with a copy of the "Virginia Gazette," and very soon was slumbering like an infant.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MODEL OF A PERFECT LOVER.

WE have repeated the conversation upon the subject of the new Act of Parliament, and we now proceed to say, that at Vanely, as elsewhere in that earnest period, action followed theory.

When the family descended on the next morning, they saw ranged in a long row upon the sideboard, the japanned tea-canisters of the house, all hermetically sealed, with the Vanely seal upon the wax.*

This ceremony had been performed by Miss Bonnybel, under the colonel's supervision, and from that time forth, until the end of the revolutionary troubles, no tea was drunk at Vanely, as happened at a thousand other places all over the colony.

After breakfast, Mr. St. John and the colonel went to witness some operations upon the lands, and Mr. Alston, as usual, betook himself to the sitting-room.

We have busied ourselves so exclusively with the sayings and doings of two personages of our story, that Mr. Thomas Alston's adventures have not been even adverted to.

We say adventures, for during all these hours at Vanely

* Historical Illustrations, No. VI.

Mr. Alston has been far from idle, and has vigorously applied himself to the prosecution of an undertaking which we have scarcely hinted.

Let us still forbear to intrude upon this gentleman's private interviews with his friend; let us respectfully retreat when he closes, on this eventful morning, the sitting-room door upon himself and that friend; let us go and return with Mr. St. John and Colonel Vane, who get back in their light carriage after an hour or two.

Mr. Alston's sulky stands at the door—his horse's head held respectfully by a groom.

To the colonel's question, whether Mr. Alston intends to depart, his friend, Mr. St. John, replies that he has not been advised of such intention; and learning soon that his friend has gone up stairs, he follows him, and finds him there.

Mr. Alston is seated in an easy-chair, with one foot upon the window sill, the other being elegantly thrown over his knee

He is gazing philosophically out upon the landscape, and nods with tranquil greeting to his friend.

"What, Tom!" St. John says, "surely you're not going away: seeing your sulky—"

"Yes, I think I'll go, Harry, my boy," says Mr. Alston, leaning back easily.

"Why, pray?"

"For two reasons."

"Name them, in order that I may instantly refute them."

A serene smile wanders over Mr. Tom Alston's countenance, and he regards his friend with quiet superiority, as of one impregnable.

"Do you think you'll be able, Harry, my boy?" he asks.

"I am confident of it."

Mr. Alston smiles and shakes his head.

"Come, speak!" says St. John.

"You want my reasons?"

"Yes, both at once, if you choose."

“I prefer mentioning them in succession, Harry,” says Mr. Alston, “if it ’s all the same.”

“Entirely: well the first?”

“My first reason for departing from this elegant abode of the muses and the graces,” says Mr. Alston, eloquently, “is the absolute necessity I ’m under of procuring a clean — frill, let us say. Can you answer that?”

“Easily—you know my whole wardrobe ’s at your service.”

Mr. Alston shakes his head in the old way.

“Unfortunately your garments do not fit me, Harry,” he replies, “and nothing but regard for your feelings has prevented me from revealing the misery I ’ve experienced from the frill I borrowed of you yesterday.”

“Why, there ’s none better in London !”

“You ’re deceiving yourself, my dear friend—you do indeed !” says Mr. Alston, almost earnestly ; “indeed you are mistaken ! Were it not from regard for your friendship I should feel compelled to say that your linen ’s absolutely terrible !”

St. John laughs.

“Well,” he says, “there’s no appealing from a matter of taste. *Mutato nomine de te*, you know, and I ’ll wager that the weaknesses in my own wardrobe are shared by your own. But there remains the reason in reply, that you may easily have clothes brought to you from Moorefield.”

“I fear not.”

“Why ?”

“They would necessarily be rumpled, and to wear a rumpled frill plunges me into untold agony.”

“Hang it, Tom,” says St. John, laughing, “you ’re really the most perfect maccaroni I have ever seen. There ’s no arguing with such a fop—dyed in the grain !”

“My dear friend, you pain me,” says Mr. Alston, mildly ; “pray, do n’t pursue this mode of talking.”

“Well, that is as you choose. Come, what ’s your second famous reason for departing ? I predict I ’ll easily refute this one at least.”

Mr. Alston smiles.

“Do you think so?” he says.

“I am confident of it.”

Mr. Alston nods serenely, and is silent.

“Come speak, thou unconscionable Sphynx! Thou enigma of mystery, unfold thy logic.”

Mr. Alston smiles again.

“I will ask you a question first, my dear Harry,” he says. “If you had laid siege to a fortress for many months—had plied the enemy with your heaviest chain shot, and red-hot cannon balls—if you had sounded the trumpet at last, and so advanced bravely to the assault with your colors flying, and your charger neighing—and in this, the final and conclusive onset, been ignominiously beaten back—do you understand?”

“Yes, so far.”

“I ask, under such a state of things, would you be likely to remain in presence of the victorious enemy; be cut, and hacked, and wounded; worse still, be cut to pieces and disposed of in a bloody trench, as some one of my friends, the poets, says? Answer me, or rather do n’t, for I see, from your dumb-founded look, that my reasoning has been conclusive.”

And Mr. Alston smooths his peruke gently, smiling.

“You do n’t mean to say—” cries St. John, with an outburst.

“I do indeed, my friend. I have the honor of observing that this morning my addresses were respectfully declined by Mistress Helen, and you behold, really, the most unfortunate of men!”

St. John stands, for a moment, looking at his friend in silence; his friend returns the look with pleasing smiles.

“Well, Tom,” says St. John, “I *will* say that you are the most philosophical discarded lover I have ever seen.”

“Philosophical?”

“Intensely.”

“Why, Harry, my boy, you do n’t think that propriety

requires me to strew ashes on my head, do you? If you think so, there 's the fire-place, and, doubtless, sackcloth is convenient."

"What a philosopher!" cries his friend in admiration.

"Well, well, I arrogate no praise. Why should I? Why should I pull a long face and groan? My friend, 't is the fortune of war, and I add, in the unsuspecting and confiding simplicity of my nature, that this event has happened to me with the same young lady twice before. This should, doubtless, be estimated in the matter, for, you see, I am used to it."

St. John received this declaration with a burst of laughter.

"And you are not desperate?" he says.

"Not at all. After that decent interval which propriety requires, I shall again request Miss Helen's acceptance of my hand, and if she refuses, I shall probably ask her again. Who knows? Some day I am likely to win her, and she 's worth the trouble. She 's no soft peach, my boy, ready to fall into your mouth. The happy fellow who gets her will be obliged to shake hard, and, you see, I 've been shaking. Perhaps the fruit 's looser, and will some day fall—patience, and shuffle the cards!"

Having delivered himself of these remarks, Mr. Alston rises and adds,

"I waited to see you, Harry, before going, and I hope you 'll come to Moorefield soon. If you're here a week I 'll probably see you again, as I 've promised Miss Helen to repeat my visit. There, my dear boy, do n't stare and laugh so. One would think you were surprised at such a thing as a young fellow 's making the attack and being beaten. I confess I was somewhat precipitate. I thought I saw a defect in the wall of the fortress—in fact Miss Seraphina told me that Miss Helen admired my peruke, and thought I 'd make a very amiable husband. I should not have been so much deceived—but nothing 's lost. I 'll soon be back."

And after the young men had exchanged some more conversation—serene on Mr. Alston's part, and full of pent-up laughter on St. John's—they descended to the hall.

Mr. Alston went round, in the Virginia fashion, and took separate leave of everybody, with a friendly and smiling remark for each.

He trusted that the colonel's gout would soon leave him, and that the road to the river would be all he expected.

He hoped Aunt Mabel would not have a return of her cough—these colds must be very painful.

He thought Miss Seraphina's coiffure was the handsomest he 'd ever seen.

He begged Miss Bonnybel to give him the rose in her hair or one of the two in her cheeks.

And he expressed to the blushing and quiet Helen the most graceful thanks for the thousand kind things she had done for him during his most delightful visit—a visit which he should ever continue to remember, and would certainly repeat before many days had passed.

Having gone through these various friendly and complimentary speeches, Mr. Alston pressed his cocked hat on his heart, and smiling with the utmost courtesy, bowed low, and issued forth.

In ten minutes his light sulky, with its rapid trotter, had disappeared in the forest, was seen to glitter with revolving flashes on the road, and then finally it disappeared, carrying away the discarded model of a lover, or the model of a discarded lover, whichever our fair friends please.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW MR. LINDON CAME TO AND WENT AWAY FROM
VANELY.

SEVERAL days have passed. It is a beautiful May morning Bonnybel and St. John are talking together in the sitting-room—a habit into which they have of late quietly and tacitly fallen.

Bonnybel sits in the most coquetish attitude upon one of the old carved-backed sofas, her slender figure supported by the round, bolster-like pillow. She wears a light blue silk, and around her bare arms falls a quantity of lace. From the skirt of her azure silk peep forth in the most accidental way two delicate little feet, cased in white silk stockings, and red morocco slippers, with high heels and rich rosettes. The slender ankles are gracefully crossed—the beautiful feet seem wrapped around each other, so to speak—an ill-natured critic might say that Miss Bonnybel had fixed them thus for her companion's inspection and admiration.

He sits at her side, and is showing her a book of engravings. One of these is a woman weeping upon the breast of a steel-clad cavalier—the illustration of some border ballad.

He reads to her, and—for the moment, thoughtful—Bonnybel's eyes are weighed down with an impulsive pity. It is a tale of love, devotion and death; and as he reads, she turns upon him a pair of violet eyes swimming in tears.

No word is uttered—the volume lies on her lap—St. John holds her unconscious hand, and the beautiful face, with its large eyes full of tender pity, droops slowly and unconsciously as it were, toward the picture of the woman weeping in her husband's arms.

This is the pretty little tableau, when, with a shock which shakes both windows, the door is thrown open, and a tall,

richly-clad gentleman, the arrival of whose splendid equipage they had not been aware of, is ushered into the apartment. Bonnybel rises calmly to her feet—closing the volume which she holds in her hand—and returns the low salute of the visitor with a cold and ceremonious inclination. Mr. Lindon will pray be seated, and if he will excuse her a moment, she will retire to arrange her somewhat informal toilette. Mr. Lindon, she believes, is acquainted with her cousin, Mr. St. John.

With these formal sentences, Miss Bonnybel moves from the apartment and goes up stairs with the air of a duchess subjected to an intrusion.

The two men greeted each other with ceremonious coldness; on the part of Mr. Lindon there seemed even an exhibition of suppressed and somber rage at the changed demeanor of the young lady.

He was a tall, powerful man, verging, apparently, on forty, and his bearing indicated a supercilious and yet uneasy pride.

In a few moments Colonel Vane entered, and soon afterwards the ladies appeared. Mr. Lindon did not seem a great favorite with these, and when he announced his intention of spending the day and night, as his estates lay at some distance, the intimation did not appear to cause any one unusual pleasure. All were scrupulously courteous and polite, but nothing more.

In Virginia, where cordiality and warmth, in the reception of visitors, are a standing rule, a greeting of this species always indicates dislike.

We have heard Miss Bonnybel, under Mr. Alston's teasing, speak coldly of the visitor; let us endeavor briefly to exhibit the cause of this coldness.

Mr. Lindon was the only son of an English Catholic of ancient family, who had purchased lands on the South Side. These purchases had become a principality, in extent and value, at the time of his death, and his son found himself the possessor of a princely estate. Lindon the elder had been a

bigoted Catholic and aristocrat in the worst sense of the term, and his son inherited the same opinions. He honestly regarded his family as the best in the colony, and regarded rebellion against England as a crime of the deepest die.

Early enabled to command large resources, Mr. Lindon had plunged at once into every species of vice and dissipation. He had lost immense sums at the card table, and even had been charged with cheating. More than one humble family had been brought to misery and ruin by his vices—and he was liable, at times, to horrible excesses in wine, which had already greatly impaired his vigorous constitution. His character was a strange mixture of boldness and cunning, of reckless courage and hidden treachery, and the influence of his religious training, in the worst tenets of the Jesuits, was very discernible. Under an affectation of chivalric honor, he concealed a powerful tendency toward secret scheming, and this unfavorable characteristic already began to be suspected by the gentlemen with whom his position enabled him to associate.

Mr. Lindon had made the acquaintance of Bonnybel some months before, and she became the passion of his life. He paid his addresses to her with a conquering air, however, and, to his profound surprise, found himself at once discarded.

He had scarcely been able to restrain an explosion of rage and astonishment; that a man of his family and wealth should be refused, was wholly incredible to him, and after a month's reflection, he came to the conclusion that there was some misunderstanding in the matter.

Let us pass over the events of the morning, and the ceremonious dinner, so unlike the habitual family reunion, full of talk and laughter, and come to the afternoon. Perhaps we shall find if there was such misunderstanding.

The meal had been over for an hour, and as they dined early in those days, Mr. Lindon solicited the company of Miss Bonnybel for a walk. The young lady pouted, but finding it would be discourteous to refuse, consented, hop-

ing to induce Mr. St. John and Helen to accompany them. Helen was unwell, however, and so, in no favorable humor toward her cavalier, Bonnybel was soon walking with Mr. Lindon on the lawn.

Mr. Lindon's cheeks were somewhat flushed with the wine he had been drinking ; but the Canary of the colonel seemed only to have added to his habitual ceremony—his uneasy air of haughty defiance.

“ We have a fine evening, Miss Vane,” he said, settling his chin in his voluminous white cravat, “ and this scene reminds me of that at my estate of ‘ Agincourt.’ ”

“ Does it, sir ?” she said, coldly.

“ Yes ; it was so called by my father, the name of the family hall, in England, being similar.”

Mr. Lindon settled his chin deeper in his white cravat, and added :

“ It originated after the great battle of that name. Sir Howard Lindon, my ancestor, won his spurs there, though our race came in with William the Conqueror.”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ The king, in recognition of Sir Howard's services, created him a Knight of the Bath, which, however, he did not long enjoy, having fallen on the field some years after.”

“ You do not retain the title, I believe, sir,” Bonnybel said, coldly, forcing herself to say something.

“ I do not, having no right, I fear, madam. It is hard to be thus deprived of what 's honestly my due.”

Bonnybel inclined.

“ Like many other noble families,” said Mr. Lindon, raising his head proudly, “ we have suffered misfortune, and of all our princely possessions, in the mother country, nothing remains. It is true that my place of ‘ Agincourt’ is not wholly contemptible, consisting as it does of ten or twelve thousand acres, with three dwellings, besides the manor house.”

And Mr. Lindon settled his chin again.

“That is a very fine estate, I should think, sir,” said Bonnybel, coldly.

“Yes, tolerably fine, but my negroes, a thousand in number, if I do not mistake, are badly managed. Still I can not complain. My annual income, from numerous sources, is some fifteen or twenty thousand pounds sterling, and I find that adequate to my wants.”

“It is a very handsome income, I should suppose, sir.”

“Vanely is not quite so large as Agincourt, I believe, madam?”

“I am sure ’t is not, sir,” said Bonnybel, quite calmly; “though I do not know the extent of papa’s grounds.”

“Vanely is very richly cultivated.”

“Is it, sir?”

“Very—but you will pardon me for saying that I did not come hither, upon this occasion, to compare plantation views with Colonel Vane, madam.”

“You did not, sir?”

“No, Miss Vane, and I think you do not misunderstand me.”

Mr. Lindon’s stately ceremony did not melt at all as he thus spoke. Bonnybel made no reply.

Mr. Lindon was silent for some moments too, then he said,

“I observed that this scene of hill and meadow, oak forest and pine, reminded me of ‘Agincourt,’ and I often sit upon my portico and think of Vanely.”

“Do you, sir?”

“Yes, madam, and I will add, of yourself.”

Bonnybel inclined her head silently, and prepared for the rest.

“Since I had the misfortune to be deprived for a time of your society”—this was Mr. Lindon’s graceful paraphrase of his discardal—“I have not been able to banish your image from my mind, Miss Vane.”

Bonnybel was still silent and cold.

“I have found no one to supply your place,” continued

Mr. Lindon, with a look of increasing condescension, "and you will thus scarcely be surprised to find that I have returned to ask if you have not seen reason to change your determination. Do not speak yet, Miss Vane—you seem about to—I desire you to ponder before replying. It is proper that I should repeat that I am the possessor of a great estate, and this fact can not be destitute of weight with a young lady of your excellent sense. Of my family, I think, I need not speak," he said loftily, "but I should of more material things. As my wife, you will have, at your command, every luxury which wealth can purchase, chariots, plate, fine horses, and assemblies as often as the mistress of 'Agincourt' pleases. I am quite willing, if you desire it, to settle upon you an annual amount to the extent of one third of my entire income; one entire third, I say, madam, and this you may expend in such manner as may seem suitable to yourself. It is proper to say that I shall require my sons to embrace the faith of the Catholic Church, unjustly excluded by the bigots of this colony, but I am willing, if it is desired, to permit my daughters to become Protestants, either of the established Church or the new sect of Baptists, it being quite indifferent to me whether they are of one or the other persuasion, if they are not of the true church. With these conditions, I desire to leave my wife wholly to her own views in every matter, and I will compel all who are around her to yield to her wishes. If Miss Vane has any desire to change her former decision, she has now an opportunity, and I need scarcely add that her affirmative decision will be a source of much satisfaction to myself."

Having finished his speech, Mr. Lindon again buried his chin, in a stately way, in his neckcloth, and was silent.

Bonnybel did not speak for some moments, and then she merely said, struggling successfully against her anger and indignant scorn,

"I am surprised, sir, that you should have again renewed this proposition, and—"

He interrupted her more grandly and ceremoniously than ever, and said, with a motion of his hand,

“Your surprise is quite natural, Miss Vane. I can understand that you naturally feared that I would not return, having treated me, upon our last interview, with a coldness which I am sure you have regretted. You are right, madam. Men of my stamp seldom renew a proposition of this description, and there is room for some astonishment in the present instance. But I have set my mind upon seeing you preside at my house of ‘Agincourt,’ and your rebuff has not repelled me. You, no doubt, regretted it, and I desire to afford you an opportunity of reconsidering your determination.”

His tone was so insulting with its stately condescension now, that Bonnybel blushed with speechless indignation.

Mr. Lindon misunderstood the origin of this emotion, and said, in the same patronizing way,

“Do not permit your agitation to carry you away, Miss Vane. I can understand that you did not expect this, and am not desirous of compelling you to declare your regret at our misunderstanding in any formal manner. We are nearly at the portico now, and I beg that you will compose yourself. A simple line, as I depart in the morning, will be sufficient, and if I may suggest, you might fix as early a day as is consistent with social propriety. I shall be very happy to have your cousin, Mr. St. John, as my first groomsmen, though he does not seem well affected toward the government, and may cause me some trouble with his Excellency. I beg to assure you that in any such contingency I shall be most happy to use my influence. We have arrived, madam, and I regret to see you so much overcome with the natural and engaging modesty of your sex. But I beg you will not be flurried. I shall expect your reply when I depart in the morning, and, meanwhile, shall spare your maiden blushes, and not renew the subject.”

They had reached the portico as Mr. Lindon concluded this oration, and were now joined by Helen and Aunt Mabel.

Bonnybel left her stately admirer, and hastened up stairs whether to hide her maiden blushes, or burst into tears of scorn, and anger, and indignation, we leave the reader to determine. She did not reappear during the whole evening, and only came down stairs on the next morning when Mr. Lindon's fine equipage stood at the door. Her cheeks burnt with indignant fire, and her little foot almost ground itself into the carpet with anger as she murmured, "He shall not think I'm afraid to meet him!"

She restrained her scorn by a violent effort, however, and when Mr. Lindon invited her into the library, coldly declined. Her hand held a note tightly, however, and this note Mr. Lindon took with an expression of condescending satisfaction.

He bowed ceremoniously, and with his head raised in a conquering attitude, entered his chariot and drove away, holding the reins himself.

Bonnybel watched him with the same look of scornful pride, but suddenly this expression gave way to one almost of pleasure.

Mr. Lindon turned in his seat almost foaming with rage, and tore a piece of paper which he held in his hand; after which he shook his clenched fist at the hall, and lashing his wild horses, disappeared like lightning.

The torn paper was Bonnybel's note, and this note contained simply—

"Miss Vane declines, now and for ever, the insulting addresses of Mr. Lindon. If they are renewed, she will regard it as an outrage unworthy of a gentleman. She prays that all personal acquaintance, even, may henceforth cease between them."

That was all. And if any reader thinks our little heroine too fiery, it is because we have not drawn the portrait of her admirer with sufficient force.

When Helen took leave of Mr. Alston, a kind look of re-

gret was in her eyes; when Mr. Lindon departed, Bonnybel's eyes flashed dangerously.

The reason was that Mr. Alston was a gentleman—Mr. Lindon was not. But the fact made him all the more dangerous, as this history will in due time show.

CHAPTER XIX.

BONNYBEL VANE TO HER FRIEND, MISS CATHARINE EFFINGHAM, AT "THE COVE," IN GLOUCESTER COUNTY.

VANELY, *before breakfast.*

I desire to be informed why you have not written to me, madam? Has that odious domestic tyrant, Mr. Willie, forbidden you to correspond with your friends? You may inform him, with my compliments, that I regard him in the light of a *monster*, an *ogre*, an eastern *despot*, else he would not keep the *dearest girl in the world* down at that horrid old house in Glo'ster—if it is so fine—when her friends are dying to see her.

I hear that he runs at your call, and obeys your *orders*, and passes all his leisure moments in composing sonnets to your eyebrows; but I do n't believe it, that is, I would not if it was not *you*, dear. He *was* very humble once when he was on *probation*, and I'll never forget his lordship's look of agony and despair when you gave the jessamine bud to Tom Alston that day at the ball; but heigho! (that's the way the romance writers spell a *sigh*, is n't it?) I do n't believe any thing of that sort survives the *honeymoon*—does it? Before we're married—*we're* married!—the beaux are all maccaronies in their dress and manners; and they rhyme *love* and *dove*, *sighs* and *eyes*, *kiss* and *bliss*, 'till one's really wearied with them. Then when the odious hypocrites have worked upon our *feelings* and entrapped our poor little

hearts, they forget how to rhyme, and behave *abominably*. It is my intention to be an *old maid*, which that outrageous Willie of yours predicts. But I won't!—that 's flat!—I'll get married just to *spite him!*

“What a flood of nonsense I've written! but I'm in excellent spirits this morning, and I never feel ill at my ease with you, my own precious, darling Kate. It is very good in you to let a mere child like me take so many liberties with you. But you know you've *raised me*; always at Effingham Hall you made me your companion, young as I was; and, if I had my arms around your neck now, I'd squeeze you to death! *I would!* Please write soon. I long to hear from you, for I love you *dearly—dearly!* and if you do n't write, I'll come down to the Cove and *make you!*

“There 's little or no news in Prince George; we have been plagued, as usual, by a crowd of stupid boys, tho' some nice gentlemen came too. I have had another visit from my bugbear, that Mr. Lindon, but *I do n't think he'll call again in a hurry*. He made me the most insulting *speech* you can think; but I returned it with interest. You would have thought he was bidding for a slave-girl. I gave him my answer in writing, and he tore it up, and went off in a rage. He may rage as he pleases.

“Dearest papa has the gout again, but it did not prevent his going to court the other day, and coming back in high indignation about the new Act of Parliament—the attack on our liberties. They think they'll make us slaves, but they are very much mistaken. I've sealed up all *the tea*—and I'd die before I'd drink a drop!

“We all rode to *Mr. Bland's* the other day, and found the dear old gentleman home from the Burgesses. His sight is failing, and he wears a green blind, but there's no finer gentleman in the world. He made me a beautiful bow and kissed my cheek. There are very few of the rising generation like papa, or Squire Effingham, or Mr. Bland*.

* Historical Illustrations, No. VIII.

“The day after to *Cawson's*, which is as lovely as ever, and I think I'll never grow tired looking on the meeting of the two rivers, the white ships and dipping boughs. Frances Randolph is there from *Matoax*, with the baby, who is almost walking. She is as dark and lovely as ever, and little *Johnny* is a wonder of beauty. He's a darling love of a baby, and has a complexion like a lily with the morning sun on it! There, madam! what would Mr. Cowley say of that? I think they ought to have called him Bland, too, or Effingham, as I'm told a lovely girl, named Kate Effingham, or Mistress Catherine Effingham, if your ladyship pleases, stood godmother for him. Simple *John Randolph* is too short—do n't you think so? When I took the little creature in my arms—you know all the babies come at once to me—he laughed, and crowed, and clapped his hands, looking, all the time, curiously at me out of his dark piercing eyes.”*

Here follows a long description of various scenes at Vanely, the pastoral frolic and other divertisements, of which the reader has heard. The letter ends thus:

“Give my love to Mr. Willie, and write soon, my precious Kate. How I love you! Won't you come soon? Do, there's a dear! Vanely's looking beautiful with green leaves, and I *long* to see you, to hear your dear, kind laugh, and kiss you to my heart's content! Tom Alston said, the other day, that I reminded him frequently of *you*. I could have run and kissed him, I assure you.

“Give oceans of love to everybody, and do n't forget to kiss the baby for me. Good night, now, my own darling. Please do n't stop loving your fond

“BONNYBEL.

“*Postscript.*—Did I mention that his Serene Excellency and Royal Highness, the Honorable Lieutenant Henry St

John, Esquire, was here? He has been good enough to take notice of his small cousin occasionally, and to ride out with me. On our return from one of these rides, he had the audacity to take me in his arms! Just to think of his impudence! but I boxed him soundly! Of course, 't was in lifting me from the saddle. I fell into the water, coming back from the "Charming Sally," and the lieutenant had the goodness, in putting on my slipper, which I'd dropped, to squeeze my foot into a jelly! Just reflect! *To squeeze a young lady's foot!* Wasn't it dreadful? He thought himself mighty fine, I dare say! Odious fellow! not that I mean to speak ill of him, however. He's too wholly indifferent to me for me to take the trouble. By the bye, I heard something of his paying his addresses to a young lady from Glo'ster. Is it true? I ask from idle curiosity only—it is nothing to *me*.

"Good night, my own dear Kate.

"Your

"BONNYBEL."

CHAPTER XX.

HOW MISS BONNYBEL FAINTED IN THE ARMS OF HER COUSIN.

ALTHOUGH Miss Bonnybel carefully forgot to state the fact, St. John had accompanied them on the visit to Jordan's and Cawson's, riding by the old chariot on his fine "Tallyho," and adding very much to the zest of the journey by his wit and humor.

The young man was now quietly domiciled at Vanely; the fact that he was lieutenant of the Governor's guards appearing never to cross his mind. He had left his subordinate in command, and did not trouble himself further. His whole thoughts were absorbed in the pursuit of the now "cherished object."

Day by day, thus lingering at Vanely, he became more dangerously enthralled. He constantly found, or thought that he found, in the little maiden, some new and more exquisite attraction.

Nor was this wholly the result of fancy. Since his last visit, Bonnybel had greatly changed, and was changing still. To every maiden comes a time when, opening from bud to blossom, into the perfect flower of womanhood, she stands upon the banks of the fast-flowing stream, and sees, in dreams as it were—dreams full of mysterious loveliness—an unknown face: and with sighs and smiles, feels in her pulses a new life before undreamed of. Thus was it with the careless little witch of Vanely. St. John, when he came again to the familiar old mansion, saw, in place of a romping child, a beautiful young lady.

He had left Bonnybel a girl, and found her, all at once, a woman. The change in her person was even more remarkable than in her character. Before, her figure was ungracefully angular, and many of her movements abrupt and awkward. Now all this had disappeared. Still slender, her person was yet full and exquisitely rounded; every motion was gliding and full of grace; the cheek, once too pale, was now round and blooming like a rose; the large eyes were brilliant, melting, and full of what the poets have described as "liquid light." In a word, that marvelous change which is so peculiar to the girl just budding into the woman, had come over the young lady, and with every passing hour the influence deepened, the rosy cheeks grew rosier, the pouting lips bloomed with a richer carnation, the dangerous eyes increased their fatal brilliancy.

Bonnybel possessed that rare and indefinable attraction, which, in all ages, has brought men to the feet of the women endowed with it. With far less beauty of feature, her influence would probably have been nearly as great. Her mobile and ever changing countenance reflected, as from a mirror, the ceaseless play of her thoughts and feelings. She was, by no means, at all times, the wild and coquetish girl,

full of mirth and laughter ; at certain moments, every trace of gaiety disappeared, and the bright eyes swam in tears, or were fixed upon vacancy with a sad intentness.

She sang delightfully. And here again she was finely endowed. She not only caroled, with the most contagious mirth and wild abandon, the "comic" ditties of the period—"Within a Furlong of Edinburgh Town," "Pretty Betty Martin, tip-toe fine," and others ; she sang, with a sadness and pathos equally contagious, the songs of sentiment then popular—"Flowers of the Forest," "Grammachree," "Farewell to Lochaber," and that beautiful ditty which is certainly the pearl of all music, which sounds like the sigh of the autumn wind through the broom straw, the inexpressibly pathetic "Katherine Ogie."

Of these songs, sung by Bonnybel, our worthy author says—They are the sweetest, I think, of all the Scottish minstrelsy. But all are sweet, far more so than the ditties of to-day. They sound for us now with a dim memorial music, those madrigals which were caroled by our grandmothers to the murmur of old ghostly harpsichords, while, standing by the little beauties, our respected grandfathers were captivated, and for ever after dreamed of those old tunes, and loved them as the echoes of past happiness and youthful joys, and all that carnival which glitters and darts onward in the rosy dawn of youth. I knew an old gentleman who would often take his book of ancient Scottish songs, and murmur them to himself for hours ; and I've frequently seen my dear and honored father sit, with wistful smiles, and pensive eyes, recalling, as he listened to his favorite "Flowers of the Forest," youthful hours, and the little maiden who sang for him, the same song, in the days of silk stockings and hair powder, early in the century. Kind-hearted and true Virginia gentleman, whose hand has so often rested on my head in childhood, may you sleep in peace ! O noble father, gone from us to heaven ! thinking of you now, here in the sunshine, and of what was a rarer, purer sunshine—your sweet smile—the idle words I write

swim as I gaze on them. I lay down my pen and muse, and am thankful for the blood that flows in my veins, for the noble sire bestowed upon me by a gracious and kind Heaven!

But let us not listen further to the worthy old gentleman. The personages of our history demand attention—the scenes which attended Mr. Harry St. John's visit to Vanely. Let us return thither for a brief space, before following the current of the chronicle which glides away to mix itself with the roar of history. Let us linger in the old domain, and watch the ripple of that stream of colonial life which has flown from us, and seems now to murmur from remote and misty shores. Let us gaze upon the snowy clouds, serenely floating over emerald fields to the far, mysterious horizon; hear the whisper of the ocean breeze in the Vanely oaks, and follow our hero, Mr. Henry St. John, in his gradual approaches toward the woman whom he loved.

That he had reached this point, his own heart no longer left him in the least doubt. A new influence seemed to have descended upon his life; every thing became, as it were, transfigured. A purer orange shone in the sunset and the dawn, the waves upon the shore were perfect music, the songs of birds came to him like a divine harmony of joy and love. The future, which before he had scarce given a thought to, opened now a grand, illimitable landscape, bathed, as it were, in rosy and enchanting sunlight. The poor, cold, trifling past had disappeared like a dream of the hours of darkness, and in the marvelous radiance of the new dawn, the heart of the young man throbbed, his cheeks glowed like a boy's; the world seemed to him one great field of flowers, over which wandered slowly, like some fairy queen of a sinless realm, the figure of the woman whom he loved. Strange power of ardent and true love! which in our cold, prosaic age is so often strangled by the dust of the conflict, or in the inexorable grasp of mammon; which the dilettanti and the "men of the world" sneer at; which for that reason, if no other, may demand respect and honor!

Of the endless walks, and talks, and rides, and excursions,

we have no room to speak. Perhaps we are fortunate in this, since our friends, the sneering philosophers of the new school, might call the history "love-sick," and visit us with their displeasure.

Still, let us go with the young man and his companion on one of these excursions. Perhaps the ocean breeze may blow on the page, and that is better than the dust of streets.

It is a balmy morning, and unloosing a sail-boat from the Vanely wharf, St. John assists the girl to her seat, and spreads the white sail, which the wind fills immediately.

Directed by the skillful paddle, the sail-boat plunges its cutwater into the waves, and, like a waterfowl with outstretched wings, flies down the broad river.

Little is said by either the young man or his companion as they float on. The beautiful landscape, the fleecy clouds serenely drifting across the blue sky, the soft and balmy air, these seem to discourage idle conversation; an indefinable feeling steals over Bonnybel, and she is silent and pensive. Half reclining on the gunwale of the boat, she listens to the murmur of the waves, surrendering herself wholly to the influence of the time and scene.

St. John thinks that he never saw her look more lovely, and, in truth, the picture is attractive. The wide straw hat, with its fluttering ribbons, has fallen back upon the graceful neck, and the young lady's profuse brown hair, parted in the middle of her forehead, lies in a mass of curls upon her shoulders. The head droops forward in a pensive attitude, and as the boat runs before the breeze, the fingers of the wind caress and bring a blush, as it were, to the damsel's cheeks, blowing her hair in ripples from the white forehead, and fluttering gayly the gay ribbon knots which decorate her bodice. The odors of the foliage and flowers along the banks combine to fill the atmosphere with breaths of fragrant perfume, and the brilliant sunlight falls in a silver flood upon the wide expanse, glittering in the ripples, and rejoicing, so to speak, in its tranquil splendor

Bonnybel leans lower over the boat's side, and plays with her fingers in the water, and, with a smile, flirts some drops toward St. John. Then raising her head, she follows the flight of a hawk or an eagle, disappearing in the clouds, or her glance rests upon some white-sailed ship winging its way like a sea-bird to the ocean; or with half-closed eyes, in a dreamy reverie, she listens to the song of birds, heard faintly from the forest, whose rich leaves dance and twinkle in the sunshine, moved by the balmy wind for ever blowing.

Such idle words as were uttered, the gay breeze bore far away; those winds of other years still hold the secret.

They came at last opposite the old island of Jamestown, and in obedience to the young lady's wish, St. John ran the boat ashore, and they landed.

The old church and a few ruins only remained, with one or two fishermen's huts near at hand, and lingering among the ruins, the young man and his companion talked of old times.

Few spots on earth possess the interest of Jamestown island. It was here that the New World was born and cradled, in storm and blood. Here lived and thought, and fought, and suffered, and triumphed, one of the noblest and truest gentlemen that ever walked the world—Captain John Smith. Here Pocahontas was received into the church and married; the child who had held a hero's head upon her bosom, to defend it from the savage war-club; who lives yet in ten thousand hearts, as the impersonation of the highest, truest womanhood, of love, pity, a devotion which counted life as nothing if she might save from death a poor, unknown, disarmed captive! The monumental pride of kings in hard marble or the stubborn bronze will go to decay, lapse back to earth, and they and their actions be forgotten. But the story of Pocahontas shall be known and remembered by a mighty host of unborn millions, who will love and honor her.

They spoke of the Indian princess, lingering in the old ruins, and on the spot where she had so often stood, and

Bonnybel's pensive eyes seemed to wander to the past, as her companion went on.

"We lead but poor, cold lives compared with her," she said at last, with a deep sigh; "we are nothing but butterflies!"

And plucking a flower from the ruins, she added,

"As this bud to the artificial flower of the dressmaker, so does Pocahontas compare with us. There, it is not worth while to deny it; it is true, and 'pity 'tis, 'tis true.' You are descended from Pocahontas—there, I present you with the flower. It is time to go home."

The tide was favorable, as it was coming in, and taking in the sail, St. John plied his paddle, and slowly returned to the Vanely wharf. They had then the new recreation of a walk through the fields, and, as though for their especial benefit, the day became even more delightful. The affluent glory of the morning deepened, a languid pleasure seemed to brood over the landscape; as St. John walked by Bonnybel's side, he felt as if he were making a journey through fairy land.

They were not to reach home without incident, however—an incident of a nature sufficiently startling.

Their path wound through the meadow, crossed a brook, skirted with deep grass and flowers, and then ascended the hill. They paused by the brook side, and Bonnybel requested her companion to go and get her a bunch of wild honeysuckle flowers, which was visible fifty yards off, in a clump of bushes.

St. John left her side, and the young lady was strolling along the little stream, when her attention was attracted by a singularly brilliant object, apparently lying in the grass. It looked like a jewel, and was buried, so to speak, in a bunch of thick herbage.

Suddenly the bright object moved. Turning deadly pale, the girl started back, and a stifled cry escaped from her colorless lips.

It was a rattlesnake of the largest size; and as the girl

gazed toward the horrible object with panting bosom and charmed eyes, the reptile unrolled his great bulk, and raised high up above the bunch of grass, his loathsome, but beautiful crest.

In an instant this crest seemed to swell and expand—it assumed a hue like topaz—and the small, piercing eyes burned and glittered with a light which seemed to deprive the girl of her will.

She stretched out her arms and tried to cry aloud, but her voice expired in a moan.

The reptile's wide mouth was all at once expanded, and his sharp teeth, bending backward, glittered in a deadly row. The forked tongue shook with an angry vibration; the tail began to move and curl to and fro.

The girl was spell-bound by those glittering and satanic eyes, which charmed and dazzled her, while they chilled her heart's blood. She had never for a moment given credit to the stories of this influence; but she now found a horrible *attraction* in those eyes. She felt a mingled desire to fly and to advance—the eyes of the snake terrified her to death, yet drew her toward him.

But suddenly this expression of the eye changed. The rattlesnake seemed to abandon the idea of charming, and to be mastered by anger. The piercing eyes darted flames of fire, the crest burned and blazed with a thousand colors, the forked tongue darted to and fro like lightning, and the huge folds of the reptile rapidly undulated, writhed about, and changed into all the colors of the rainbow. At the same moment the tail was raised and shaken with the rapidity of a humming bird's wings; the huge mouth opened, and the deadly rattle rang out in the silence.

The girl knew that this was the signal of the serpent's spring, and she no longer struggled against her fate. Her knees bent beneath her, a cold perspiration streamed from her brow, and with laboring bosom, and head thrown back like a wounded bird, she closed her eyes and lost consciousness.

She was aroused by the contact of cold water on her brow and hands, and opening her eyes, found herself lying in the arms of Mr. St. John.

At two paces from her the rattlesnake lay dead—completely severed in the middle. St. John had seen her attitude of horror, had heard the deadly rattle, and arrived just in time to strike the snake with a pliant stick, and prevent the girl from falling. She now lay on his bosom, panting and trembling, and hiding her face. She attempted to draw back, and half rose to her feet, but her eyes falling on the reptile, her strength was again paralyzed, and the second time she fainted in Mr. St. John's arms.

The young man saw that it was absolutely necessary to remove her from the repulsive object, and doubtless was not displeased with his duty. He hastily took Bonnybel in his arms, as if she was a child, and bore her to some distance. Placing her pale and inanimate form on a bank, he quickly brought some water in his hat and threw it in her face.

The color came back to her cheeks, she uttered a deep sigh, and opened her eyes. It was some time before he could reassure her, and make her understand that there was no longer any danger. He succeeded at last, however, and leaning on her cousin's arm, Bonnybel slowly returned home. We forbear from relating the scene which ensued. Mr. St. John was the hero of the hour for performing his duty.

Bonnybel did not recover from her horror for a week, but at the end of that time her gaiety returned, and as she was going to retire one night, she told St. John, with an audacious look, that if he had asked her on the day of the accident, she would certainly have kissed him.

"It was of no importance," returned the young man, laughing. "I had you in my arms and carried you fifty yards; your cheek lay on my shoulder; it is the softest I ever felt."

"Humph!" cried Miss Bonnybel, with a decided pout; "highly improper in you to take a young lady in your arms!

and I'd like to know what *you* know about girls' cheeks! Well, I won't quarrel with my brave defender! I'm very glad I'm alive; I'm sure 't is infinitely better than being dead. Good night, my lord!"

And the little witch slams the door, and runs to her chamber singing. St. John follows her example and dreams of her.

CHAPTER XXI.

BONNYBEL VANE TO HER FRIEND, KATE EFFINGHAM.

VANELY, *midnight.*

* * * * *

* * "I thought I should have died of laughing, Kate. He drove up to the door in his little sulky, with the pretty bay trotter, and got out with as easy and careless an air as if *nothing at all had happened* on his last visit. I think he is the most delightfully cool personage I've ever known, and were I one of the medical profession, I should prescribe for the spleen or melancholy, a single dose of Mr. Thomas Alston! His demeanor to sister Helen all day was really enchanting. The most critical observer could not have discerned a shade of embarrassment on his part. At first *she* was very much put out, but I believe she ended by laughing—at least I saw her smile. He inquired how Miss Helen had been since he had last the pleasure of seeing her; he was happy to say that his own health and spirits had been excellent!

"Did you ever hear of such a man? What a wretch! Just as much as to say, "If you fancy I'm in the dumps because you discarded me, you're very much mistaken. And now mark my prediction, Kate—sister Helen will end by marrying him! just as sure as you're alive. And I should n't

blame her. Do n't tell anybody what I am now going to say—do n't even whisper it—but, hold your ear close!—*we girls like a gallant that won't take a repulse!* Do n't we?

“There 's no news but Jenny's marriage. I'm out of patience with the post for not delivering my letter. I described every thing, and crossed every page. I never saw *Curle's* so full of company or so noisy. Some of the young men got terribly, or delightfully tipsy, for they were very amusing. There was a bowl of apple toddy that would, sure, have floated a ship, and some of the gentlemen visited it so often that they lost the use of their *sea legs*. That jest is not my own—'t is second-hand.

“I stood, as I told you, with Barry Hunter, and he made himself very agreeable. My dress was white brocade, with rosettes of satin ribbon. The head-dress was of *point de Venise*, my hair looped up with the pearls mamma presented me at Christmas—the whole crowned with a wreath of roses. I wore a pair of the stays I told you of, from Mr. Pate's, in town. They fit admirably to the figure, and I bend with ease in them, which can't be said of the new-fashioned ones I got from *London*.

“I wish my letter telling you every thing had not been lost. There were a number of your friends there—Mr. Cary, Mr. Pendleton, and that remarkable-looking gentleman, Mr. Tazewell, of *Kingsmill*, with his statue-like head and flowing hair, parted in the middle like a picture of Titian.* Mr. Pendleton danced a minuet with me, with admirable grace, but said with his silvery voice and extraordinary sweet smile, that he was becoming an old gentleman, and must make way for the youngsters. Mr. Jefferson from the mountains, came up as he left me, and made himself very agreeable, laughing with a pleasant wit at every thing. I do n't wonder in the least at Martha Wayles marrying him, in spite of his wild pranks at college which they talk of.† They are at *The Forest*, over in Charles City you know.

* Historical Illustrations, No. X.

† Ibid., No. XI.

“But I have n’t told you of the terrible, *dreadful* accident that happened to me, that is, the girls all thought it such, but I did n’t care a button. I was dancing with Barry Hunter, in the reel, when one of the young heroes, who had *lost his sea legs* from too great devotion to the inspiring punch-bowl, trod on my skirt and tore it *dreadfully*. I stumbled besides, and made the bride a low bow, kneeling gracefully *on one knee!* The gentlemen all ran to aid me, though I rose at once, and they gave the unfortunate young gentleman, who ’d caused the accident, the blackest possible looks. Barry Hunter would have followed, and called him to account, had I not prevented it. The poor fellow, whose name I’ll suppress, made me the humblest apology, for which I gave him my hand and a laugh; he’s since presented me with a copy of verses, so exactly *descriptive of myself* that you shall hear them, madam.

“Read!

“Iris, with every power to please,
 Has all the graceful aids of art;
 She speaks, she moves with matchless ease;
 Her voice, her air alarms the heart!
 While every eye her steps pursued,
 As through the sprightly dance she **shone,**
 The queen of Love with envy viewed
 A form superior to her own.
 ‘Cupid! my darling child,’ she cried,
 ‘Behold, amid that jocund train,
 A nymph elate in beauty’s pride,
 The dangerous rival of my reign!
 If aught a mother then may claim,
 O! let her triumph here no more!
 But mortify this earthly dame,
 Or who will Venus now adore?’
 She spake, her son obeyed, and lo!
 Hid where no mortal eye could see,
 At Iris’ feet he dropped his bow,
 She tripped, and fell upon her **knees!**
 But ere a youth could lend his aid,
 The sister graces rushed between,
 Who still attend the lovely maid,

And softly raised her up unseen.
 The little archer, in a fright,
 To her who first the deed designed,
 On fluttering pinions took his flight,
 And left the guilty bow behind—
 In Paphos, on a flowery bed,
 Reposes now, bereft of arms;
 While Iris conquers in his stead,
 And reigns resistless in her charms!"

"Oh me! to be called the rival of Venus, and Iris, and all—is n't it delightful? Pray, show the verses to everybody but do n't let them slip in the "Gazette," 't would look so *vain*.*

"I suppose we 'll all go to the fine assembly soon, in town, given to the Governor's lady. Won't my darling Kate come too? I'm not flattering you, madam, when I say that once the maccaronies trooped after you, as the stars follow lovely Cynthia, their queen! Mr. Willie's a pretty fellow! "He's made the sun in private shine," as Tom Alston says in some verses he claims for his own, but he tells a story, for they're by Mr. Addison. Do, pray, come shine on Vanely! I know one somebody who 'll dance for joy when you appear there! She loves you *dearly*! and her name is

“BONNYBEL.

“*Postscript*.—I must defer to another occasion an account of the really terrifying scene I had with a rattlesnake. His Excellency Lord Harry St. John acted in the most heroic manner, and after killing the snake, had the extreme goodness to take me in his arms, as I'd fainted, and carry me some distance. O! it was awful, Kate! I see the horrible eyes still, but I won't think of it. 'T was in coming back from a sail on the river, and a visit to Jamestown island. By the bye, I wonder if Pocahontas was *brunette*; I should suppose so, as his Excellency, the Lieutenant, who's descended from her, and admires her hugely, is dark. I'm happy to say that *I'm* blonde—am I not? You did not

* Historical Illustrations, No. XII.

tell me the truth of the report that his lordship was courting down in Glo'ster. When I ask him he laughs. Do you know, Kate, he's sadly deteriorated; he's really the most odiously disagreeable person I know, and wearies me to death. I wish he'd go and marry his Glo'ster beauty, but I fear there's no such good luck—is there? Tell me in your next letter, if you think of it. I'm dying to have some one to tease him about when he returns from Richmond town, whither he's going in a day or two.

“Goodness! how late 't is by my repeater! I'll have no roses in the morning. Pray, write soon—and now, pleasant dreams to my precious, darling Kate. Good night!”

CHAPTER XXII.

AT THE “TRYSTING TREE.”

THE highest point in the Vanelly “chase,” studded all over with great trees, which throw their twinkling shadows on the green sward, is crowned by a mighty oak, from the foot of which a noble view may be obtained.

Around the base of the tree is arranged a wicker seat, immemorially, if tradition may be believed, the favorite resort of lovers. Indeed, the great oak, time out of mind, has been known as the “Trysting Tree.”

It is a balmy evening, and the sun is about to set. A thousand birds carol in the orange atmosphere, darting from tree to tree; the swallows circle on quick wings around the stacks of chimneys, up above them, crimson now in the sunset. It is the hour above all others favorable to lovers, and the two personages, whose fortunes we relate, are sitting on the wicker seat of the trysting tree.

The attitude of Bonnybel would make an excellent picture. It is such as we have described, on the morning of

Mr. Lindon's visit, when St. John and herself were reading from the book of ballads.

The coquettish maiden leans back upon the picturesque seat. She wears her pink dress, ornamented with ribbon knots, and her bare white arms are encircled by the red coral bracelets. A rebellious mass of curls has fallen, by the purest accident, of course, upon her shoulders, and in the same accidental way, a pair of exquisite feet appear from beneath the young lady's skirt. This accident invariably happens to Miss Bonnybel in spite of her most anxious care. They are remarkable feet; one of the "minute philosophers," gifted with a genius for poesy and exclamation points, might write a chapter on their *expression*. They are slender, with lofty insteps, and seem made to dance over flowers and sunny sward, in the revels of May. Rich red rosettes burn on the insteps; the slippers are of blue morocco with high heels, and pointed toes; they are secured with ribbons crossed above the delicate ankles. They wrap themselves around each other as before, and occasionally move about, in a way that would induce a carping observer to declare that the little maiden was abundantly aware of their being visible, and wanted her companion to admire their beauty.

As she reclines thus in the rich light of the balmy evening, which pours a flood of joyous splendor on her face, her hair, her dress, down to the rich rosettes, in bold relief against the slender little feet, Miss Bonnybel presents a picture of the most coquettish beauty; at least this is the opinion of her lover, Mr. Harry St. John.

He has been relating for her entertainment the legend of the trysting tree; how a lovely little ancestress of the Vanely family met a youth here, who had lost his heart with her; how the maiden played with him and amused herself, and gave him her brightest and most encouraging smiles, and ended by haughtily discarding him in the flattest and most *surprised* way, when he said how madly he loved her. He had left her without a word, with only a profound, cold in

clination of his head, and for a time the little beauty had not been able to realize the fact that his pride had been outraged. She expected him to return, but he did not come. She met him at public places, and beamed on him with her most coquettish sunshine; he bowed and passed her without speaking. She came to love him with a love greater even than his own former sentiment for her; he did not come. She wrote him a laughing, jesting note, inviting him to Vanely; he excused himself. In a fit of rage and despair she married a wealthy planter, twice her age, and on the night of her wedding, stole from the company, and was found, in a fainting fit, on the wicker seat of the trysting tree.

Ten years afterwards, her lover was slain in the great rebellion of 1676, and they found, on his dead body, a letter in the handwriting of a woman, with the words, "*I loved you and am wretched, for I can never see you more. Farewell.*" The ball which tore through his heart had obliterated the name signed to the epistle, and it was replaced upon the pale, cold bosom, and buried with the body.

This was the legend of the trysting tree, related by St. John for his companion's amusement. Bonnybel listens silently, and at its termination says, with a heavy sigh,

"That's just the way with men; they never love truly, but fly off, at a moment's warning, for a glance or a word they dislike."

"Do n't you think he was right?" said her companion.

"Right! who could ever think so?"

"I do."

"Right to leave the girl he loved, because she did not yield to his suit at the first word? Forsooth! you lords of creation are truly very reasonable."

"I think he was right," said St. John, "because no man should suffer his self respect to be invaded even by the woman he loves. If he don't respect himself, how can she? It was thus in the legend. The young gentleman loved the

young lady honestly and truly; she beckoned to him with her eyes, and held out her hands to him, as 't were, to come and receive them. Well, he obeys the enticing eyes, and smiles; he blushes, may be, with the thought that he's surely going to be happy; he is an honest gentleman, he loves her; she says, plainly, 'I love you with my whole heart,' though she does not speak, and on this hint he *does* speak. But, instead of yielding, she looks indignant; she is *surprised*, bestows a haughty look upon him, repulses him. Come now, my dear, could he still remain beside her, much less love her?"

"I'll thank you to keep your 'my dears' to yourself, sir!" says Miss Bonnybel, with a look which says "you may call me so as much as you please." "I think the hero of the legend acted as no true lover could. Humph! to leave her, and put on his grand airs when she even condescended to smile, and hold out her hand, and solicit him. I'd have boxed his ears! No gentleman really in love could have refused her hand."

"I could have done it."

"Ha! ha! I know what you would have done; you would have taken it! Now, just fancy *me* the young lady; I'm only a poor little country maiden, but I shall act her part."

And with the most audacious and bewitching glance, crammed full of coquettish attraction, and caressing blandishment, Bonnybel held out one of her small white hands toward her companion.

He put both of his own behind his back, with a laugh.

Bonnybel, thrown suddenly off her guard by the action, colored to the roots of her hair, and her pouting lips contracted with anger.

"So your lordship is determined to act the part of the hero to the life, are you?" she said, with flushed cheeks.

"Yes."

Bonnybel turned from him with a toss of the head, and

pouting elaborately, played in a fretful way with the tassels of her girdle.

St. John quietly waited for her mood to change. He did not mistake in his calculation. Bonnybel played petulantly for some moments longer with the tassels, then stole a wary glance at her lover, writhed the small slippers around each other, and finally meeting Mr. St. John's smiling eye, colored slightly, and burst out laughing.

"I suppose you would refuse my hand if I offered it in my own character, as simple Bonnybel Vane," she said.

And with a hesitating movement, she released the unfortunate tassels, and seemed about to give the hand, but drew it back suddenly.

It was too late.

"Refuse *your* hand!" said St. John, bestowing upon the young lady a look so tender that she turned crimson, "I should refuse it thus then!"

And imprisoning not only one, but both of the soft hands in his own, the impulsive lover drew Bonnybel toward him, and seemed about to press his lips to her own.

The young lady uttered an exclamation, and with a slight struggle released herself.

"How dare you presume, sir," she cried, "to try to kiss me? You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Cousins, you know!" laughed the young man, "'t was only the cousin's privilege I was about to take!"

"A pretty excuse!" said the young lady, with a rosy blush, and pouting more than ever, "and just look, sir! my hair's all tumbled down by your rudeness."

In truth the beautiful brown hair lay in a brilliant mass upon her shoulders, and a stray curl wandered down and fell upon the young man's cheek, as he sat on the projecting root beside her feet.

"I can testify my contrition in one way only," he said, smiling, "but you will not let me."

"In what way, pray?" said Bonnybel, recovering her

daring self-possession, and bestowing upon him her customary glance of provoking attraction.

“I will act as your lady’s maid,” he said, “I have done so often, you know.”

And in spite of some slight resistance on the part of the girl, he gathered up the beautiful locks and set about arranging them. We are bound to say that the resistance offered by Miss Bonnybel was such as to make her smiling companion think she was not really averse to his obliging proposal. Bonnybel had the most beautiful hair, as soft and glossy as silk, and she was not unwilling to have it admired. Then, after all, Mr. Harry St. John was her cousin and playmate, and in Virginia, ceremony of every sort falls to the ground before the magical spell of “cousin.”

So Mr. Harry St. John applied himself assiduously, but not rapidly, to his task. Let not the cynical reader laugh when we relate that his pulse galloped fast as he took in his hands the bright, perfumed curls, and touched the rosy cheek by purest accident. When a young man is as much in love as was our hero—we would urge upon the critics in his favor—the cheek will occasionally flush, the heart will beat—by singular good fortune the hearts of the cynical philosophers are never known to beat.

“There, sir!” cried Bonnybel, suddenly, “you’ve had time enough!”

“What beautiful hair you have!” he said, finishing his task, “and how I admire it.”

“That’s all about me that you admire, then, I suppose.”

“No indeed; I admire every thing. But I need not assure you on this point. In truth, Bonnybel,” added the young man, taking his former seat upon the root at her feet “I do n’t know how I shall get on, when I’m away from you now.”

And there was so much seriousness in his tone, that the young lady, this time, did not laugh.

“You know I go to Richmond town to-morrow, and thence to Williamsburg. When I can come again I do n’t know,

His Excellency is my master, you see, and I've already taken an immensely long holiday. I certainly calculated on being arrested, or at the very least, on a terrific explosion. But this is not interesting to you. I may escape the storm of wrath and come back some day."

"Not interesting to me?" said Bonnybel, passing, as she often did, from mirth and jest to sadness, and looking at the young man as she spoke, with her large, sad, serious eyes; "why do you say that what concerns you can not interest me?"

St. John sighed.

"I do n't mean, my dear—but you do not like me to call you, 'my dear'—"

"It is nothing," she said, in a low voice.

"Well, I do n't mean that you'll not take a certain interest in my life, dear, for we are of one blood. But I find myself doubting the reality of any deep sympathy in any one. You see, Bonnybel, I never knew my father or my mother, that is, they are mere figures of my early childhood. It is true that uncle and aunt have been as kind to me as kind can be, but I have always felt, as it were, alone in the world."

"That is not just; you know how much we—all—love you."

"Then you will be glad to know that I am well and happy? You say 'we *all*.' Does that mean that *you* care any thing for me?" he whispered, taking her hand and gazing into her eyes, with a long, fixed look.

With the beautiful head sorrowfully drooping over the right shoulder, and her large, sad eyes, fixed on his own, the young girl, not withdrawing her hand, murmured in a low voice,

"Yes."

The sweetest hours of evening had descended on them, as they tarried beneath the old trysting tree, and the orange west grew fainter as the great orb sank slowly to its couch in the purple waves. The east began to twinkle with a

million stars, and the balmy breeze of the ocean sighed through the great boughs above, and died away in a low murmur. The birds had folded up their wings and gone to rest, the last lingering rays of sunset rose like golden crowns from the lofty chimneys of the old hall. The whole landscape sank, field after field, tint after tint, into warm and dreamy sleep.

St. John held in his own the unresisting hand of the young lady, and those words which determine often the fate of a whole life, were on his lips. As he gazed upon the exquisite countenance; upon the large eyes swimming in pensive sadness; upon the graceful head, with its clustering curls drooping toward the shoulder; upon the pouting lips, half parted, as in some dreamy reverie, his glance grew more fixed and tender, his cheek flushed impetuously, and he drew the hand he held toward him.

Poor St. John! Unfortunate lover! Suddenly a voice greets him—a voice from behind—and Miss Seraphina, in capacious sunbonnet, and holding a bunch of May flowers, is added to the party. She has been out walking, and on her return, seeing the two young people at the trysting tree, has determined to bestow her company upon them. Approaching from behind, she had remained unseen, until they were in contact almost.

Miss Seraphina does or does not suspect something; but at least she smiles, and launches forth cheerfully on a variety of subjects. St. John utters an inaudible sigh, and as Bonnybel says that it is time for her to go in, accompanies the ladies to the house.

The young man and Miss Bonnybel seemed both pre-occupied throughout the early part of the evening, but toward bed-time the young lady's gayety seemed to return, and she bade farewell to Mr. St. John, who was going with the Vanely race-horses to Richmond, at an early hour, with her former air of mischief and coquettish satire.

"I trust your lordship will very soon return," she said.
"the next time, I promise to be in the drawing-room with

my hair elegantly dressed, and you'll kiss me at your peril, sir! We'll surely meet at the assembly, but I count on having you come back before that time. Pray do so, if you think the inducements here sufficient. A pleasant journey!"

And giving him her hand, with an audacious glance from her dangerous eyes, the young lady dashed up the broad stair-case, candle in hand, and disappeared.

Mr. St. John was "finished," but his smile seemed to indicate that he felt any thing but pain.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ST. JOHN MAKES HIS ENTRY INTO RICHMOND TOWN.

ON the following morning, at early dawn, the young man was in the saddle, and followed by the grooms, leading the race-horses, set out for Richmond town. He had volunteered his services to see his uncle's horses safely conveyed and entered at the races there*—his intention being to proceed thence to Williamsburg.

The cavalcade traveled slowly in order that the horses might be in the best possible condition, and as the races did not take place till the next day, St. John stopped and spent the night at Cawson's, the residence of his friend, Colonel Theodoric Bland. Little John Randolph and his mother were still there, and the young man held in his arms the afterwards celebrated orator of Roanoke.

On the next morning, early, with the exchange of many cordial good wishes, he set out again on his journey, and crossing in the ferry-boat, entered Richmond town in the midst of an enormous crowd, attracted by the double festival of the fair and the races.

* Historical Illustrations, No. XIII.

The town was scarcely more than a village straggling along a winding creek which emptied its bright waters into the James, flowing in serene majesty from the foot of the falls away into the immense forest.

On a hill to the west, above the river, foaming over huge rocks, and encircling the verdurous islands scattered over its bosom, rose from the foliage of May the single fine dwelling house of the town, "Belvidere," some time the residence of Colonel William Byrd, whose large warehouse for tobacco rose above the village. On the opposite hill, to the east, the old church of St. John peeped from the forest, and was gilded by the brilliant sunlight.

As the young man passed on through the row of log houses, with their wooden chimneys, against which an ordinance had been lately passed, he saw representatives of every clime almost. There were Dutch and Portuguese from sloops in the river, negroes just landed from Africa, and vagrant Indians come to purchase rum with their furs. The Africans spoke their native dialect, and the rest a broken patois, and the numerous goats swarming in the streets, and peering into every thing, added their bleating to the hubbub.

Almost every class and tongue was represented in the streets, from the swaggering foreign sailor to the well-bred gentleman in his coach, and the small village, usually so obscure, had become almost a city on this the day of the fair.

Mr. St. John pushed his way onward, through men, and women, and children, and goats, and reached the door of the tavern, a long building overflowing with revelers.

He had his animals baited, and then applied himself vigorously to the substantial viands set respectfully before him by mine host of the "Rising Sun." Having satisfied his material wants, he issued forth and looked around him on the hubbub of the fair.

It was a sufficiently entertaining sight, and worthy of the pencil of Hogarth. Unfortunately, we do not possess the burin of that great humorous genius, and must content ourselves with saying that those favorite deities of Virginia,

Fun and Frolic, seemed to be ruling the great crowd despotically.

This crowd was, as we have said, of every possible description of personage—from the wealthy and richly dressed Virginia planter, to the traveling showman announcing, in discordant accents, like a bull of Bashan, from the opening of his canvas booth, the wonders of his three-headed pig, or his greyhound with eight legs.

The great master of the science of thimble-rig here puzzled the rustic clod-hoppers with his feats of legerdemain; a step further, a serene and solemn gentleman was stationed in the rear of a table covered with a figured cloth, on which a number of pistoles would be laid down by betters, to be raked immediately into Mr. Sweatcloth's pouch; still, a step further, an Italian boy turned summersets, and sang and played with his monkey, and from the crowd assembled round these various spectacles, and games, and exhibitions, came a ceaseless buzz of talk and laughter, rising at times into a shout almost, and deafening the ears with joyous discord.

Mr. St. John pushed his way through the crowd, exchanging greetings with a hundred acquaintances, and entered the grounds of the fair proper.

Here it was no longer confusion only—it was Babel. A specimen brick, so to speak, had been brought from the edifices of dealers in all imaginable commodities, and Mr. St. John found himself assailed on a dozen sides, in as many moments, by the merchants.

Would his honor like this fine saddle? or perhaps this handsome cloth? But before the victim could reply, he was entreated, by the merchant opposite, to purchase a full set of variegated china.

Would he look at these buckskin knee-breeches, as fine and pliable as satin? And no sooner had Mr. St. John declined the knee-breeches, than a country lass offered him a set of frilled shirts, which seemed to have been made with especial reference to the foam of the sea, so elaborate and immense were the ruffles.

The young man put aside every thing, laughing, and went through the whole grounds uncaptured. He paused beside more than one chariot to pay his respects to young ladies, and finally found himself opposite the judge of the races on the ensuing day.

The judge was a portly gentleman, of about thirty, with a large bundle of watch seals, an enormous frill, and a bearing at once dignified and agreeable. He wore a huge peruke, fine buckskin breeches, and fairtop boots with spurs—boots covering feet of the dimensions of kneading troughs.

His large hands were encased in gloves, and the right glove held the handle of a riding whip, ornamented with silver.

When this worthy saw Mr. St. John, he made him a profound bow, but immediately raised his head with dignity.

“Well, Mr. Lugg,” said St. John, shaking hands in a friendly way, “I have come to enter some horses. How are the lists?”

“Pretty well filled, Mr. St. John,” replied Mr. Lugg, saluting an humble passer by in a friendly and condescending way; “pretty full, sir, but we’re glad to have as many entries for the purse as possible.”

“I forewarn you—Belsize or Serapis will win it.”

“That’s as it may be, sir, for there are some beauties entered.”

“Have you any horse?”

“Yes, sir—that is, a mare. If there’s a question connected with her, of course I do n’t act as judge.”

“Exactly. What’s her name?”

“I call her Donsy, sir—after my lady. A thorough-bred by Selim, the Arabian of my friend, Captain Waters, out of Juliet, whom I purchased of my friend and neighbor, Mr. Champ Effingham. He wished to make me a present of the mare, but of course I could n’t accept.”

And Mr. Lugg raised his head with dignity.

Mr. St. John smiled, and asked his companion to come and look at his horses, and see Mr. Gunn with him—the latter gentleman being the manager of the races.

Mr. Lugg obeyed with **alacrity**, and more than once returned a salute from a gentleman riding by—holding Mr. St. John's arm.

They went to the race course, which was in an old field, toward the east, and to the stables.

Mr. Lugg, and his friend Gunn, expatiated at length upon the merits of the different horses, and bestowed discriminating praise upon Belsize and Serapis, who had already been entered by Mr. St. John's servant.

They then returned, conversing, to the inn.

Night fell upon the fair, but it did not diminish the revelry. In the great room of the "Rising Sun," especially, was the uproar perfectly tremendous.

When Mr. St. John entered this apartment, his attention was attracted by a figure mounted on the great table, high above the immense roaring crowd, which figure shook in his hand a parchment, and, with violent gesticulations, demanded to be heard.

At last Mr. St. John made out that the orator was offering the title deed of a lot in the town of Richmond, to any one who would treat the crowd, himself included, to a bowl of punch, of the best Scotch whiskey.

The young man looked on, curiously, to see what success this offer would meet with, and his patience was rewarded.

A little personage with a tie-wig jostled through the crowd, and took and examined the parchment. The examination seemed satisfactory, and the gentleman in the wig signified his willingness to close with the owner's proposition.

The crowd received the speech with shouts of applause, and mine host was ordered to brew an ocean of punch, the offer being unlimited.

Mr. St. John saw the gentleman in the tie-wig roll up the title-deed and retire, after speaking to the landlord; and then the young man retired too, fatigued with his ride.

As to the parchment thus purchased, it was the title-deed of the square upon which St. Paul's Church now stands, in the city of Richmond.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR OMITTS DESCRIBING THE RACES.

WE have said that nothing but the pencil of Hogarth could depict the humors of the streets of Richmond town, when Mr. St. John arrived.

We add, that even this great humorist would have had his powers taxed to their utmost by the scenes on the race-course upon the following day.

We shall scarcely attempt to outline them, for we fee how powerless would be the endeavor. It is enough to say that the old field presented the appearance of Pandemonium broke loose; that cock-fights, dog-fights, rat and terrier combats, and human fisticuff engagements, were the lesser and more unimpressive details of what seemed a tremendous orgy.

The crowd was huger, the traveling gamblers more indefatigable, the Italian and his monkey turned wilder summersets, and through this mass of "low life" and revelry, a thrill of delight and expectation seemed to run, which changed to resounding acclamations when the horses were led forth.

Mr. St. John, by express kindness of his friend, L. Lugg, Esquire, chief judge, was accommodated with a seat in the judges' stand—a little round tower, fronting the balcony, and looking down upon the concourse.

The young man gazed with that interest and curiosity, which is said to be peculiar to Virginians, upon the spectacle.

Beneath him the crowd reeled and flowed to and fro in waves; rich chariots shot by like stars, full of little beauties in diamonds and lace, or portly old fellows in enormous ruffles; the dog-fights, cock-fights, man-fights, went on in a ceaseless uproar.

Above and fronting him was a spectacle somewhat different. In the wide balcony a mass of dames and gentlemen resembled, with their variegated costumes, a blooming flower-garden; and the sparkling eyes, red cheeks, and lips ever smiling, indicated how much pleasure the young ladies expected from the race.

Alas! for the cause of morality and solemnity! 'Tis much the same, says our author, in all ages. Whether princess or young lady, damsel or lass of the mill, they, one and all, are the same foolish, giddy creatures! They all love fine dresses, and colors of the rainbow! They thrill one and all at a festival or jubilee! They like gallants, and admiration, and pretty speeches, and amusement! and I do n't think, Sir Diogenes, they are heathen!

The horses are led up and down through the crowd—the cock-fights, dog-fights, man-fights, disappear—a thrill of admiration even runs through the bevy of fair girls.

The horses are stripped and saddled. They are the cream of Virginia racers, and they know what they are expected to perform.

The boys are tossed into the saddle, the drum tapped, and the animals vanish from the stand like meteors on the circular track.

It is not our intention to dwell on the details of the races, or on the singular and laughable scenes which followed them. If the reader would see that jolly period rise up from the mists of oblivion, renew its faded colors, and unroll its wide tapestry of fun and revelry; if he would know how our ancestors amused themselves and carried on, he has only to consult the "Virginia Gazette," and the advertisement of the frolic on St. Andrew's day, at Captain John Bickerton's old field in Hanover, to see the whole spectacle again. He will

see how the hat worth twenty shillings was cudged for, how a violin was played for, and then how they all played different tunes at once; how a quire of ballads was sung for, and silver buckles wrestled for, and a pair of handsome shoes and stockings danced for—the stockings to be given to the prettiest girl upon the ground.

All this the honest and veracious old "Gazette" sets forth—every other word commencing with a capital—and there we read it all to-day. How can the poor chronicler depict it? He listens with respectful attention to the fiddlers, and hears the maidens' voices singing for the book of ballads, and bows to the prettiest girl upon the ground, who got the stockings—bows low, quite careless whether she be diamond-decorated maiden or poor country lass, caring to know nothing but her beauty. The chronicler thus hears, and sees, and laughs, and looks down on the rout, or up to the balcony, with its starry eyes—but that is all. He can not describe you, bright young men and maidens! though he hears your mirth and laughter chiming through the mists of the century that is gone. He drops the corner of the curtain he has raised for a moment, and passes onward, smiling.

We shall not further dwell upon the races, or the fair, but simply say that, on the following morning, Mr. St. John ordered "Tallyho," and turned his face toward Williamsburg.

The following note, however, went back, with Serapis and Belsize, to Vanely:

"AT SHOCOE'S, *Thursday morning.*

"MY DEAR UNCLE,

"I am just getting into the saddle for Williamsburg, but write to say that Serapis won the purse. He was nearly distanced the first heat, but won the two others over every horse upon the ground. He's worth a thousand pounds.

"Tom bears you this. I go to Williamsburg, but hope soon to see you all again at Vanely.

"Your dutiful nephew,

"HENRY ST. JOHN."

Having delivered this note to the negro, Mr. St. John got into the saddle, and pushed his way through the crowd, toward the hill upon which stood old St. John's Church.

CHAPTER XXV.

HOW MR. ST. JOHN ENCOUNTERED A STRANGER, AND OF WHAT THEY CONVERSED.

THE road which the young man pursued led around the hill in a sort of curving ascent, and passing by the church of St. John, debouched from the town in the direction of "Bloody Run," where Bacon had defeated the Indian army a hundred years before.

He looked back upon the town, as he arrived at the summit, and was so much impressed by the beauty of the landscape that he dismounted, and tied his horse to the bough of a tree, and entered the grounds of the church, seeking for the highest point of view.

He found this in the immediate vicinity of the old edifice, and threading his way among the tombstones of three generations, paused upon a grassy hillock, and feasted his eyes upon the scene.

It is beautiful to-day—it was far more lovely then. The majestic river, far beneath him, poured its waves from the western hills around islands of dipping foliage, and over rocks which broke its waters into foam, and then, tired of this contention, flowed away in serene majesty toward the sea. Far away to the south, it wound into view again, the white sails of barks glittering on its bosom against the green forest—that immense forest which seemed to clasp the whole landscape in its embrace. At the foot of the high hill, scattered along the brook, were the houses of the town, and in the west rose the walls of Belvidere, embowered in foliage, and

looking down serenely on the village. Over the whole scene drooped the warm and golden atmosphere, and a great pile of clouds, like snow drift, floated away toward the southern horizon.

The beautiful spectacle was not without its effect upon the young man, whose mind and heart, for a moment diverted by the scenes of the fair, now returned with new pleasure to his possessing thought.

It was the face of a girl which he saw in the clouds and the mirror-like river; it was her voice which he heard in the murmur of the breeze, and the mellow music of the laughing water, foaming over moss-clad rocks. Her image had been obscured by the grotesque scenes, and the passion and uproar of the race-course; now, however, he was alone with nature, and in the midst of purity and peace, her beautiful face came back to him, and filled his heart with gladness.

The erect brows of the young man drooped; he leaned against the trunk of one of the old trees, and lowering his eyes, fixed them with idle and dreamy pleasure on the flowery sward.

He remained thus silent and absorbed, scarcely conscious of the outer world, for nearly an hour—absorbed in one of those reveries which come at times to all. Place and time had disappeared—he was alone with his love.

He was aroused by a distant muttering of thunder, and by a heavy drop of rain falling upon his face.

He looked up. The whole scene had changed. Heavy clouds obscured the sky, fringed beneath by a long, ragged line of fire; and as he gazed, the far horizon was illuminated by successive flashes of lurid lightning, which shone, with dazzling brilliancy, against the black masses of the thunder clouds. The May morning had been obscured thus suddenly by one of those thunder storms which rush into the skies of Virginia, at this season of the year, with scarcely a moment's warning, and the brooding darkness, which advanced, like a giant towering from earth to heaven, over

river, and field, and forest, proved that the storm about to burst would be one of no ordinary violence.

The young man had scarcely taken in with a glance the state of things, when the heavy drops began to patter more rapidly through the trees; a huge wall, apparently, of mist advanced rapidly from the west, and accompanied by vivid lightning flashes, and deafening peals of thunder, as its heralds, the storm was upon him.

He threw a glance toward "Tallyho," who was sheltered somewhat by the great oak, beneath which he was tied, and then hastened to the door of the church for shelter.

He struck it with his hand, and fortunately it was open. He entered just at the moment when the storm roared down upon the hill, lashing it with all its power, and making the building shake and quiver.

St. John found himself in an old edifice, almost dark, and at first he scarcely saw his way.

The windows were for the most part closed, but through those which remained open the dazzling flashes of lightning streamed fearfully, preluding roars of thunder like a thousand cannon.

The young man had advanced toward the tub-shaped pulpit, and was standing with one hand upon the railing of the chancel, when he heard issue, as it were, from beneath his feet, the words,

"A dangerous thunder-storm, sir; you are fortunate in finding refuge from it."

He started and turned round. At the same moment, a vivid flash of lightning lit up the building, and a step beneath him, in the door of the vestry-room, St. John discovered the figure of a man, clad in somber and severe black.

It was the singular individual whom we have seen in the tall, tower-like edifice in Williamsburg—in the underground printing office—beneath the boughs of the forest—and in the chamber of his child, as he prepared to set forth on his midnight journey.

His appearance had not changed. There was the same

expression of iron calmness, the same steady fire in the dark eyes, the same air, as of one who is possessed by an intellectual fanaticism, an absorbing idea, which never for a moment disappears from his mind.

St. John gazed for a moment at the pale face, and the nervous figure, which seemed like a collection of steel springs. He was trying to remember where he had met with the stranger before. That he had encountered him somewhere, he was perfectly well assured. But where? The attempt to recall the time or place was vain; he gave up the search.

To the deep-toned words of the stranger, he replied,

"Yes, a dangerous storm, sir; pardon my staring at you so very rudely, but I fancied we had met before."

"Perhaps," said the stranger, gravely.

"Your appearance in the darkness somewhat startled me. I had expected to find this old building vacant, and almost recoiled when you spoke from the shadow."

"I confess my appearance was somewhat melo-dramatic," replied the stranger, advancing from the door with a measured movement, "but my presence here, like yours, is very simple."

"I took refuge from the storm."

"And I came to look at this building."

St. John's look denoted that he had failed to understand.

"You wished to see the church?"

"Yes, sir—its capacity."

"Its capacity?"

"In other words, sir," said the stranger, "how many persons could assemble within its walls."

"Yes," said the young man, "I think I understand. There is to be an ecclesiastical convention."

"I have not heard of it, sir."

"What then?"

"A convention of persons employed in other matters, perhaps. Possibly a meeting of the Burgesses."

"The Burgesses?"

"Why not?"

"I thought that honorable body sat in Williamsburg, sir."

The stranger was silent for a moment, and during this pause, his dark eyes, piercing and brilliant, and full of gloomy earnestness, fixed themselves upon the face of his companion.

"Williamsburg is truly the present place of meeting of the Burgesses," he said in his deep voice, "but do you think they will sit there long?"

"Ah! I understand—you refer to Lord Dunmore?"

The stranger nodded.

"You mean that he will coerce them?"

"Is it very improbable?"

"It is just the contrary."

"Well, then, sir," said the stranger, thoughtfully, "do you think it strange that another place besides Williamsburg is looked to? But, your pardon. Perhaps I speak to a gentleman having no sympathy with the cause—to one connected with Lord Dunmore?"

At that name the young man's face had already clouded over, and his eyes assumed an expression of disdain and menace.

"Yes," he said, coldly, "I am connected with his lordship."

The stranger made a movement of his head.

"I am lieutenant of his 'guards,' so styled."

"I can not congratulate you, sir," said the stranger, gloomily, "but I have nothing to say."

"I have something to add, however," returned St. John, disdainfully, "and it is this, sir: that I cordially despise his Excellency, and throw the commission I've held in his face!"

The stranger advanced a step, his gloomy look changing to one of animation.

"You do not then approve of this gentleman?" he said.

"I deny that he's a particle of a gentleman!" returned the young man, coldly; "he's a vulgar fellow, and if he asks me my opinion, I'll tell him so!"

The stranger's face glowed.

"Then you are of the opposition, sir?" he said in his deep voice.

"To the death!"

"You are a patriot?"

"I know not what you mean by the word," returned St. John, coldly; "if, however, it signifies a man who regards the legislation of Parliament as odious and despotic; who would war to the death against the tyrannical enactments let loose upon Virginia, like a brood of cormorants; above all, who would gladly march at the head of a regiment to drive this man, Dunmore, from the capital of the province, and lash him like a hound from our borders—if this is what you call being a patriot, sir, I'm one to all lengths!"

As the young man spoke in his bold and earnest voice, with its disdainful and passionate sternness, the form of the stranger seemed to dilate with satisfaction, his strange eyes grew more brilliant, and his pale cheek was tinged with a slight color.

He advanced and said:

"Then you would oppose Parliament?"

"To the bitter end!"

"You would resist the execution of its acts in the province?"

"With arms, if necessary!"

"You would levy war against the Governor."

"As cheerfully as a bridegroom assembles his friends to ride to his wedding!"

The stranger seemed to glow with gloomy satisfaction as he listened to these disdainful words. But he restrained himself.

"Do you know that the words you have uttered are dangerous?" he said.

"Perfectly," said St. John.

"That I may be a spy and informer?"

"I care not."

"That the Governor may arrest you and send you to rot

in a prison ship, or swing from Tyburn tree, by the verdict of an English jury?"

"Stop!" said St. John, as coldly as before; "there you are mistaken, sir!"

"Mistaken?"

"You lose sight of one thing—the fact that I wear a sword! and that before the tools of Dunmore arrest me—"

"Yes, yes?"

"I will drive it to the hilt in his cowardly breast!" said St. John, carried away with rage; "if I'm hanged for treason it shall be for something! But this is idle, sir. I talk like a school-boy, and I get blood-thirsty. I mean that my contempt for this man is so deep, my jealousy of parliamentary misrule so strong, my blood so hot with the cause of this, our native land, that I'd cheerfully take the first step in high treason to defeat our enemies—stake my head upon the game, and abide by the result!"

The stranger seemed to listen to these words with stern delight, and his eyes burned with the fires of internal excitement.

He advanced two steps, and enclosing the young man's hand in a grasp of iron, said, in his deep, resounding voice:

"I offer you the clasp of amity, friend, and recognize in you a brother and coworker! I see in your eyes, your voice, the expression of your lips, what I'd trust my life to sooner than distrust it!"

"You may," replied St. John, coldly; "I am not one to hide any thing."

"I see that plainly!" said the stranger, "and it is men like yourself that we want—bold natures and strong hands. Do not think that I flatter you, sir—there is no man living I will flatter. I speak simply when I say that you have interested and moved me, as few persons have moved me for years. But even in this moment of full sympathy, let me still ask if these views are deliberate, and not the result—"

"Of private feelings!" said St. John, mastered in spite of

himself by the gloomy earnestness of the stranger; "is that your meaning, sir?"

The stranger nodded.

"I reply that a private feeling toward the Governor has had some weight with me, but my opinions were formed before. They are summed up in this—that Virginia is being crushed! that we, free-born men, are being rapidly enslaved, that our chains are being forged, and my remedy is war!"

The stranger listened with an avidity which glowed in his eyes, and seemed to send the blood more rapidly through his veins.

"You say well, sir," he replied in a voice which swelled and grew deeper and more gloomy as he spoke; "you have uttered the single word which expresses the whole truth of the times. Yes, we free-born Virginians are becoming slaves—serfs! the serfs of a mean and ignoble Parliament full of representatives from rotten boroughs, and advancing to tread upon the necks of these provinces. The serfs of a Governor, coarse, treacherous and bloody, whose very presence on our soil taints it, and makes it tremble with disgust. You have nobly spoken, sir. Your voice has uttered those noble thoughts which tremble, as we stand here, on a thousand tongues, but are silenced by this tyranny beneath which we groan; which is crushing our free spirits and making us those most miserable creatures, the slaves of a phantom—an idea!"

As the stranger spoke, his voice grew deeper still and full of menace; his hands moved, and seemed to tremble with disdain.

"How long? how long?" he said, "this is the cry of the new generation, unfettered by the past or the present, and looking to the future. This new generation I look to as my stay and my hope—I who live in and draw my heart's blood from the breath of revolution! The word startles the old generation—it is the watch-word, the battle cry of the new! Look at my face, sir! the wrinkles that begin to

diverge from my eyes—they are the result of ten years conflict, of ten years, in which I have toiled and nearly worn myself out in pushing onward, through evil report and good, through darkness and gloom, the car of a revolution which shall break and overturn, and crush beneath its wheels what oppresses us! I speak as I have the right to speak. I tell of the darkness through which I have passed, wherein scarcely a star shone to guide me. But thanks to the Supreme Ruler of the destinies of humanity, the gloom begins at last to disappear, the day of liberty to dawn.

“Yes, sir,” continued the stranger, his lofty stature seeming to increase as he spoke, “the day begins to dawn on our western world, and the powers of the night to be dethroned. For generations it has lain in darkness, and the horrible vultures have fed upon its bowels, tearing out its vitals and burying obscene talons in its noble heart. But that heart is not cold—the heart of Virginia is still alive—it throbs and it rises! You may see the prostrate form begin to quiver! see the shudder which runs through the gigantic frame! it trembles and pants, and, like Lazarus, rises from its grave! like Samson, it will shiver into atoms the chains which fetter its mighty limbs! When that body rises to its feet from the living grave in which a horrible and murderous tyranny has engulfed it, the solid earth will shake beneath its tread, and the waters of the very sea will boil. Wo then to the vultures of tyranny! Wo to Dunmore, to Gage, to the king on his throne, in that hour! The atmosphere is even now charged with hatred, the lightnings of years of oppression will fall on our tyrants to brand and paralyze them, with the false and lying hounds they have let loose to tear us!

“You gaze at me with wonder, sir,” continued the stranger, “but if you knew what I have passed through, you would not be astonished. I who speak, sir, as I feel myself compelled to speak, by an influence I can not resist—I who speak to you, have no thought, no existence, no heart, but Virginia! Whatever strikes her strikes me, what arrests the life-blood in her veins paralyzes mine; what she thrills

and trembles with sends a shudder through my frame! For ten years I have had no other ~~life~~—for ten years I have been burnt up by one eternal dominant idea, and that idea is summed up in the word—Revolution! For this I have toiled—to unfetter the human mind has been my mission. If I am worn out, as I nearly am, what matter? If I brand the tyranny of Parliament—if I help to tear out the lying tongues, and overthrow the power of a hateful and disgusting oppression—if I even advance the phalanx one step toward our enemies—then I shall go to my grave with joy, for my end will be accomplished. There is little in life to attract me,” continued the speaker, who paused, as it were, and with drooping brows, gazed toward the ground, “for at the prime of manhood, I am old—when my life should be bursting into flower, I am alone.”

There was such profound and gloomy sadness in the tones of the deep voice, that St. John gazed at his companion with deep sympathy.

“You have suffered, sir?” he said.

“Deeply,” said the stranger, in a low voice.

“A long time?”

“For a decade—the period of my labor.”

St. John was silent, and the stranger for some moments was silent too. Then he raised his head, and two tears moistened his fiery eyes, but were instantly dashed away.

He laid his hand upon St. John’s shoulder, and for some moments gazed at him with an expression at once so piercing and so sorrowful that the young man remembered it for years.

“It is strange,” he said, “but I feel an irresistible desire to confide in you, friend. Can I? I think I can.”

“Any thing communicated to me shall be locked in my bosom,” was the reply.

“Your word is then given that what I say shall be repeated to no one?”

“To no one upon earth.”

“Then listen, sir,” said she stranger, in his deep, sorrowful voice, “listen and I will relate to you the history of a life.”

CHAPTER XXVI.

HOW THE STRANGER BECAME AN HISTORIAN AND A PROPHET

THE stranger had scarcely uttered the words, when a dazzling flash of lightning darted across the sky, was immediately succeeded by a roar of thunder, like the discharge of a battery, and one of the great oaks, upon which the bolt fell, was split and shivered, from the top to the bottom, by the fiery stream.

For a moment the eyes of the two men were dazzled by the terrible spectacle, and they gazed at the torn trunk, which, encumbered with broken boughs, was fitfully seen by successive flashes, or chance gleams.

“Do you see this tree thus shattered by lightning?” said the stranger; “well, that is the type of a man’s life—of the life which speaks to you now.

“Ten years ago,” he continued, “there lived in Virginia a warm-hearted, ardent, and impressible youth. The soul of this youth throbbed with generous emotions, and such was his frankness, and tenderness, and kindness, that he could not have trodden upon a worm or an insect. His dream was to do good, to ameliorate the condition of humanity, to unfetter and enlighten his brethren, and give them liberty of thought, self respect, and happiness. To this end all his studies tended, and he lived in a dream, as it were, of love and philanthropy.

“Such was his state of mind, and such his hope, when he met with a woman—a woman of rare and overpowering loveliness, and by a strange accident, this woman, or rather girl, was proved to be his cousin. Almost the first moment in which he saw her sealed his fate; from that instant he loved; loved deeply, passionately, absorbingly. She returned his affection, and that new world which he had imagined—the world of beauty and truth—seemed to center and find its realization in her love and her presence.”

The stranger paused for a moment, but continued, calmly, "This love became a portion of his life, of his being, of his soul. Before, he had found in the great thoughts of the kings of literature, sufficient food for his mind, and in their grand ideas he had wrapped himself so completely, that he lived, as it were, in history, and asked nothing more. But now all was changed ; he no longer dreamed of the progress and enlightenment of man ; the happiness and destiny of mankind was no longer a thought to him. He had found something grander than the fate of the world, a more absorbing passion than philanthropy ; he had found a woman's heart to clasp to his own, a heart whose beating made him careless of the past or the future, so that future were spent in her presence, by her side.

"I said," continued the stranger, "that this woman loved him. O yes, she loved him ! Rare and wonderful decree of a Deity of love and goodness ! the imperishable treasure of this woman's heart was given solely to himself. To speak of her is idle, words fade and fail me ; 't is enough to say that she was such as he had never seen before, and will never see again—no never ! Well, well, sir, I linger ; let me go on with my narrative. The man and the woman were married ; they went far away to the vast solitudes, and there, in the presence of nature and the Creator, they were wholly, completely, blissfully happy—happy as human beings can seldom be, and never for long, because earth would then be like heaven."

These recollections seemed almost to unnerve the stranger, but he suppressed his emotion and continued,

"Well, I will not dwell on this further. Let me hurry on. The man and the woman lived a year thus, tranquil and serene, and then the bolt of Heaven fell. God saw fit to take away this woman," said the stranger, hoarsely, "to lead back the man to his neglected work. He no longer recognized his mission, for he was happy ; he had forgotten his duty. The Deity decreed that he should come away, and the means which he used were the fires of grief and

anguish. Well, sir, all this came about as was decreed. The blow fell, and the trunk was stripped of its verdure and freshness—stripped for ever. The hard *heart* alone remained, and this sufficed for the work. The man came on foot one day to the capital; he was dusty and worn with fatigue; he saw flame and breathed agony and despair. He raised his head, and was accosted by a former companion, who harshly upbraided him for his inaction, and in words of fire laid before him his future work. There was a great crowd assembled, every heart throbbed with rage and defiance toward England; before he knew it, he was speaking to them by the red glare of the burning stamps, and from that moment he comprehended the behest of Providence. He had neglected his mission; he was led back and thrust into the ranks to do his part.

“Well, sir, from that time forth he became what he is, what you see him, a machine of iron, with but one eternal idea burning like fire in his soul. His work was to aid in unfettering the human soul—when that is accomplished he will disappear. When I have no longer any work to do, when my aim is accomplished, my memory will kill me. But that will not take place; I shall fall by the sword, or the cannon ball, or bayonet—it matters not—and the day which sees me stretched cold and pale upon the battle field, will be the happiest of my life, for on that day I trust to re-join my wife!”

The stranger paused, and wiped his forehead, which was steaming with cold sweat. By an immense effort he suppressed the shudder which ran through his frame, and his features subsided gradually into iron calmness.

“You may think it strange, sir,” he said, coldly, to the young man, who had listened with deep sympathy to this narrative; “you may think it strange that I have thus unrolled the history of my life, as it were, to a person whom I do not know. But such is the human mind. Philosophy and self control are mighty bulwarks, but at times the crushed heart will writhe and moan beneath the iron heel. There

are moments when human sympathy is necessary even to my shattered soul, and this feeling has been too much for me to-day. Perhaps I have spoken to unsympathizing ears, but I could not refrain, sir—the words have been uttered.”

St. John said, with great feeling,

“I have listened with respect, sir, and sympathy, and do not, I pray you, believe that your suffering finds an indifferent listener in myself. If't were only from curiosity, I must have heard you with attention, for you relate a strange and moving story! But it is with more than curiosity that I have listened—with sympathy and deference, sir; that deference which is due to a great misfortune.”

“Thanks, friend,” said the stranger, more calmly even than before; “your face is so loyal and sincere that I scarcely regret my indiscretion. Well, to finish. From the moment when I saw what my work was, I have been in harness. I have aimed further than protest against parliamentary despotism, I have aimed at perfect independence and—a republic.”

“Ah! a republic?”

“Nothing less, sir,” said the stranger, calmly. “For ten years nearly I have been stirring up this colony to an armed revolt—a rebellion.”

St. John mused with drooping head.

“I see that you question the possibility of this movement now,” said the stranger, “and I regret that my time will not permit me to expand my views of the past. See one thing, however. As you, at this moment, are in advance of thousands of the most intelligent and patriotic thinkers upon government, as you would meet Parliament in arms, and lash the tyrannical Dunmore from Virginia, so, ten years ago, I was in advance of yourself. In that time I have watched, with attentive eyes, the progress of thought, the expansion of men's minds. They approach nearer and nearer to me every hour. I do not boast, sir, for God gave me my eyes and my soul, pointed out my work. What I saw, near a dozen years since, will be acted, perhaps, in twelve months

from this time. The stamps were burned in the year '65, that was the firing of the slow match. It is nearly burnt out. In the next year, the year '75, it will reach the powder, and the mine will explode with a crash which shall bury the throne, in America at least, in ruins, from which nothing can dig it forth."

The speaker's eyes glowed as he spoke, and his nervous hand was stretched out unconsciously.

"It is this for which I have worked," he continued, in his deep, iron tone, "and how I have worked, I will tell you, for I trust you implicitly. From Williamsburg, the center, I have disseminated into the remotest counties, the thoughts of a body of men, whose mouth-piece I am. They supply the means, I give them my life. We have organized committees of vigilance in a hundred places, and, traveling day and night, I have thrown myself everywhere in contact with the heart of the people, feeling its pulsations, and endeavoring to infuse into it the thoughts of my own mind, and the minds of my associates. I have means given me for private expresses, and many days before the Boston Harbor bill was published in Williamsburg, we were arousing the whole province with this new outrage. Under three royal governors, the press has been busy within a step of their doors, and scattering broadcast what it is treason to print. Fauquier was feasting and card-playing, Botetourt hoping for better times; they did not arrest it. Dunmore has placed all his hounds on the trail, but as yet they have not caught the game. I think I am worth a good sum to the informer who will arrest me, and furnish the proof of my treason. That I am a traitor to the government, under the 25th Edward III., there is not the least doubt, and you may call the association the *League of Treason* with perfect propriety. That I know to whom I speak, I prove to you, sir, by entering into these details. For ten years I have thus been the instrument of a system, and of an organized body. Their work is to arouse the mind of Virginia, and the other provinces, to an armed rebellion. We have hailed every new blow

struck by the Parliament with profound and unfeigned delight; we have longed and yearned for the final and decisive act; we have invited the stamp of the heel which shall spur into madness the down-trodden masses; which shall make them writhe upward and sting! The Culpeper minute-men will take for their motto the words, 'Do n't tread on me!' over a rattlesnake; the association which I represent, have another and a different motto—'Tread on us and grind us! outrage us, treat us as slaves! insult us, spit on us, exhaust our whole patience, till we rouse from our apathy and sting you to death!' Do you think we are blundering? Do you mistake our design? Do you imagine we are wrong in hailing joyfully this new 'Port Bill?' That act is the beginning of the end! Ten years ago, I spoke with a man of gigantic mind, one of those fiery souls breathing but in revolution, born to wield the thunderbolt of oratory, to ride on and direct the storm. 'Let us strike!' were his words, 'come! a revolution!' I replied, 'You are wrong—you desire to strike the blow before we have arms in our hands; let us enlighten the minds of the people, let us arm them, let us train them, and keep silent and wait!' The name of this man was Patrick Henry, and his sentiments were shared by another great intellect, Thomas Jefferson by name. These men, then, were carried away by the fires of genius, they advanced too rapidly; like generals, they rode ahead of the marching legions, who alone could win the battle. There were others, as true friends of liberty, who erred in the opposite extreme. They were sincerely attached to the mother country; they closed their eyes to her faults, as an affectionate child will not see its parent's foibles; they venerated, and justly, the great common law, the bulwark of freedom; they were deeply attached to the liturgy of the established Church; they feared innovation, they feared that the masses, once wholly unfettered, would rush into license and madness. They doubted, and advocated protests and petitions, from a sincere love of country and the species. The names of these patriots were Edmund Pendleton, Rich-

ard Bland, and others. They were borne onward by Henry and Jefferson, but they, in their turn, held these great leaders back. Thus the phalanx marched slowly, evenly, and in order, with gradual, but certain progression. Had we sounded the battle cry in the year '65, the rising would have been a revolt, now it will be a revolution! The result then would have been defeat, and more grinding slavery; the result now will be victory and freedom! Do you doubt it, friend? Listen to my prediction! As we speak, the House of Burgesses are slowly advancing to a point which will compel them to act strongly or be slaves. They will act as they should, for that body is composed of the flower of this mighty colony, and the eyes of America are fixed anxiously upon them. The whole continent looks to Virginia to sound the war-cry, and she will sound it! She will first draw the sword, and throw the scabbard away. The result of the action of the Burgesses will be this: the Governor will dissolve them; they will dissolve and reassemble in Williamsburg, or in this building, and then the full crisis of the storm will come. The appeal to arms is inevitable, and the die will be cast. The struggle, breast to breast, will commence in Virginia, the great heart of the South, or Massachusetts, that other noble heart of the North. Then see the result! see the fiat of that God who presides over nations, and the doings of his creatures! In this man, Patrick Henry, the revolution speaks—he is its *tongue*. In Jefferson, and the rest, it vindicates itself to the public opinion of Europe—they are its *pen*. In some one not raised up yet, it will find its soul and its *sword*. Do you say, that is the question, that this is the point of doubt? Friend," said the stranger, with glowing eyes, and a gloomy earnestness, which seemed to thrill through his frame, "let us trust in God! let not the atom distrust the Sovereign of the Universe! That great Being has kindled the first fires of revolution; he has raised up, successively, the prophet and the scribe; he has consolidated the phalanx, and he will not leave his work incomplete. Do you question your memory

for some name, for some leader who shall lead the onset? There are many, and were it not for fear of presumption, I might hazard an opinion whom this leader will be. He will be led, as a child, by the hand of the Almighty, when the time shall come, and that time is approaching; let us wait!

“This then,” said the stranger, raising his lofty head and gazing out upon the storm which was rolling off to the south, “this then is the point which we have reached. The legions are armed, the ranks are arranged, the leaders await but the trumpet of the enemy to charge! It is this I have toiled for, wearing myself out, and exhausting my life; but I would give to the cause a million lives did I possess them. My name may not be uttered by a single voice, the form which enclosed my spirit may moulder without an epitaph even, but that is of small import. I have done faithfully my duty, I have performed my work, I have gone on my way, and I shall not die until I see the New World inaugurated. See! the thunder-storm is over, and the sky is growing clear—so will it be with us in our struggle! The darkness and the gloom in which we are enveloped will be dissipated—the old things shall pass away, and behold all things shall become new! See the sun yonder; see the glorious and resplendent orb chasing the gloom, rising in serene majesty above the mists and the clouds, and mounting to its meridian of splendor and glory. It is the sun of America! The light of the world! It was hidden by the darkness, but is risen. It is risen! Oh marvelous spectacle! It is risen! Oh noble and consoling thought! It is risen! and the power of a million emperors can never obscure one ray of it, for the hand of the Almighty has rolled it on its glorious way, the hope and the pole star of nations!”

With eyes fixed almost with ecstasy upon the great orb, the stranger ceased speaking, and seemed almost to forget the presence of his companion. He remained motionless and silent.

This silence was unbroken by St. John, who, carried away

in spite of himself by the words to which he had listened, pondered the thoughts of his companion, and sent his mind, so to speak, through that future which had thus been unrolled before his eyes.

He was aroused by the voice of the stranger, whose momentary excitement had yielded to his habitual expression of iron calmness.

"I see that the storm is over," he said, "and now, sir, I must go on my way, for what purpose you know, for I have spoken without reserve. I do not regret having thus uttered my thoughts, and related my sorrowful story. I have accustomed myself to read human character in the countenance, and were you my bitterest enemy I would sleep at your side, though you were awake with a dagger in your hand! I speak my honest conviction alone, friend, and I go without a fear that I have committed an imprudence. I feel that we shall meet again."

Having thus spoken in a tone of noble courtesy, the stranger bowed to St. John, and issuing forth, mounted his horse, which was tied near, and disappeared on the road to the northward.

St. John, too, mounted, and overwhelmed with new thought, took his way toward Williamsburg, as the last mutterings of the storm died away in the distance.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HOW ST. JOHN MET A FRIEND IN WILLIAMSBURG.

ONCE more in Williamsburg! It was with new emotions that the young man gazed upon the scene so familiar to him, and he scarcely realized that he could be the same person who had left it, carelessly, so short a time since.

In that time his mind appeared to have altered its whole

character—to have been flooded with emotions and impulses, new, strange and undreamed of.

He had listened to the voice of a singular and mysterious personage, he had felt his face flush with fire as he heard those blazing accents; a new world had opened to him amid the crash and roar of that storm—a fuller life, in the old church there, among the memorials of dead generations.

But a world more novel and attractive had expanded itself in another direction before his enamored eye—a world all sunlight, and verdure, and perfume, where the uplands and the fields, lit by suns and moons of surpassing glory, lay sleeping in the dews of a serener heaven. A world which he entered with smiles and sighs to the music of a million singing birds in the foliage, and myriads of streams, that danced over diamonds and pearls. That music and melody resounded in his ears like the dreamy music of the Eolian harp, and a celestial harmony seemed to pervade, like a mysterious undertone, the sound of the singing-birds and the flowing water—the voice of a “simple girl.”

The town, thus, seemed to rise on the young man’s sight for the first time, and as he passed along the streets slowly, and with smiles, he looked up at the houses, and wondered that he had never before observed how picturesque they were, relieved against the foliage, and running in long, pretty rows with the white-sanded street.

Was this the place he had hated so? Could this be the “odious town” he had maligned so? Why it was a fairy village in a lovely land, and the children who tripped along the street with little glancing feet and rippling curls, were the sweetest forms that the eye could possibly behold.

So true is it that the view we take of life depends on the eyes which we regard it with. Some lips will sneer, and others laugh; to the melancholy, the jaundiced the unhappy, the fairest and most brilliant May day lowers with clouds; to the happy, the buoyant, the rejoicing vision of the lover, the gloomiest December is a flowery spring.

The young man's whole nature was changed, and he even thought of Lord Dunmore, as he glanced toward the palace, with indifference and unconcern.

He went toward the old Raleigh tavern, whose long row of dormer windows sparkled in the May sunlight, and when the smiling ostler took his horse, the young man rewarded his cheerful face with a pistole.

With head erect, lips smiling, and eyes full of light, Mr. St. John then went toward the front of the building, and here he was quickly accosted by a laughing and hearty voice, which uttered the words:

"Why *morbleu!* my dear fellow, you look like a conqueror. Give you greeting!"

The speaker was a man of thirty-eight or forty, of tall stature, of vigorous frame, and that erect and martial bearing which indicates the profession of arms at some portion of the owner's life. The worthy wore a rich suit of dark cloth, profusely embroidered, a Flanders hat with a black feather bound around it, and a pair of large spurs glittered upon the heels of his horseman's boots, against which a long sword, buckled by an old leather belt, incessantly rattled.

The face was decidedly a pleasant one, the forehead broad and skirted by short, dark hair; a heavy mustache as black as midnight fringed the firm lips, and the brilliant eyes sparkled and shone with a laughing good humor. The face of the stranger seemed that of a soldier, a *bon camarado* of a thousand adventures and vicissitudes, and the heavy mustache which was curled toward the eyes seemed to be eternally agitated by merriment.

"Good morrow, my dear captain," said St. John, shaking hands, "how are Madame Waters and the little streamlets, and what brings you to Williamsburg?"

"Basta!" cried the captain, "there's a flood of questions, and I content myself with replying to the first—that the various inhabitants of Flodden are well and *jolies*. Where have you been?"

“Everywhere—another comprehensive answer.”

“Ah! you smile!” cried the captain, curling his huge mustache; “the fact is, *mon ami*, your face seems made for smiling, you do it so well.”

“Because I am in good spirits.”

“Is not everybody?”

“I was not the other day.”

The captain shook his head.

“That’s unphilosophical,” he said, sagely; “keep up the spirits.”

“I can’t always.”

“Why?”

“They are tried.”

“And this other day?”

“They were tried by his Excellency, Lord Dunmore.”

“Ah, ah! by his Excellency you say! *Morbleu!* he’s a bucket of cold water in truth, I understand!”

“He acted like a shower-bath for me.”

“But you seem to have had the glow of reaction!” said the captain, laughing, “and I do n’t wonder at it. As I tell my friend, the Seigneur Mort-Reynard Hamilton, when he growls sometimes, and abuses even my claret, the wretch! as I tell him, there’s nothing like sunshine and May! *Ventre sainte Gris!* what a day! ’Tis enough to make a fellow swear from pure excess of spirits!”

“Swear away then,” said St. John, laughing, “and draw on your assortment of French oaths.”

“French! I never swear in French, *mon ami*, I heartily despise the *Français*, *morbleu!* they’re a nation of frog eaters!”

“You do n’t like them?” asked St. John, laughing; “I can understand then that you never utter a single ‘*morbleu.*’”

“Well, well,” said the captain, “perhaps now and then an oath of this description accidentally escapes me, but prehend, *mon ami*, I detest the Gauls, though they’re brave as steel. You see I fought them for a number of years like an *insensé*

at Gratz, at Lissa, at Minden and elsewhere, and I assure you they were a devil of a set. I tell you, comrade, if you give a mounseer his champagne and his *gloire*—and add a few *chansons* and the eyes of a young woman—if the Frenchman has these he will cheerfully march into a trench and be shoveled in the same trench with pleasure. At Minden—but here I am running into a story as usual. Basta! a miserable world where a fellow must be ever fighting his battles over again!”

And the captain closed his lips as though nothing could induce him to continue.

“There is some apology for my thinking of Minden, comrade,” he said, “as the newly-arrived private secretary of his Excellency was there.”

“Who—Captain Foy?”

“The same.”

“At Minden?”

“And fought like a Trojan. A keen fellow, that Foy; looks a long way ahead, and ’s as sharp as a razor, *mor-bleu!*”

St. John’s eyes were directed down the street.

“What attracts your attention, comrade?” said the soldier.

“The individual who ’s as sharp as a razor,” said St. John, laughing; “I hope he won’t cut us.”

“Who? why it ’s Foy in person.”

“And coming straight toward us.”

“*Eh bien!* we’ll give our brother soldier a military salute,” said the captain, laughing, and placing his left hand on the hilt of his sword; “let ’s see if he recognizes his ‘*compagnon d’armes!*’”

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE SECRET AGENT.

As the soldier uttered these words, Captain Foy, private secretary, confidential adviser, and general secret agent of his Excellency, Lord Dunmore, approached the spot where he stood with St. John.

Captain Foy was a gentleman of middle age, of tall stature, with a pale, cold countenance, piercing eyes beneath shaggy brows, and a certain mixture of boldness and stealthiness in his carriage, which brought to the mind the idea of an animal of the tiger species—at once soft and cruel, calm and ferocious.

There was about the man an air of mystery and reserve which could not be mistaken, and forcibly impressed upon the beholder the opinion that he was habitually employed in what was then known as “secret service.” The secretary was richly clad, but wore no sword, not even a parade weapon, and as he approached, Mr. St. John felt as if a portion of Lord Dunmore himself were walking toward him.

“Why my dear Foy,” said Captain Waters, making a military salute as the secretary came opposite to him, “really delighted to see you! You have n’t forgotten an old comrade, eh?”

The secretary’s calm, piercing eye, dwelt for an instant upon the soldier’s face, and he replied at once, with a bow,

“By no means, Captain Waters. I am pleased to meet with you, and with you, Mr. St. John.”

“The same to you my boy,” replied the captain, with great good humor; “I reply for both of us. You’re looking rather thin and pale, which is probably owing to your confinement in your abominably disagreeable office of secretary, and I find you no longer the jolly companion you were on the continent; but I’m delighted to see you.”

"I reciprocate your obliging sentiments, Captain," said Foy, in the same serene tone.

"You really, then, have not forgotten me?"

"By no means! I think that is proved by saluting you at once, though I had no expectation of seeing you."

"Why certainly," cried the captain. "*Morbleu!* that never occurred to me. The fact is, my dear comrade, I am deteriorating, I'm getting fat and stupid for want of fighting. *Tonnerre!* if I only had Minden for an hour! I'd get well again, or the devil's in it!"

"A terrible fight, Captain Waters."

"Perfectly glorious!"

"We were near each other frequently, I remember."

"*Morbleu!* that's a great compliment!" cried the soldier.

"A compliment, sir?"

"To myself, faith!"

The secretary bowed serenely.

"No simpers and disclaimers, comrade!" said the soldier; "may the devil eat me whole, if you did n't fight like a wild boar. At present, companion, permit me to say that your countenance resembles that of a clergyman; on the day of Minden, it resembled that of Mars, *parbleu!* A devil of a fight, friend! and you did your part like a firebrand!"

As the captain spoke thus in his rough, laughing voice, a slight color seemed to tinge, for a moment, the pale cheek of the soldier-secretary, and his eyes wandered. He recovered instantly, however, his presence of mind, and with a movement of his hand, said,

"I fear you are too complimentary, sir; I did but my small part!"

"*Morbleu!* 't was a large part, companion. I'll say that everywhere, and do you full justice, if you *are* the secretary of my Lord Dunmore, whom I've not yet fallen very much in love with. In fact, I dislike that worthy nobleman to an extent really wonderful, but I do n't commit injustice. I have the pleasure of informing you, my dear St. John, that

Captain, or Secretary Foy, went through the ranks of the French at Minden like a flaming sword, and that he was publicly complimented by his commanding officer, on full parade, afterwards."

Foy made a modest movement with his hand.

"You forget after Lissa, Captain Waters," he said, "and for fear you will not mention it, I will inform Mr. St. John that *you* were publicly thanked also, sir."

"Why so I was!" cried the captain. "I'd forgotten it!"

"I have not, sir, as I shall not forget the flash of your sword in the charge."

"See now!" said the captain, laughing, "how pleasant this is."

"Pleasant?"

"Yes, recalling, *morbleu!* all these tender recollections! There is one, however, my dear Foy, which affects me even still more deeply."

"What 's that, captain?"

"The little scene at Reinfels!"

And the captain burst into laughter.

The ghost of a smile touched the secretary's pale face.

"Basta!" cried the captain. "I see you remember!"

"Perfectly, sir," replied the secretary, serenely.

"Under the bastion!"

"Yes, sir."

"A little duel, my dear friend," said the captain to St. John, by way of explanation; "a little bout between Foy and myself. I regret to say that our present dear spiritual adviser, as I regard him, and myself, fell out about a—"

"Ah, Captain Waters! why recall these follies?"

"Why not? They were but youthful pranks."

"That is all, sir."

"Well, as I was saying, 't was a girl that we quarreled for. We fought the next morning, and faith! both of us were a month in the hospital!"

"Unfortunately," said the secretary, "that is true—just a month!"

“And you remember, my dear comrade—?”

“What, Captain Waters?”

“We were lying in cots, next to each other.”

“Yes, I remember.”

“And I made you explain, with the arm I had slashed, the *coup* which broke my guard, and ran me very nearly through the gizzard. *Morbleu!* ’t was admirable, and I adored you after that blow!”

With which the captain laughed.

“See how pleasant ’t is, recalling these scenes of the past,” he said. “*Hilf himmel!* is there any thing like it? Here I’m getting fat and vegetating, and becoming a country squire, thinking only of tobacco and wheat, and with not a care in the world, when, formerly, in the good old times, I was lean and full of muscle, with a wrist of bone and sinew, not a sous in my pocket, and half the time not knowing where to lay my head! Bah! it’s really deplorable—is it not comrade?”

“I think it more agreeable, sir.”

“More agreeable! You do n’t really? But I can’t wonder at your mistake—you’ve not tried it.”

“I am, like yourself, no longer a soldier.”

“Why so you are not.”

“I am a civilian.”

“And a secretary. My dear comrade,” said the captain, sighing, “we have both deteriorated. I foresee that we shall have no more amusement, no life, no frolics! For the future we must resign ourselves to fate. No more Mindens, no Lissas, no glorious assaults like that of Breslau, where I think the devil got loose; no battles or skirmishes any more! In the bitterness of my regret, comrade, I could propose a bout here in the street, that I might thus be taken back to old times and learn the *coup* of Reinfels! I despair of any amusement in the future, comrade, unless—but that is idle.”

“Unless, captain?”

“Unless Dunmore will afford it,”

The secretary retired into himself suddenly, all thoughts of the past seemed to disappear, and his pale face became impenetrable.

"That reminds me, Captain Waters," he said, with formal courtesy, "that my duties recall me to his lordship's presence—I have already tarried too long. I have the honor to salute you, gentlemen."

And the secretary bowed, and then moved toward the palace.

"I say, my dear Foy!" called the captain.

"Sir," said the secretary, half turning.

"Give my compliments to his Excellency, and tell him I am thirsting for something to do. If he'll only endeavor now to turn the Burgesses out of doors and give me an opportunity of meeting you, sword in hand, and learning the *coup*—of Reinfels, you know!"

A strange smile flitted over the subtle face of the secretary, but he only bowed.

In a moment he disappeared at the corner of the street which led to the palace.

Captain Ralph Waters looked after him for a moment in silence, and then moving his head up and down, said to St. John,

"My dear companion, there goes one of the most dangerous fellows under heaven! As close as a trap, as brave as steel, and as cunning as the devil. Take care of him!"

"Thanks for your warning," said St. John, laughing, "but I'm not afraid."

"Well, I do n't feel so myself. In case of trying the *coup* of Reinfels, I count on you."

"The *coup*?"

"In a duel with Foy, I mean."

"Certainly; and if ever I'm in want of a second, you'll act for me?"

"*Morbleu!* with delight, my dear comrade!"

“It’s a bargain?”

“Signed and sealed.”

“Well, perhaps I may call on you.”

And the friends parted, going each a different way.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HOW A VIRGINIA GIRL WROTE VERSES IN '74.

ST. JOHN was going along in a reverie, with his head hanging down, his hands idle at his side, his steps wandering and uncertain, as the steps of drunkards and lovers, those true brethren, are so apt to be, when suddenly he found himself arrested; a gross material obstacle encountered him, his hat was thrust forcibly quite over his eyes, and he waked up, so to speak, from his dream.

The first object which attracted his attention was a slight gentleman, clad in a suit of dark drab cloth, and carrying under his arm a bundle of papers, which gentleman, with a profusion of smiles and numerous deprecating waves of the hand, uttered a flood of apologies, accompanied by courteous bows.

“I beg you’ll not trouble yourself about such a trifle, Mr. Purdie,” said St. John, shaking hands with the editor of the old “Virginia Gazette,” “’t was the most natural thing in the world.”

“Very awkward in me! really now, excessively awkward, Mr. St. John!”

“’T was my own fault.”

“Pardon me,” returned Mr. Purdie, with courteous persistence, “I was really to blame! But this copy of verses absorbed me.”

“Very well, my dear friend, have it as you will; but pray let me have a sight of the copy of verses which interested you so.”

“Willingly, my dear sir.”

And Mr. Purdie handed a letter to Mr. St. John. As his eyes fell upon the hand-writing, a slight color came to the young man’s cheek, and he smiled. Mr. Purdie wondered at the sparkling eyes and deep interest betrayed by the young man as he read the verses ; but we shall soon understand the reason.

The letter and poem were word for word as follows. We have even retained the spelling and capital letters customary at the period in written composition.

“*To the Printer of the Virginia Gazette.*”

“SIR:—The accompanying verses are sent to you by a Country Girl, who hopes they will meet your Approval. Your Correspondent withholds her Name from Fear of the *Criticks*, whom she truly detests. They ’re an odious Set ! are they not, Mr. Purdie ? A Portion of the Effusion may make you laugh, Sir. I offer you a Salute to bribe you in Favour of my Verses ; but observe, Sir ! ’t is only when *you find me out !* That I ’m resolved you shall never do. All I shall say is, that I ’ve the Honour to be *humble Cousin* to a very high *Military Functionary* of this Colony, who honours me with his Esteem ! Now *do* print my effusion, dear, good Mr. Purdie. I like you *so* much because you are a true Friend to the *Cause of Liberty*. We ’ve sealed up all our Tea, and I ’d walk with bare Feet on hot Ploughshares before I ’d drink a drop of the odious Stuff !

“I am Mr. Purdie’s friend,

“_____.”

“Permit a giddy, trifling, Girl,
 For once to fill your Poet’s Corner,
 She cares not though the Criticks snarl,
 Or Beaus and Macaronies scorn her ;
 She longs in Print her Lines to see,
 Oblige her, (sure you can ’t refuse it,)
 And if you find her out, your Fee
 Shall be—to *kiss her*—if you choose it.

Perhaps you'll think the Fee too small—
 You would not think so if you knew her!
For she has Charms confessed by all
 Who have the Happiness to view her.
The Favour that to you she proffers
 Has been solicited in vain,
And many flattering, splendid Offers
 Rejected with a cold Disdain.
She scorns the Man however pretty,
 However Riches round him flow,
However wise, or great, or witty,
 That's to his Country's Rights a Foe.
He that to flatter Folks in Power,
 His Country's Freedom would betray,
 Deserves the Gallows every Hour,
 Or worse—to feel a Tyrant's Sway!
May such alone be unprotected
 By Justice and by Nature's Laws,
And to Despotic Powers subjected,
 Suffer the Miseries they cause.
 To scorn them is each Female's Duty;
 Let them no Children have, or Wife,
May they ne'er meet the Smiles of Beauty,
 Nor any social Joys of Life!"

These were the lines which caused Mr. St. John's eyes to sparkle and his face to beam with smiles. The explanation of this is not difficult. As the reader has guessed, they were in the handwriting of Miss Bonnybel Vane.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Purdie, smiling, when the young man had finished, "you seem as much pleased as myself."

"I am delighted, my dear Mr. Purdie," was the laughing reply, "indeed I admire them so greatly that I shall esteem as a great favor the gift of the manuscript, promising you a clear copy in an hour."

"I see not the least objection, my dear Mr. St. John—pray keep them—a friend eh?" he added with a sly smile; "and now I wish you a very good morning."

The friends parted, and Mr. St. John hastened to his lodgings to make the copy he had promised. The occupation

was often interrupted by laughter, but the copy was finished at last and sent to the office of the "Virginia Gazette."

On the fourth page of the old journal for June 2, 1774, the reader will find them now, though unaccompanied by the letter, good Mr. Purdie having given his space to more important events than the epistles of young ladies. Here, in the discolored pages of the old colonial paper, were the verses found by the present writer. You read such old pieces with smiles and sighs if you are a dreamer. Where now are the lips which kissed, the eyes that shone—all the "charms" which true lovers "confessed"—the archness, the favor, the disdain? From far-off fields—the fields of colonial Virginia—shines the form of this lovely little maiden, so long dead. She passed away like a shadow or a dream—like the brilliant old days she adorned with her loveliness—her bright eyes and curls, her blushes and smiles. But being dead she still lives and speaks; lives here on the yellow old page, as up there on the canvas! The "giddy girl" was a heroine at heart; that heart, like ten thousand more of her sex's, beat high and true in the storm of the Revolution!

Toute dame, tout honneur!

CHAPTER XXX.

HOW MR. ST. JOHN RETURNED HIS COMMISSION TO LORD
DUNMORE.

THE young man had just returned to his lodgings, and had scarcely seated himself, when a knock came at his door, and a servant, wearing the livery of Lord Dunmore, entered, and bowing respectfully, handed him a note.

"Good," said he to himself, "now I think the storm comes; I am summoned to be scolded, or arrested."

And he calmly read the note, bidding the servant return. The communication was in these words:

“Mr. Secretary Foy presents his respects to Mr. St. John, and requests, on the part of his Excellency Lord Dunmore, that Mr. St. John will attend at the palace this afternoon, for conversation with his lordship on military affairs.”

“Very well,” said the young man, tossing the paper carelessly on the table, “I suppose there’ll be an explosion. I care nothing.”

Early in the afternoon he made his toilette, proceeded to the palace, and was ushered into the council chamber.

Lord Dunmore, clad with his habitual splendor, sat opposite the portraits of the king and queen, the members of his council occupying large leather chairs ranged in a circle. Behind the table, draped with red damask, and covered with papers, the pale face of Captain Foy was seen, as he bent over the documents lying before him.

Mr. St. John was ushered in with great form, and having attracted the Governor’s attention, made that dignitary a bow, which was perfectly courteous and stiff.

His eye then made the circuit of the apartment—dwelt on the members of the council, the secretary, the Governor in the center.

It looked very much like a trial for high treason, a proceeding of the Star Chamber.

Lord Dunmore, upon whose brow was visible its customary expression of hauteur and ill humor, acknowledged the young man’s salute by the least possible movement of his head.

The members of the council were, however, better bred, and inclined their heads courteously, as the new comer saluted them.

“Well, Mr. St. John,” said Lord Dunmore, moving with dignity in his large throne-like chair, “I see you received my message.”

“I did receive a note from Captain Foy, your Excellency.”

“I instructed him to write, as you doubtless saw.”

Mr. St. John inclined, calmly.

His Excellency did not seem pleased at the small effect produced upon his visitor by the solemnity and state of his reception. His brow clouded with its unpleasant frown, and his head rose more haughtily than ever.

“I wished to see you, sir,” he said, almost rudely, “to express my disapprobation of your lengthened absence from command of my guards. You must be aware, sir, that such absence does not comport with my views of the duty of the commander of that body, but I am ready to listen to any thing in explanation from yourself, sir.”

As the Governor spoke, the old flush of anger came to Mr. St. John’s face, and his head rose proudly erect as he listened to these words, even more insulting in tone than significance. The folly of any exhibition of ill temper seemed, however, to strike him at once, and he controlled himself in an instant.

“Do not be embarrassed, sir,” said the Governor. “I have no desire to confuse you.”

“I am much obliged to your Excellency,” said the young man, calmly, “but I do n’t feel at all confused or embarrassed.”

“I thought, being a young man, sir—”

“That I was a clodhopper? No, your Excellency, that is not my station in society,” replied Mr. St. John, with calm politeness.

The vein on Lord Dunmore’s brow swelled, and his little eyes began to gleam with anger. He plainly resented the tone of unconcern in the delinquent, and was carried out of his equanimity.

“You amuse yourself at my expense, sir,” he said, coldly, “and intimate that I intended as an insult what was not so meant. My observation arose from the way in which you carry your hat, sir—what I should call an *uneasy* way!”

And the Governor frowned.

Mr. St. John was motionless and silent for a moment, in presence of the man who was guilty of this immense exhibition of ill breeding

He surveyed Lord Dunmore with an expression of frigid surprise, which caused the vein in that gentleman's forehead to distend itself hugely.

"My hat, your Excellency?" said the young man, with freezing politeness, "perhaps the uneasiness your Excellency is so good as to observe, is caused by the fact that I have no place to deposit it, your Excellency not having requested me to be seated."

And with the air of a nobleman who has been outraged, Mr. St. John made his lordship a low and exaggerated bow.

His lordship was beaten with his own weapons, his rudeness failed, and his ill temper laughed at in the presence of his council, the most loyal of whom could not forbear smiling.

His countenance colored with anger, and his eyes flashed.

"Well, sir!" he said, "you gentlemen of Virginia are extremely witty! I make you my compliments, sir, upon your attainments in private theatricals! Your discourteous reply to my simple remark, however, sir, shall not move me. If I overlooked the fact that you were standing, it was because I am not accustomed to request persons who are called to defend themselves before me, to be seated in my presence."

The young man met this outburst with an expression of cold disdain lurking in his eyes, which lashed the Governor's anger into fury.

"I await your reply, sir!" he said, almost trembling with rage.

"If your lordship will frame a distinct question, I will reply," said Mr. St. John. "I can not answer your denunciation."

"I demand why you have absented yourself from the barracks of my guards?"

"I went to visit my relations."

"That is no excuse, sir."

"I inform your lordship that I left my sub-lieutenant in command," said the young man, coldly, controlling himself.

“That was wholly informal, without my permission, sir!”

“Informal, my lord?”

“Yes, sir! worse! It was a dereliction of duty!”

“Your lordship proceeds far, and I am at a loss to understand upon what grounds this decision is based.”

“I am not in the habit, sir, of defending my opinions on occasions like this!”

“This is, then, simply your Excellency’s opinion?”

“No, sir—it is the opinion of every rational individual. You have deserted your post and gone away at your pleasure, sir, leaving your command to take care of itself!”

“I have the honor to call to your Excellency’s attention the fact that Virginia is not now in a state of war.”

“That is nothing, sir!”

“Pardon me, my lord, I think ’t is a vast deal. During hostilities I should not have gone away.”

“There ’s no difference, sir!”

“Your Excellency is determined to find fault with me.”

“I repeat that you have deserted your post, sir! I repeat that!”

“I have the honor to repeat that my sub-lieutenant is in command.”

“You know perfectly, sir, that he ’s no fit commander for my guards!”

“He ’s an Englishman, commissioned by your Excellency.”

“Mr. St. John!” said the Governor, crimson with rage, “are you aware with whom you are bandying epithets and contradictions?”

“Your Excellency has spoken, I have replied,” returned the young man, bracing himself against the coming storm.

“Are you aware, sir, that I am a peer of the realm?”

“Yes, my lord.”

“That I am the Governor of this colony—do you know that, sir?”

“Yes, my lord.”

“And knowing this, sir—knowing my nobility, and my

power—knowing my commission from his Majesty—a commission, sir, which gives me the power of punishing sedition and treason!—knowing this, sir, you have presumed to address me as you have done! Pray, who are you, sir?” added his Excellency, almost trembling with rage and scorn, “who are you, to reply to me in this manner?”

The young man made a ceremonious bow, and in a tone as cold as ice, replied,

“Only a gentleman, your lordship—that, and nothing more.”

These calm words put the finishing touch to Lord Dunmore’s wrath. Beaten, defeated, derided, humbled almost, by a young man who did not lose his temper, while he was furious; exposed and humiliated thus in presence of his council and his secretary, the Governor shook with speechless rage, and almost rose to his feet in the tumult of his wrath.

“Look you, sir!” he cried with an explosion of passion, “this interview has come to a conclusion! There is but one reply I have to make to your insults, sir!”

His lordship turned furiously to Captain Foy, and would have ended his threatening sentence by an order to that gentleman.

Something in Captain Foy’s eye, however, seemed to arrest him even in the height of his rage. The dark glance of the secretary and the slight movement of his pale lips, seemed to produce an instant effect upon Lord Dunmore, and he did not finish the sentence which doubtless would have ordered the arrest of Mr. St. John.

The subtle glance of Captain Foy seemed to arouse in the Governor his own large supply of cunning, and he leaned back silent for a moment in his seat, scowling at the young man.

Mr. St. John preserved the same attitude of coldness and disdain, and waited to be addressed.

“Young man,” said his Excellency, with a bad affectation of dignified forbearance, “you have in this conversation

adopted a manner of speaking toward myself extremely irritating and wholly improper, coming from one of your age to myself. Permit me, also, to say, sir, that more than you imagine is due to a peer of the realm and the representative of his majesty in the colony, and it will be well for the inhabitants of this colony to understand the fact. Yes, sir!" continued his Excellency, carried out of his assumed dignity, "the sooner they become convinced of the fact, the better for them! and I think that you, sir, have much yet to learn."

"I desire to treat your Excellency with every particle of respect that is your due," replied Mr. St. John coldly.

"Those words may contain a new insult, sir!"

"Your Excellency's number of imaginary insults drives me to despair."

"That's a very pretty speech, sir! Then I search for insults!"

"I did not say so, my lord."

"But you looked it!" said Dunmore, gradually yielding again to his anger; "it is your favorite mode of outraging me, sir!"

"Your Excellency seems determined to be outraged. I have the misfortune to be tried and convicted before my hearing, in the mind of your lordship."

"No, sir! this is not the first time you have placed yourself upon my level, even arrogated superiority, I think, to judge from your lordly manner!"

And the Governor's lip curled with a sneer.

"Yes, sir!" said the Governor, the vein in his forehead again swelling, "on the day of Lady Dunmore's entry I was subjected to your highness' imposing air, and was informed that I was afraid of a child. Your highness," he continued, with a disdainful sneer, "was so good as to find fault with my honest expression of opinion about the traitor, Waters, and reprove me with your eyes! By Heaven, sir!" cried Lord Dunmore, starting up and relapsing into greater rage than before, "by Heaven, sir! I have endured sufficient

insult, and my patience is ended. Mr. Lieutenant St John—”

“Stop, sir!—my lord, I should say—a moment!” interrupted the young man, rising to a loftier and colder attitude, “I am no longer Lieutenant St. John—I no longer hold a commission in the service of your Excellency, or the colony; I resign that commission, and return it to your Excellency, and scorn it!”

As the young man spoke, his face turned white with rage and disdain, and taking from his bosom the parchment, he threw it at the Governor’s feet.

“’T is the post of a slave!” he said, “and I’ll be no man’s lackey! Your Excellency may supply yourself with another menial! I’ll not fill the position of head waiter to any peer of the realm that ever was born! I’m a Virginian, and I’m free! and I’ll not be your slave to shiver at your frown, and crouch like a hound at your bidding! I’ve been outraged and insulted; your lordship has tried to put your foot on my neck, and I resist, that is all! I resist! and I add that I’ll go to my death before mortal man makes a serf of me! I have done, sir! You hear what has boiled in my breast from the first day I entered your service—from the hour when, misled by your unworthy representations, I put on your livery! You hear a Virginian’s voice—one who’s subjected to such insults as he’ll no longer endure! I throw back your lordship’s commission, and scorn it, and stamp on it! I’ll not be your slave, and I’m free again!”

And trembling with passion, his eyes burning in his pale face like balls of fire, the young man turned toward the door.

Dunmore rose up as on springs. The members of the council had risen tumultuously to their feet too, and the eyes of Captain Foy glittered in his white countenance as he towered above the group.

“Captain Foy!” said Lord Dunmore, pallid with rage, “call the sentinel to arrest this man.”

Mr. St. John’s sword—a part of his full dress—flashed in

stantly from its scabbard, and he struck his hat down upon his brows furiously.

“I’ll not be arrested!” he said; “I swore that I would first plunge this sword into your lordship’s breast! and I’ll do it!”

As the weapon flashed before his eyes, and these furious words resounded through the room, Lord Dunmore trembled and drew back.

His lordship was not courageous.

“I’ll not be arrested!” added the young man, white with wrath; “I’ll not be sent to rot in a prison, or tried for sedition on your lordship’s evidence. You have made me desperate, and I’ll go all lengths to defend myself!”

With which words Mr. St. John left the room and the palace, unpursued and unmolested.

We shall only add that the council broke up in confusion, and that Lord Dunmore and Captain Foy remained alone.

Dunmore strode about the room crimson with rage, and uttering violent curses, with which he seemed to endeavor to unburden himself of his wrath.

Captain Foy was writing, serenely, calm, pale and quiet.

“The instructions for Conolly are ready, my lord,” he said; “let us forget this little scene, and come to business.”

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE LETTER.

ST. JOHN proceeded to his lodgings, frowning, gesticulating and muttering wrathfully, to the great astonishment of the passers by. Reaching his chambers, he sat down, began to smoke a pipe, and grew more composed.

“The fact is I gave him as good as he sent,” the young man at length muttered, with a grim smile, “insulted him

to the teeth, and humiliated him in presence of his council—that's some satisfaction in any event. I suppose I'm on the Black List ere now, and the order for my arrest is issued. Let 'em attempt it! I'll not be taken alive, and it's odds if I do n't raise such a storm in the streets of the good town of Williamsburg, as will break some windows in his Excellency's palace!"

Having thus relieved his feelings, St. John was about to fall into a reverie when his servant entered bearing the tall silver candlesticks. Taking from the table a letter which the young man had not seen, he placed it on a waiter and handed it to his master, with the explanation that Dick, from Vanely, had brought it in his absence.

St. John took the letter, motioned the servant away, and glanced at the superscription. He had no sooner done so than his frowning brow cleared; his compressed lips expanded with a smile. The letter was sealed with blue wax, stamped with the Vane coat of arms—an armed hand grasping a sword, and beneath, a shield with three mail gaunlets, supported by a stag and sphynx—the motto, *Nec temere, nec timide*.*

But St. John did not look at the seal—the direction was in a handwriting which he knew perfectly—and carefully opening the letter, with a smile, and the murmured words, “Neither rashly, nor fearfully!”—an admirable motto for a lover!” read what follows:

“VANELY, *Thursday*.

“*These to his Excellency, the Lieutenant, greeting:*

“Papa bids me write to your lordship, and say that you need not trouble yourself to engage apartments for us at Mrs. White's, on the night of assembly, as Mr. Burwell has invited us all to stay with him at his town residence, and I know somebody who's as glad as glad can be, for she'll see her dear *Belle-Bouche*—Miss Burwell once, but now unhappily a victim on the altar of matrimony.†

* Historical Illustrations, No. XIV

† Ibid., No. XV.

“Having executed my commission I might terminate my letter here, but I shall take pity on your lordship’s forlorn condition, so far away from home, and add a few lines. The day you went — that is yesterday — Barry Hunter came, and said that his lands in the southwest of the colony had grown immensely in value, and that any young lady *who accepted him*, might be a princess if she chose, and have a kingdom. A princess, forsooth! A princess of the woods, I fancy, with bears and panthers for subjects! Nevertheless Barry’s extremely handsome, and I am seriously thinking of marrying the young gentleman, if he asks me, which he shall! Just mark my words, sir.

“Before I end I’ve a favor to request of your Excellency. ’Tis to write a line to that tyrannical Mr. William Effingham of the ‘The Cove,’ in Glo’ster, commanding him, on pain of my displeasure, to bring *Kate* to the assembly. She’s the queen of goodness, and the star of loveliness—at which declaration I suppose your lordship laughs, and says ‘pooh! pooh! a woman chanting the praises of another!’ That would be quite in keeping with your ordinary turn for satire and injustice. But say what you choose, only write. If she does not come I’ll say with *Robin Adair*, ‘What’s the dull town to me—Kate is not there!’ And you know the other words, ‘What makes the assembly shine?’ to which I reply, Kate! Mr. Champ Effingham and Madam Clare will be present, and ’t will be a *delightful* family reunion!

“Will not your Excellency come to Vanely, and bestow upon us the brilliancy of his countenance before the assembly? I pine without him; my days are spent in sighing and looking down the road; I’ve quite lost my appetite, and Mr. Thomas Alston, who was here this morning, could not make me laugh! *When you come to-morrow*, be sure to make a noise in opening the great gate, that I may put on my best gown and ruffles to receive your Excellency as becomes his importance.

“Goodness gracious! what a flood of foolish nonsense! as if so great a military gentleman could think of his poor little

country cousin. Has the explosion taken place at the palace? I hope not. Of course I do n't expect you *about half past eleven to-morrow morning*. You must be far too busy with important matters!

"Your lordship will please excuse this thick, rough sheet of Bath post. 'T is the only paper in the house.

"BONNYBEL.

"*Postscript.*—Have you heard from *the young lady in Glo'ster* lately? I'm desperately anxious to become acquainted with *my future cousin*. You must introduce me at the assembly. I shall make her ladyship my very finest curtsey."

The young man dropped the hand which held the letter, and smiled.

"The young lady in Glo'ster!" he murmured; "so my friendship for that damsel has subjected us to the curious eyes, and the gossip of the tattling world! I'd certainly show my taste; but pretty Miss Puss has a terrible rival! Her countenance is lovely, 't is very true, with its beautiful eyes and bewitching lips; but I look beyond to a face I've loved from boyhood!"

And he reread the letter, thinking that her hand had lain upon the paper. Poor St. John! Then carefully depositing the paper in the breast pocket of his doublet, he went and leaned from the open window, and surveyed the moonlit streets of the town, upon which the shades of night were descending.

An irresistible desire took possession of him to wander out in the balmy night, and putting on his hat, he issued forth into the nearly deserted streets.

Buried in thought, he went on, unconsciously, for some time. Suddenly he saw a grove of trees before him, and looking around, discovered that he had made his way, without knowing it, as far as the picturesque "Indian Camp,"

CHAPTER XXXII.

WHAT HAPPENED AT THE "INDIAN CAMP."

THE "Indian Camp" was a wild and secluded retreat, the haunt, in former times, so said tradition, of the great King Powhatan and his dusky followers. In course of time it had, however, become the resort of those fond of natural beauties—especially the chosen meeting-place of lovers. Many allusions to it may be found in letters of the period.

It now lay before the eyes of the young man, clothed in all its wild and mysterious beauty. Seating himself upon a mound of moss-covered rock, he gazed pensively upon the scene, surrendering his thoughts wholly to the woman whom he loved. For an hour he was scarcely aware of the objects around him. The weird moonlight fell from the heights of heaven unheeded. The dazzling orb rode like a ship of pearl through the drifting clouds; the melancholy whippoorwill sent his mournful cry from the wood; the owl whooped from the low grounds; the river breeze came and fanned the dreamer's cheek—he was still absorbed in thought.

"Yes," murmured the young man, "I'll go and essay my fate; 'to-morrow, at half past eleven,' shall find me at Vanely, and I'll put it on the hazard of the die. Is there hazard? Did I misinterpret her demeanor on that evening at the trysting tree? Courage! *nec timide, nec temere!*"

And the murmur died into silence. Another hour passed by, the young man pondered still, gazing at the old shadowy mounds and trenches as they gleamed in the moonlight.

Suddenly the light was obscured, and raising his eyes, he saw that a huge cloud, moving slowly like a great black hulk, had invaded the moon, and buried it in its ebon folds.

In the darkness the rude objects of the scene loomed out more shadowy and solemn still, and the cry of the whippoorwill assumed a deeper sadness. St. John rose and leaned

against the trunk of an oak, whose wide boughs cast an impenetrable shade, and thus elevated, as it were, above the scene, listened to the subdued and mysterious sounds of night.

All at once to these stealthy noises was added another sound; he thought at first that his fancy deceived him, but this impression soon disappeared. He heard cautious voices whispering.

He bent forward, inclining his ear in the direction of the sound. He was not mistaken in his surmise. As he gazed and listened, holding his breath almost, two dark figures detached themselves, as it were, from the darkness, and advanced toward the spot which he occupied.

With an unconscious movement he drew deeper into the shadow of the heavy boughs, and, blended with the shade which they cast, was lost completely to view.

The figures passed so close to him that their garments almost touched his own, still whispering in a low and stealthy tone. They had gone but a few paces when the obscuring cloud passed from the moon, and St. John discerned them clearly. The first figure was very tall, the other shorter, and wrapped from head to foot in a long cloak, upon whose collar drooped the folds of what seemed a Spanish hat, completely concealing the face.

The taller of the two wore no wrapping, and Mr. St. John distinctly recognized the form of Lindon. He bent earnestly toward his companion, and seemed to be urging something which had been met with opposition. Mr. St. John could not catch the words, which were uttered in a low and cautious, though very excited tone, and he was glad that they did not reach him; glad when the voice grew more and more a mere murmur, and Lindon, with his silent companion, disappeared in the distance and the darkness. Their footfalls, growing fainter and fainter, were finally absorbed by the silence.

St. John stood for an instant looking in the direction they had taken, and then, issuing forth from the shadow, calmly bent his way back to Williamsburg.

“That is really something more than I bargained for,” he muttered as he went along. “I came to enjoy my own thoughts in silence, and alone, and here I stumble on this man and one of his companions. They say that Lindon and his Excellency have exchanged many civilities, and my head to half a crown! that man is engaged in the plots against the liberties of Virginia!”

“Well,” continued the young man, after a pause, during which he looked thoughtfully toward the lights of the town, which were, one by one, disappearing, like fire-flies going to sleep, “well, let this gentleman of the villainous countenance go on his way. He is nothing to me, and I do not fear that he will do us any injury. He plots and walks in darkness as his congenial element, but there are others who conspire against the conspirator!”

With these words St. John returned to his chamber, and after a last look at the moon, fell asleep murmuring the motto of Bonnybel’s seal, “*Nec temere, nec timide!*”

He had a strange dream. He fancied himself again at the Indian Camp, with the mysterious figures of Lindon and his companion before him. They disappeared, but suddenly came upon him again, before he was aware, behind his back. He saw Lindon’s face convulsed with a smile of triumphant hate, as he placed a dagger in the hand of his companion, with which the cloaked figure struck at the young man’s back. He started from sleep, and half sprung from bed, but laughing at his fears, soon fell asleep again, his slumber remaining uninterrupted until morning.

Do dreams ever forewarn? Had Mr. St. John believed so, and acted upon his convictions, the whole current of this narrative would have been changed.

At seven o’clock upon the following morning, he was pursuing, at full speed, the road to Vanely.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A SLEEPING BEAUTY.

THE young man rode so well that before the hour indicated in Bonnybel's letter, he entered the great gate of Vanely, and cantered to the door.

No servant was visible, and securing his horse to the rack beneath one of the great oaks, he entered the mansion.

He opened the door of the library expecting to see Colonel Vane; his hand was extended to greet the old gentleman, but suddenly he paused.

In the great leather chair by the table, covered with books and papers, Miss Bonnybel, overcome, apparently, by the balmy influence of the May morning, was slumbering tranquilly. Upon her lap rested an open volume, which seemed to have escaped from her hand as she fell asleep, for one of the slender fingers remained between the leaves.

St. John paused for a moment to take in fully the entire details of the pretty picture.

The great chair had a sloping back, and thus the young lady's position was almost that of one reclining. The graceful head was languidly thrown back, and drooped sideways towards the rounded shoulder. Her hair had become unbound and lay in brown masses of curls upon her neck. Her small feet, with high-heeled slippers, decorated with rich rosettes, reposed upon a velvet-cushioned cricket, and the little pointed toes, over which fell the ribbons of the artificial roses, peeped out gracefully from their hiding place.

The young man remained for some time silent and motionless, watching the sleeper. Not a trait of the picture escaped his brilliant and penetrating glance. His laughing eye riveted itself upon every detail—on the forehead bathed in the dews of slumber, the dusky lashes lying

on the rosy cheeks, the glossy curls, which rose and fell with the tranquil breathing of the maiden. He smiled as his gaze dwelt upon the little slippers, so prettily arranged even in sleep; on the hand, glittering with a single diamond which hung languidly over one arm of the chair; upon the tapering arms, the countenance filled with maiden sweetness, and the fawn-colored dress, falling in ample folds around the wearer's graceful figure.

We doubt if even the most violent advocates of propriety will blame him, when he cautiously approached, and bending down, took the disengaged hand and kissed it in a cousinly way.

But Miss Bonnybel did not awake. He looked at the volume lying on her lap. It was the book of ballads which he had been reading to her on the morning when Lindon interrupted them, and she had opened at the particular poem they had read together.

A slight color came to the young man's cheek. Let us pardon him—he was in love. He hesitated what course to pursue, but, all at once, this hesitation disappeared. His glance fell, with an audacious smile, upon the coquettish feet, and he had fixed on his scheme. This scheme was simply to remove the rosettes, which were secured by small silver buckles, from the shoes, to go into the hall and make some noise which should arouse Miss Bonnybel, and then to enjoy, from his hiding place, the young lady's surprise and confusion.

He carefully set about his undertaking, and became so absorbed in it that he did not see the maiden's head rise with a sudden movement, her eyes open, and fix themselves upon him. He raised his head, however, to see if the sleeper was undisturbed, and Miss Bonnybel closed her eyes, and drew a long, labored breath—smiling, it seemed, in her sleep! The young man's smile replied to it, and having detached one of the rosettes, he set about securing the other.

Then it was that he heard suddenly the calm and satirical words,

“Do n't you think that will do, sir? I should suppose that one was enough!”

Thus caught in the act, Mr. Harry St. John remained for a moment dumbfounded. But recovering his equanimity, he said, laughing,

“Did you compose yourself in that pretty attitude to receive me, Bonnybel?”

“Humph! and you suppose I would take the trouble!”

“You said you 'd put on your best gown and ruffles.”

“I was speaking satirically, sir! I suppose your vanity will not believe it—but, pray, what are you doing to my feet?”

“I was only taking off your rosettes. I should like to examine them; they're very pretty!”

“I suspect you intended some trick! I know it, sir! But enough! You'll please let them alone!”

And Miss Bonnybel withdrew her feet, vivaciously, from sight.

“I feel profound remorse for my presumption,” said Mr. St. John, in a contrite tone; “let me atone for my offense, most beautiful lady. The culprit can only make restitution—though your feet are dangerous things to approach! Hold them out!”

Bonnybel hesitated, glancing doubtfully at him. But the young lady had lovely feet, and her obduracy yielded to her vanity. She thrust out the extreme point of the slipper deprived of its rosette, and Mr. St. John secured the ornament in its place. He was so long doing so, however, that the young lady tapped her foot impatiently, and then the wide folds of her dress swept over foot and slipper.

“You see,” said her companion, “I've come in obedience to your command. Where's uncle?”

“They all went over to Maycock's,” returned the young lady. “Heigho! I've had such a dull time reading that love-sick ballad. It put me to sleep.”

And she yawned.

“How I should like to take a ride,” she added.

"Would you? Then I'll go order your horse. Mine's at the door. Where shall we go?"

"Anywhere; say to 'Flower of Hundreds.'"

"My old rattletrap? Well, so be it."

And the young man went and ordered Miss Bonnybel's horse.

They were soon galloping over the fields and through the forest, exchanging a hundred jests, and an hour's ride brought them to their destination.

"Flower of Hundreds," Mr. St. John's mansion, stood on an elevated plateau, near the river. Instead of a "rattletrap," it was a fine old country house, with a score of apartments, stables sufficient to accommodate a hundred horses, and a servant for every pane in every window.

They entered the fine old grounds, and the gray-haired African, left as major domo, by his master, came and greeted them with dignity and respect. Half a dozen negro boys ran to take their horses, and leaning lightly on the arm of her cavalier, Miss Bonnybel held up her long skirt, and entered.

Along the walls of the old antler-decorated hall hung the St. Johns, male and female, of a dozen generations. A number of fox-hounds rose to welcome the visitors, but, neglecting the young lady, bestowed their entire caresses upon the young man.

"See the small discrimination of the canine species," said St. John, "they neglect 'Beauty' for the notice of the 'Beast.'"

"I always distrust your mock humility, and especially your compliments; the dogs like you because they've had nobody else to like; you're a miserable old bachelor!"

"So I am, but how can I help that?"

"Humph! very easily. That is to say, sir, you can try!"

And Miss Bonnybel gave her cousin an audacious glance, shot over her right shoulder, and full of coquettish audacity.

“What’s the use of trying?” he said. “’T is very easy to get married, but difficult to get the girl one wants.”

“And *she* is to marry your lordship without being asked, I suppose! That’s very reasonable indeed!”

St. John looked steadily at his companion, to discover if the words meant more than was expressed. But she darted from him, and ran into the great sitting-room.

“O! there’s my favorite portrait,” she cried; “the picture of Sir Arthur St. John, is n’t it, of the time of his Majesty Charles II., who died for love? What a noble face, with its pointed beard, and long, gay curling ‘love locks!’”

“’T is handsome indeed, but do you admire him for dying of love?”

“Yes—to distraction! I wish he’d courted me! He’d never have died!”

“Pity you did n’t live in his Majesty’s times,” said St. John, with a glance of admiration; “the Arthurs have all gone, and our hair to-day is cut close. You might marry a gentleman of the St. Johns somewhere, but he’d be apt to look far less romantic.”

It was Miss Bonnybel’s turn to dart a look of curiosity at her cousin now, but she read nothing in his face.

With a sudden laugh, the conversation was turned by the young lady, and then they ran all over the old mansion, prying into every nook, and laughing at every thing.

An hour passed thus, and then they remounted and returned to Vanely, where they found the ladies of the family and the colonel.

St. John related the scene at the Governor’s, with many amusing exaggerations, but he was glad at last to steal away into a corner with Bonnybel, who drew him toward her with laughing glances.

Thus passed several days, and, with every passing hour, the dazzling loveliness of Miss Bonnybel increased in her lover’s eyes, and he found his resolution failing him.

In their rides and walks, the damsel said a hundred care-

less things which made his pulse throb, and her dangerous eyes gave meaning to her mischief.

Who can paint such a compound, as she was, of audacity and reserve, of feeling and mirth? who could place, in cold words, the light, and fire, and attraction of her brilliant eyes? The present chronicler is unequal to the task. He sees her smiles and coquetries, her pouts and blushes; he hears her laughter and her sighs, but he can not describe them.

Of what those days of constant meeting resulted in, he can tell with ease, however. But even this trouble is spared him. By good fortune, he has a letter from St. John to his friend Mr. Alston, and this will tell the tale.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ST. JOHN, FROM HIS HOUSE OF "FLOWER OF HUNDREDS," TO HIS FRIEND, TOM ALSTON, AT "MOOREFIELD."

"FLOWER OF HUNDREDS, *May 22, 1774.*

"WELL, Tom, I've got my *quietus*. You've the pleasure of hearing from a young gentleman who's just been discarded!

"Do you start, my dear friend? Does the event seem so very tremendous and unexpected? I'm sorry to shock your feelings, and would not do it for the world, could I avoid it, but the fact is as I've stated.

"I do not take the event with your equanimity; I am sufficiently miserable even to satisfy the vanity of the young lady who has thought it decorous to give me many reasons to believe that she returned my affection, and then to inform me that she can't be my wife. You see I'm angry, as well as unhappy. I do n't deny it, and I think I've some reason.

"I went to Vanely on Saturday, and we rode hither, where we spent an hour, and then returned; on Sunday

you remember, we met at church, and on Monday—but I'm prosing with a detail of my movements. I meant to say that on the visit here, in all of our rides, and interviews, and conversations, I was fond enough to imagine than I saw some indications of real love on Bonnybel's part. She declared that I would find no difficulty in marrying, that faint heart never won fair lady, upbraided me for not *speaking*, as if maidens could propose themselves, and in a thousand different ways, led me to believe that she loved me, and was willing to marry me.

“On these hints I spoke; it was one evening at the trysting tree, the old oak at the end of the lawn, you know, and I made myself clearly understood. You know that, much as I may love a woman, I'm not the man to kneel at her feet, and wipe my eyes, and whine out, ‘*please* love me!’ On the contrary, I told Miss Bonnybel simply that I loved her truly, and asked her to marry me.

“You should have seen her look when I spoke thus. She became crimson, and was silent for a time. Then—but hang it, Tom! I can't fill the chair of the historian. She discarded me—that's all. She had the greatest affection for me, 't was true, she said, but she was over young to marry yet; she'd not made up her mind—it was unfair in me to thus make her feel pain—she would always love me as her dear cousin and playmate—then she raised her white handkerchief to her eyes, and begged me to reconduct her to the house.

“I did so in silence, and then discovered that I had important business here. That's all.

“Well! I'll neither cut my throat, nor sit down and weep, nor, worst of all, go crouching back to her, like a dog! Henceforth I forswear the sex. A bachelor's life for me, my boy. Come, take a main at tric-trac with me, and help me to find the bottom of a cask of Bordeaux or Jamaica. I'm moping, you see, and want company.

“Your friend,

“HARRY ST. JOHN,”

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE REPLY.

“MOOREFIELD, *May 23, 1774.*

“YOUR letter really astonished me, my dear boy—it did, upon my word. You will permit me to observe that you are really the most unreasonable and exacting of all the lovers that I’ve read of, from the time of Achilles to the present hour.

“And so, when you pointed your gun at the tree, the bird did not flutter down and light on your shoulder! Or say that you banged away, my boy, do you expect such a wild little thing as Miss Bonnybel to sit and be shot at by you? You discharge your fowling piece, and before the smoke’s cleared away, walk tranquilly up to pick up the game; you find that your aim was bad, and there’s no bird on the ground, and you scowl, and growl, and complain of her for not falling!

“‘My son,’ I would say to you, as I’m told the great King Solomon did on one occasion, ‘listen to the words of the wise; wisdom is the principal thing,’ he adds, ‘therefore get wisdom, and with all thy getting, get understanding.’

“Curious and complex, O my beloved friend, is the heart of woman. Many philosophers have written concerning them, but they are hard to understand. But one thing I am sure of, that the young ladies of the province of Virginia object to falling without due warning—subsiding, hysterically, into the embrace of any young man who is good enough to hold out his arms. And you will pardon my declaring my opinion that it is reasonable; were I a woman, as that engaging young lady, Miss Tracy, says I am already, I’d demand a siege of a decade! ’Tis true I should be verging toward forty by that time, but I’d possess the inestimable satisfaction of reflecting that I’d passed my life in worrying a young man.

“You dissent, perhaps, from my views, but, honestly now,

do you think you gave Miss Bonnybel 'sufficient notice' of the intended movement in your 'suit?' 'Tis a charming damsel (though of course much less so than *a certain person*), and I fancy she resents your cavalier assault, your ferocious charge, as though your banner were inscribed, 'Marriage or instant death!!!' And then you go on to complain of her bright eyes, of her chance-uttered words and jests. Really, my dear Harry, you are a perfect ogre. You can't let a maiden display her liking, and smile, and look attractive, and please you! Suppose all the world was of your way of thinking! What a dull, stiff, artificial world it would be. Just think, my dear fellow, of the awful result. No laughter, no ogling, no flirting any more! The true joy of our existence would disappear, the girls would be lifeless statues. *You* may fancy a statue of marble for your spouse, but I'd rather have a nice young woman of the real world, with her dangerous smiles, and head bent sidewise! Do you say that a friend of mine at Vanelly is not such as this? I can only reply that my tastes were not formed when I met her. I adore her, 't is true, but logically speaking, I'm wrong.

"Take my word for it, some day, your bird will descend; shake the tree, and the fruit will fall. Imitate an unappreciated friend of yours, and still continue the shaking.*

"As to misery and woe, and anger, and all that, 't is natural but very irrational; 't is unpleasant, and does no good. Go back to Vanelly and renew your attack—love the damsel so much that her pride may be flattered. My friend, there is nothing like perseverance. Go court your *inamorata* more ardently than ever, and if, meanwhile, you do n't meet a girl you love more, I'll lay you ten to one that you get her!

"These few words, Harry my boy, must suffice. I can't come to see you; I am busy at home. But we'll meet at the assembly, in town. You say that the young lady put

* On the margin, we find in his, St. John's, hand-writing:

"If I do, I'll be hanged. I'll tie myself to no woman's apron-string!"

her handkerchief to her eyes; well I predict that those eyes will shine brightly when they next rest on you. 'T is always thus when the April shower is over.

“Your friend—Heaven grant, your brother—

“TOM ALSTON.”

“P. S.—Get wisdom.”

CHAPTER XXXVI.

BLOSSOM.

THE views of his friend had little effect upon St. John. It was not his pride which was so deeply wounded; it was his heart.

His letter was one of those tissues of self-deception, which are woven to blind their eyes by the most clear seeing. He loved the girl more than ever when he found her beyond his reach, and his faint flush of anger gave way to misery.

It was not long, however, before this sentiment also yielded. The first pangs of his disappointment gradually became less poignant. He coolly set about seeing to his neglected affairs on the estate, and having attended to every thing, and wound up the machine, cast about him for some occupation to divert his thoughts.

“I'll go to town,” he said, with a sardonic smile; “I'll go give his Excellency a chance to arrest me! What an admirable scene will be enacted if he tries it; perhaps the cause will be affected by my act, and historians will put my name in their books!”

The real object of the young man was to divert his mind from thought, and he had no sooner conceived his plan than he proceeded to execute it.

Mounting “Tallyho,” he rode to the nearest ferry, crossed the river, and approached the capital as the sun was setting. He went along carelessly through the forest illumined

by the orange light, and with eyes fixed on the ground, gave free rein to his thoughts. He did not observe that his horse had taken a wrong turn in the road, and was aroused from his abstraction suddenly by a voice. This voice, which seemed that of a child, said,

“Won’t you stop a minute, sir? I’m very glad to see you!”

In the little maiden who spoke, he recognized Blossom, and she stood at the gate of the small cottage, which smiled on him, embowered in foliage and flowers.

“Will I stop? Why with pleasure, my little spring blossom;” replied the young man, pleased with the fair face; “I am not the least in a hurry, and I am glad to see you in turn.”

With these words he dismounted, and securing Tallyho, shook hands with Blossom, and followed her to the trellised porch.

“My dear, you are the very image of your namesakes,” he said, caressing the child’s hair; “where did you get such roses?”

Blossom took a cluster of buds from her bosom, and said—

“They are from the flower-bed yonder, sir.”

St. John smiled.

“I mean the roses in your cheeks, my dear; they are prettier than the others.”

“Oh it’s nothing but running about playing,” said Blossom, blushing, “I run sometimes as far as town, sir, you know—as I did that day—”

“When my horse nearly killed you—yes,” said St. John; “well he’ll never do so any more. I saw our friend, the Governor, the other day, and I’m happy to say for the last time as his servant.”

“Oh! I hope you did not quarrel, sir! he’s a dreadful man!”

“Quarrel?” said St. John, with his sardonic smile, “what put such a thought in your head? Why his Excellency and

myself fairly dote upon each other, and the room was full of the first gentlemen of the colony, invited to attend and meet me! His lordship talked more with me than with any one else, and when I went away, called a soldier to escort me!"

Having made this elaborate jest, St. John smiled on Blossom.

"Oh! I'm very, very glad that you did n't quarrel!" she said, "he's so fierce looking, and spoke so cruelly of papa."

"Of your father? Oh yes, I remember—where is he, Blossom?"

"I do n't know, sir."

"Ah?"

"I never know where papa goes, sir," she said, simply, "I believe he has a great deal to do."

As she spoke horse's feet were heard, and Blossom jumped up crying,

"Oh there he is, sir!"

At the same moment a gentleman entered the gate.

In the father of the child whom he had so nearly crushed beneath the hoofs of his horse, St. John recognized the stranger of the old church at Richmond.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE WOOOF OF EVENTS.

THE stranger was clad in black, as formerly, and his face wore the same expression of iron calmness. His penetrating eyes were full of collected strength, and when he greeted St. John in his deep and resounding voice, the young man felt again that he was in the presence of a remarkable individual.

"I am glad to see you again, Mr. St. John," said the stranger, with an iron-like grasp of the slender white hand.

“I believe I need not introduce myself—as my child has told you my name.”

“Yes, Mr. Waters,” returned St. John, “and we can not meet as strangers. ’T is true, I come ill recommended, since my horse nearly killed your child.”

The stranger made a movement with his hand.

“Do not speak of that,” he said, “’t was no fault of yours. The real offender was Dunmore, and I congratulate you on leaving his service.”

“You have heard, then, of my resignation?”

“Assuredly. I have even heard every particular of the interview at the palace. I knew all, half an hour after it occurred.”

“Pray how was that possible?”

“In the simplest way—the society I represent has friends everywhere.”

“You seem to know every thing. Did you recognize me yonder in the old church of Richmond?”

“Undoubtedly, sir; how could I fail to? You have been for some time a public character, and I knew perfectly your opinions before I spoke. If in what I said, I was carried away by a rush of bitter memories into egotism, you will not think harshly of it, and will pardon me—will you not, sir?”

There was so much simplicity and nobility in the air of the speaker that St. John, unconsciously, held out his hand.

“You did me an honor, sir,” he said, “in confiding your misfortunes to me. I trust we shall be friends.”

“We are such already, I am sure,” said his companion; “your words in the old church yonder stirred my pulses, and your reply to the insults of Dunmore, in his palace, was the reply of a fearless patriot and gentleman.”

St. John bowed low.

“Thanks!” he said, “but I merely defended myself. Was any action taken in regard to my humble self?”

“None. Dunmore and Captain Foy had more critical business. Do you know what they were doing, and are do-

ing now? They are devising a plan to embroil the people of Pennsylvania and Virginia on the subject of the boundary line, and further, to invite the savages to invade the western frontier of the province."

"Impossible!"

"So it is," said the stranger; "the agent of these traitorous schemes to crush Virginia in the coming revolution is a man named Conolly, commandant at Fort Pitt; he is now in Williamsburg awaiting instructions. Those instructions were being drawn up in cipher by Foy, without the knowledge of the council, on the day you appeared before the Governor."

St. John's head fell, and his brows contracted.

"Why 't is nothing less than treachery—blood—murder!" he said.

"Precisely that," said the stranger, coolly.

"And I! am I forgotten?"

"As yet nothing has been done; a new lieutenant has been appointed; the matter waits. But I advise you to lie down armed. I am a peaceful man, but I rarely move unprepared. I would advise you to do the same."

A careless movement of the stranger's hand threw open the breast of his doublet. From a side pocket protruded the dark handles of a brace of pistols.

"Events ripen," he continued, "and the times grow dangerous. This very day, sir, a great movement has been made. The Burgesses have resolved that the Boston Port bill is dangerous to liberty—the dispatch of troops thither an act of oppression. The first of June is appointed as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer; to implore divine Providence to give them courage and heart to oppose this invasion of Right. In accordance with this act, it was further resolved this morning that the Burgesses, on the day appointed, will proceed with the speaker and the mace to church, there to pray for the cause of America. Such are the resolves, and they will answer the purpose."

"The purpose?"

“To force the Governor to dissolve them.”

“Do you think he will?”

“To-morrow.”

“Ah! and then?”

“The rest is arranged—prepared.”

“Can you speak?”

“Yes, to you, friend. We are alone here, and I know whom I address. The House of Burgesses will be dissolved to-morrow. The members will, on the next morning, meet in the Raleigh tavern, and eighty-five, perhaps eighty-nine, of them, will unite in an association to arouse the colonies, through a committee of correspondence, to a general congress, binding themselves to use nothing from the docks of the East India Company. They will then leave Williamsburg. They will every one be reelected by the people. They will meet here again on the first day of August, and their work then will be to cement the disjointed resistance North and South, and appoint deputies to the general congress. That congress will meet, probably, in Philadelphia, and much will depend upon its proceedings.”

“The Governor will dissolve the Burgesses to-morrow?”

“Yes, at three in the afternoon he will summon them before him, as though he were majesty itself, and then he will dismiss the chivalry and wisdom of this land like disobedient school-boys. Would you see the proceeding? I will meet you at the door of the capitol.”

St. John was silent, only assenting with a thoughtful movement of his head.

“Your long labor is then beginning to produce results?” he said, looking at his companion.

“Yes,” said the stranger; “yet not mine alone. I am but a poor soldier in a noble army; an army of strong arms and great hearts, which advances under the leadership of the Almighty, who directs and guides its onward march.”

As the stranger spoke, his companion again observed that look which had formerly attracted his attention,

—the expression of an intellectual fanatic who has but one idea, and is bent and swayed by a pursuit which is his life blood.

“What we have just been discussing,” he said, “these resolutions, and debates, and associations, these are are but the husks of ideas, the shells in which principles are wrapped, the costume and material frame. There is beneath all this, the heart and the soul, the vital idea, which must clothe itself thus for action. To read the annals of history, without eternally keeping in view the existence and superintendence of that Almighty Being, under whose breath we move, is to paralyze the mind with a chaos of unmeaning and discordant elements, a jumble of effects without causes. The voice of God resounds to my ears through the long galleries of history, and I see His footprints on the soil of every land. It is that great Being who shapes, in silence and darkness, the far-off result, who strikes, when he is ready, with his thunderbolts. It is not from a clear sky that these thunderbolts fall; it is only when the atmosphere is prepared that he unharnesses his lightnings. It is only when the political atmosphere has reached the requisite state that he lets loose the thunderbolts of revolution.

“I wish to say,” continued the stranger, with his far-away look, “that under all these resolutions and business details, these husks and shells, is the living and vital idea, the onward march of man. Every word and phrase in these papers we have referred to, embodies a thought crammed with significance; every new expression, growing bolder and bolder, is like the increase in the height of the waves when the storm sweeps onward. From the year '65 to the present hour, I have looked with awe and wonder upon the gradually unfolding intent of the Deity. I have seen this land advance toward a new and splendid existence, as a ship is impelled by the breath of the hurricane. I have seen the great multitude advance, step by step, pushed onward by an invisible hand toward the bloody gates of revolution, through which, and which alone, shall we enter on

the promised land of liberty. We spoke, yonder, of this, and I then said that I thought I saw how to each one his part was assigned. To Patrick Henry, that soul of fire, and prophet of liberty, was assigned the duty of putting the huge ball in motion. He was raised up at the crisis and did the work which the Deity assigned to him; he struck, as it were, with the flat of his sword, and aroused the whole land to indignation. In his fiery and burning periods, in his immense denunciations, the oppressions of England shone forth in all their deformity. He did no half work; beneath his gigantic shoulder, the ball of revolution began to move.* But the immense mass must move in its appointed way; it must not roll at random; its course must be fixed. And to fix this course, to define the revolution, its track and its aims, to the public opinion of Europe and America, Thomas Jefferson appeared, a man who has just begun his career, but whose genius for overturning is immense. See here, too, the hand of the Deity; see this wonder and mystery of his decrees. This man, thus raised up to fulfill the divine purpose, is an infidel, has no particle of reverence; for him, Christ is but a name. The Almighty has removed the faculty of reverence completely from his intellect, and he advances over thrones and systems, through prejudice and prestige, with a fatal, a mathematical precision. He carries out his premises to the bounds of and beyond pure treason; like a machine, his splendid intellect does not stop to reflect, but accomplishes its work without pausing. Well, sir, see how, in these two men, who utter and define the revolution—see how God has raised up, at the appointed time, the instruments with which he designs to produce his results. I said, up yonder, and I repeat, that the military leader will appear in good time; I doubt it not at all—I expect without impatience—I calmly await the appointed moment. Who knows what the hand of God has been doing? Perhaps, as we have passed our serene existence here in the midst of civilization, and surrounded by comforts—perhaps

* Historical Illustrations, No. XVI.

some lonely youth, in the wilds of the forest, fording great rivers, and ascending vast mountains, has been trained in peril, and suffering, and hardship, for the leadership of liberty. Perhaps, as we speak, this man is ready to appear; let us wait, let us trust in God.

“But I weary you,” said the stranger. “I forget that the philosophy of history, as the schoolmen say, may not interest you as it does myself. What my brief and awkward train of thought would utter is this, and this alone: that for ten years these colonies have been slowly advancing, led by the Almighty; as he led the Israelites of old, to a point from which they can not recede, where they can not stand still, when, consequently, they must press onward, even though it be through the Red Sea of revolution and blood. The seeds of liberty were sown in the opposition to the Stamp Act; they have sprung up and spread into a tree, whose iron grain will blunt the sharpest battle-ax. In '65, the alarm was sounded by the voice of Patrick Henry, and reverberating from cliff to cliff, it will mingle, in '75, with the roar of cannon, the trumpet blast of battle! Do not mistake or misunderstand, I beseech you!” said the stranger, with his dazzling and fiery glance. “Revolution is logical, mathematical, but it is the logic, the mathematics of God! It is God, sir, who directs us poor puppets beneath him; it is God who has made all things work together harmoniously to this splendid result; it is God who, having aroused our minds, and strengthened our souls, will also give us victory in the struggle. For my part I do not fear the result; I look forward, I pray, I wait!”

The stranger was silent, and for some time nothing disturbed the stillness. At last Blossom stole out, thinking the conversation was over, and came to her father.

The gloomy and wistful eyes grew clear, the lips relaxed from their compressed expression, and a sad smile played over the stranger's face.

“Perhaps, after all, it is better to listen to the heart,” he said, “and happy is the man who does not feel compelled to

espouse the cause of his species. Poor intellect which has not a heart !”

And with a sad and wistful look, the stranger passed his white hand over the child's bright curls.

Blossom took the hand and pressed it to her lips, at the moment when Mr. St. John rose to depart.

To the stranger's courteous invitation to remain, he urged business in town, and so they separated, appointing to meet at the capitol.

Blossom, too, had her little speech, which was a request that her friend would please come again, and this promise being given, the young man set forward to Williamsburg again as the night fell.

A singular idea occurred to him as he rode onward.

The man whom he had just left, with every thing which surrounded him, seemed a living protest against the old world and the past. The cottage, with its low roof, hidden in the wood, from which issued a man whose spirit aroused revolution, was the direct antagonist of kings' palaces and courts. As the palace, and the king in his royal trappings, were the incarnation of privilege and prerogative, and superstition, so the cottage in the wild forest, and the plain man in black, were the representatives of liberty, disenthralment—of that freedom of thought and soul which the new world must inaugurate.

The child before him, young, weak, and so nearly crushed to death beneath the hoofs of his horse, was the type of Virginia, which the legions of Great Britain would soon strive to trample down !

He reached Williamsburg and his lodgings before he was aware of it. Wearied with the long ride from “Flower of Hundreds,” he was soon asleep.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE FIXED STARS OF VIRGINIA.

ST. JOHN was awakened by the sunbeams falling on his forehead.

It was the 26th of May, 1774, a day memorable in the annals of Virginia.

As though to cheer and embolden the hearts of patriots, the great orb of day rose clear and brilliant, and mounted to his noon unobscured by clouds, as on that occasion in the old church of St. John, when the stranger had pointed to it, soaring above the retreating thunder storm, and called it "the Sun of America."

At an early hour, the entire capital was in commotion, for the news had gotten abroad that on this day Lord Dunmore would dissolve the Assembly. The crowd continued to increase throughout the morning, and at three in the afternoon, it poured in one living mass toward the capitol, in front of whose wide portico the statue of the good Lord Botetourt looked down with calm serenity upon the multitude.

But since the days of that honest nobleman, men and events, unhappily, have changed. Other times have come, and another Governor rules in the chair of Norborne Berkeley.

Lord Botetourt, it is true, had also dissolved the Burgesses, but sadly, sorrowfully, with the reluctance of a man who acknowledges in his heart the justice of a protest, but is forced, by his sworn duty, to oppose himself to the protestants. The worthy nobleman loved Virginia and the Virginians, and many persons said that the oppressions of the ministry had hastened his death. However that may be, one thing is certain, that soon after his dissolution of the Burgesses, this statue of him was commanded by that body; and having been duly erected before the capitol, to be re-

moved afterwards to the college grounds, where it may now be seen, the marble image of the good nobleman, on this May day of '74, looked tranquilly upon the masses ruled now by —— Dunmore.

Let history, with her inexorable justice, her cold stylus, fill the space left blank before the name. The present writer disdains to attempt the task, leaving to others the duty of depicting one who united in his character the most perfect treachery, the utmost cowardice, and the most consistent and harmonious meanness.

But let us follow St. John.

The whole population, as we have said, flowed toward the old capitol, along Gloucester street, as, on the day of Lady Dunmore's entry, in an opposite direction toward the palace. But now it seemed agitated by far different emotions. Then it had shouted and laughed, now it was silent and frowned. Then it saw a cavalcade, brilliant with the bright eyes and smiling faces of a good woman and her beautiful daughters, and it smiled gladly in return. Now it was about to behold the haughty progress of a bad man, with a scowling face, surrounded by his mercenary attendants. And the people scowled honestly back in advance, and looked sidewise, with a threatening air, at the guards when they appeared.

St. John was carried onward by the crowd to the base of Lord Botetourt's statue, where the waves of the multitude were divided, and flowed right and left.

It was with immense difficulty that he succeeded in elbowing his way up to the portico. At last, however, he attained his position, and then his glance surveyed the long street, with its undulating and imposing occupants, its old men with gray beards, and maidens in picturesque dresses and curiously peering children, lost like flowers in the waves

He was still absorbed in this scrutiny when he felt a hand on his arm, and a calm voice said,

“An interesting spectacle, friend; the curiosity of the multitude seems general.”

He turned, and found himself face to face with the stranger, who added with a grave inclination, as he leaned against a pillar, and thoughtfully surveyed the crowd,

“We are punctual to our appointment, Mr. St. John; I have been awaiting you, however, as the Burgesses are awaiting the Governor.”

St. John pressed the extended hand, and said,

“I should like to look at the House. Will we have time before the Governor arrives?”

“He will not come for twenty minutes.”

“Well then let us go into the gallery, and you shall point out to me some of the leaders.”

“Willingly.”

And in a moment they were in the gallery of the Burgesses.

The speaker sat opposite in a tall chair, clearly relieved against a red curtain, held aloft by an ornamental rod.* Beneath, sat the clerk of the House, behind his table littered with bills; before him on the table lay the great mace, which signified that the body was in full session. When they sat in Committee of the Whole, it was laid *under* the table.

The members were scattered throughout the hall, talking earnestly in groups, and scarcely heeding the hammer and cry of “Order, gentlemen!”

“Strange to say I have not before visited the present House,” said St. John; “’t is my loss, for they have a most imposing air.”

“It is the reflex of their mental characteristics,” said the stranger. “The body before you, friend, contains the great leaders of Virginia—the burning and shining lights of the coming storm. Look, there, in front of the speaker. Do you know the member in the peach-blossom coat, with the tie-wig and the worn red cloak?”

“I have seen him pass on the street I think: yes, one day, talking with Mr. Carrington.”†

* Historical Illustrations, No. XVII.

† Ibid., No. XVIII.

‘That is Patrick Henry,’ continued the stranger, “the prophet and king of the revolution that comes onward, the torch which illumines the way. He was born in Hanover, among the slashes, and after a youth spent in idleness, studied law, and appeared in the ‘Parsons’ cause.’ The rest of his career you are familiar with. The burning eloquence which drove the clergy in despair from their seats in the court house, soared to heaven like a flame of fire in the days of the Stamp Act agitation, in ’65. At this moment, that awkward-looking man, with the listless air and the stooping shoulders, is the grandest orator on the continent of America, and none in the old world compare with him. Heaven sends but one such man in a thousand years. It sent Demosthenes, and now it sends this greater than Demosthenes. Sir, I weary you, but this man, the very sight of him, arouses me. He will rule and sway, in right of his genius, the storm which is rushing downward!”

St. John looked at the ungainly figure, and could not realize the truth of what he heard. It was simply a slouching county court lawyer that he saw.

“I see that you think I am enthusiastic,” said the stranger; “you think that this man in the old worn coat—this man of the people—is unequal to the task I describe.* Hear him speak, and your doubt will disappear. You will then see him rise erect like a giant, you will see the lightning of such glances as you never even dreamed of, hear the thunder of an oratory which will shake the throne of England, and reverberate through the history of this continent! † Enough! the event will show.”

The stranger was silent for a moment, then turning his eyes from Henry, continued,

“Those two gentlemen in front of the speaker must be known to you. The one whose tall figure is bowed by the weight of seventy years, with the deep blue eyes protected by a green shade—that is Colonel Richard Bland, of ‘Jordan’s,’ in Prince George, the author of the letter on the

* Historical Illustrations, No. XIX.

† Ibid., No. XX.

‘Twopenny Act,’ of the tract on the ‘American Episcopate;’ above all, of the ‘Inquiry into the Rights of the American Colonies,’ whose logic advances with the resounding roll of an avalanche. He is descended from Giles Bland, who fought with Bacon—is called, for his great acquisitions, ‘The Antiquary of Virginia,’—at seventy, and when almost blind, he still puts on the old harness in the service of his countrymen.”*

“I know Colonel Bland,” said St. John, “and his companion—”

“Is Mr. George Wythe, one of the most learned gentlemen of the province. His mother taught him Latin and Greek in his childhood. He drew the celebrated memorial to the Commons in ’64; he is second to no one in patriotism. But these men are but units in a noble line. See, yonder, Mr. Thomas Nelson, from the town of York; see his gentle smile, and the suavity that beams in his features. He is capable of giving his time, his means, his very life-blood to his country. And there beside him is Mr. Robert Carter Nicholas—thin-featured, growing bald, of grave bearing; he is a sound financier and far-seeing statesman. You know the tall and portly gentleman with whom he converses. It is Mr. Benjamin Harrison, of ‘Berkeley,’ on James river. In his veins flows the blood of Harrison the Regicide, the man who was prominent in condemning Charles I. to death. He is a man of the most admirable administrative genius, of a patriotism unsurpassed; his courage would make him smile at the foot of the gallows.”†

“Yes,” said St. John, “that is true, every word, of Mr. Harrison. And who is that tall youth just behind him?”

“With the slender figure, and amiable black eyes? That is a young gentleman, residing in Fauquier; Mr. John Marshall. He is seeking, I believe, for a commission in the service.”‡

* Historical Illustrations, No. XXI.

† Ibid., No. XXII.

‡ Historical Illustrations, No. XXIII.

“I do not know Mr. Marshall, but his face is attractive,” returned St. John.

“But you doubtless know that tall gentleman to his right. That is Mr. Edmund Pendleton of Caroline, the type and representative of the conservative revolutionists—the *thinkers* who desire to advance, logically, and in well-ordered phalanx. You read in his bearing, in his very countenance, the character of the man—the man whom I regard as equally valuable to the revolution with Mr. Henry and Mr. Jefferson. Mr. Pendleton is profoundly read in the laws binding nations and individuals; his conservative genius curbs the fiery and rash minds of the passionate reformers; his familiarity with forms and parliamentary rules, will be of indispensable value to the cause. In debate he is wholly unsurpassed by any man in North America, and in the fiercest encounter of the sharpest weapons 't is impossible to throw him off his guard. His noble and serene bearing is a great aid to his oratory; his suavity and grace conciliate the rudest. No finer type exists of the courtly gentleman. If Henry is our Demosthenes, Pendleton is our Cicero; his silvery voice steals away your reason.”*

“Absolutely,” said St. John. “Yes, I know Mr. Pendleton very well.”

“You doubtless know also the group who are talking yonder earnestly in the corner,” continued the stranger. “Do you see the tall gentleman who thrusts a hand covered with ruffles into the breast of his blue, gold-laced waistcoat; him of the broad massive brow, the dark eyes, full of mingled sadness and severity, the brown cheek and the lofty carriage? That is Mr. George Mason from the county of Fairfax, but not a member of the present Burgesses. He is a man of the profoundest political genius, not second even to Mr. Jefferson. A statesman of the very first rank, deeply read in the lore of charters and constitutions, with a brain and heart beating with one pulse of patriotism. Should a declaration of rights be thought advisable by the province

* Historical Illustrations, No. XXIV.

—a chart to steer by in the storm—it is to this man that I would most willingly confide the task. The bill of rights which he would frame would be the platform of liberty, the embodiment of the philosophy of honest government, the exposition of the inalienable rights of mankind.”*

“’T is truly an admirable head,” said St. John. “I did not know Mr. Mason.”

“The small gentleman,” continued the stranger, “of graceful feature and eyes singularly piercing, is Archibald Cary, of ‘Amphill,’ in Chesterfield, called ‘Old Iron’ for his inflexible courage,† and the member whom he addresses is Richard Henry Lee, of ‘Chantilly,’ in Westmoreland, called ‘The Gentleman of the Silver Hand.’ Is his not a noble head? The type of the Roman, a true Scipio Africanus, inclining forward with lofty grace, as though he were listening to you with his best courtesy. ’T is a pity that an accident made the black bandage on his left hand necessary; but let him once speak and you see it no longer, though he uses it in his gestures; you hear only his swelling and magnificent periods!‡ Many of the rest you doubtless know. Mr. Peyton Randolph, Mr. Francis Lightfoot Lee, Mr. Rutherford, Mr. Langhorne, Mr. Paul Carrington, Mr. Lewis Burwell of Gloucester county; and yonder you see Mr. Thomas Jefferson.”

“Ah! you spoke warmly of him, sir, when we talked,” said St. John.

“Not more warmly than I should have done,” replied the stranger. “See the *pen* of the revolution; you have looked at Henry, the *tongue*. You may discern in the countenance of this gentleman, too, his whole character. See his broad, swelling forehead, with thin sandy hair; his prominent nose, thin lips and resolute chin; see, above all, his piercing and clear eye. It is the face of a man with a genius essentially political; a mind which arrives, with a single bound, at conclusions which startle the boldest. In this man, as in Mr.

* Historical Illustrations, No. XXV. † Ibid., No. XXVI.

‡ Historical Illustrations, No. XXVII.

George Mason, the revolution vindicates itself to history; the true representative of a convulsed epoch, he will guide and direct great events. His glance of lightning has already flashed through the cobwebs and ruins of feudalism, the trappings of royalty and nobility; he believes in nothing, trusts to nothing, accepts nothing which is not clearly *proved* by the doctrine of inalienable right! Before the fatal advance of his inexorable logic, royalty, aristocracy and religious intolerance yield, one after another, and are overthrown. His faults are those of a genius too youthful and fiery; his views are extreme, and need the mellowing hand of time to harmonize them, but still he is the man for the times, the gladiator for the present arena!"

As the stranger uttered these words, a stifled sound from the great crowd without was heard, and the Burgesses gathered in more earnest groups than before.

"The moment has come!" said the stranger, taking St. John's arm, "let us go look on; but first, see that great figure which has risen but now, the man who stands surrounded by Henry, Mason, and Nelson, and Jefferson, and young Marshall, who is as tall as the lofty General Lewis, of Botetourt, beside him. Ah! I see you know him. Yes, that is Colonel George Washington, of 'Mount Vernon,' in Fairfax. He sustained the whole frontier on his shoulders, fought with Braddock, and is now a member of the Burgesses. I have spoken of the tongue and the pen of the revolution, friend. If Providence so wills it, see the *sword*."

And without further words the stranger led the way from the gallery. In a moment they again stood on the portico of the capitol.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HOW THE STRANGER'S FIRST PROPHECY WAS FULFILLED.

THE movement and murmur in the crowd had been caused by the approach of Lord Dunmore.

The two men had arrived just in time.

From the portico upon which they were stationed, above the statue of Botetourt, and the undulating masses, their glances embraced the whole spectacle.

The approach of his Excellency was announced by a handful of his guards who rode before, royally, to clear the way. Then a larger detachment appeared riding abreast in front of the chariot, the plumes of a troop of like number revealing themselves plainly in the rear.

At the head of the troop in front rode a tall and magnificently accoutred gentleman, and as the cavalcade drew on, St. John started slightly.

The new commander of his Excellency's guards was Mr. Lindon.

The young man's lip curled.

"Ah well!" he said, carelessly, "I congratulate his Excellency on securing such a fine captain, and Mr. Lindon on entering the service of such a master. They'll suit each other to a marvel."

Having thus expressed his view of the matter, St. John continued to gaze at the procession with a curling lip and a sort of wonder, as he thought that, but a short time before, Lindon's position was his own.

His Excellency drew on.

Having a profound conviction that the easiest mode of ruling the human species, was to awe and dazzle them in advance, his lordship had made great preparations for the present ceremony, and in the programme, so to speak, had studied to imitate the royal model.

As the guards sent before were to represent those troops

sent in advance of royalty to cry, "make way! make way for his majesty!" and as the larger detachments were to still further carry out the idea and the resemblance, and awe the masses into terror and submission, so, in the selection of his equipage itself, the Governor had endeavored to dazzle the eyes, as with the splendor and state of a king.

The chariot was a huge affair, covered with gilding, and velvet, and damask; a dozen footmen in liveries seemed to hang behind and at the sides, and a driver with a hat bound with gold lace, looked grandly downward on the heads of the common people, through whom he urged onward his six glossy horses, when the guards allowed the mass to close in.

His Excellency was accompanied only by Captain Foy and Lord Fincastle, the secretary or captain, as the reader pleases, preserving his habitual expression of serenity. His dark eyes shining from his pale face, quietly surveyed the crowd with a species of philosophical composure, and then were again lowered thoughtfully.

The chariot paused before the front of the capitol, and the Governor issued forth, in the midst of a profound silence.

He raised his head haughtily, as a king, who is not met with the shouts and acclamations he expects, might do, and then, taking a comprehensive view of the crowd, ascended to the council chamber, followed by the secretary and Lord Fincastle.

"Come," said the stranger to St. John, "let us see the rest; there is a gallery I know of from which we may see all."

And with a rapid step he led the way up a narrow and winding stair, and with a key which he took from his pocket, opened a low door beneath the ceiling.

From behind the high railing of the small, circular gallery, the eyes of the two men looked into the council chamber.

The members of the council, who had already assembled,

rose upon the Governor's entrance, and saluted him—also his companions.

Lord Dunmore then took his seat in the large carved chair of red damask, at the end of the council table, with Lord Fincastle and Captain Foy at his side, the members remaining in their former seats.

A pause of some moments followed the arrangement of every one in his place, and during this time his lordship's countenance wore an expression at once haughty and nervous, disdainful and anxious.

He cleared his throat, arranged with nervous hands some papers before him, and then, leaning back in his chair, said,

“Gentlemen of the council, I have summoned you to meet me here to-day in order that I may express to you, briefly, the reasons for the course I am about to adopt. I shall be extremely brief, for my resolution is taken, and I shall not be swerved from my purpose.

“It is scarcely necessary for me to inform you, gentlemen,” continued the Governor, haughtily, but, as he thought, with dignity, “that seditious persons and enemies to the government in this colony have for a series of years been disturbing the public tranquillity, and even proceeding to what is constructive treason, and would be held such under the 25th Edward III.”

St. John exchanged a glance with the stranger, who moved his head slightly, but again riveted his cold look on the Governor.

“The men that I speak of, gentlemen, are not, I believe, members of the Burgesses, who heretofore, except upon certain occasions, have conducted themselves respectfully toward the government and its representatives in the colonies. The persons I refer to are those who have printed and circulated seditious pamphlets, some of which I have seen purporting even to be issued in this capital. I have information that a man named Waters is the most active agent and disseminator of these papers, and I shall, at an early day, take

steps to arrest and send him for trial to England, with the proofs of his guilt, which are ample. If these proofs do not rid the government of one who is eternally holding sedition, then, gentlemen, I shall lose all confidence in the laws of England, and that gallows which punishes treason!"

A grim and disdainful smile seemed to flit across the countenance of the stranger as he and St. John exchanged glances. Then his fiery glance veiled itself, his face grew cold again, and he fixed his eyes on the Governor.

"But it was not my purpose, gentlemen," continued Lord Dunmore, with a severe air, "to refer to these obscure and contemptible agents of treason. I designed calling your attention to the fact that these seditious views are being so widely disseminated that all classes of persons are becoming aroused by them. All proper subservience to the government and myself; the very respect that is due to my person, is refused in a manner most insulting and outrageous!"

The stranger laid his hand on St. John's arm and said, in a low voice, "Now it's your turn, friend, but do n't move or speak—let us listen."

The Governor, whose countenance slowly colored with anger as he spoke, continued.

"You know, gentlemen," he said, "to what I have reference—the scene that took place at my palace some days since. You were, some of you, present, and you witnessed the spectacle of a peer of the realm, and the representative of his Majesty, insulted, outraged, and even menaced by a young man whose reply to my just complaints of his remissness was a threat to plunge his sword into my breast. If I have not brought this impudent person to justice, it is only because I have been absorbed by affairs more important, but he is marked in my black book, and in good time his sedition will be punished."

"Listen," said the stranger, in his low, deep voice, and crouching with fiery eyes, near the face of the young man, "listen—'*affairs more important!*'—do you understand? Cowolly!"

And the stranger's eyes seemed to blaze as he leaned forward, pointing to Dunmore.

"Yes," said St. John, coldly, "I understand!"

The Governor paused a moment, then went on, loftily.

"All these outrages and commotions," he said, "indicate, on the part of the people of this colony, a tendency to tumult and rebellion. This tendency has entered the House of Burgesses, and even appeared in that body some years ago. On that occasion, their action compelled Lord Botetourt to dissolve them, an act which he, however, performed in a manner extremely reprehensible. I say reprehensible, sirs, and I know what I say! His lordship committed a great fault, and I shall take warning from the result of his ill-advised proceeding."

The Governor frowned as he spoke, and looked round the council haughtily.

"In myself, gentlemen," he said, "his Majesty has a representative of another description. I keep no terms with rebels, I utter no honeyed words; I suppress their rebellious career, that is all. And this brings me, gentlemen, to the point I would reach. The House of Burgesses, yesterday, proceeded to resolves upon the late bill for the closing of Boston harbor—to resolves, in their spirit, if not in letter, treasonable! Yes, treasonable!" said the Governor, scowling at the council; "they have presumed to declare that this bill is a blow at the liberties of America! The liberties! the very word is nonsense! I know what the tools of sedition say about these 'liberties,' but I say that the best writers upon constitutional law lay down the fixed principle that dependent colonies can have *no* liberties. They are subject to Parliament and the King; it is their place to submit, and I for one, gentlemen, will see that the government does not yield to these impudent claims! Yes, impudent! You think the word too strong, I do not! It is impudence, and nothing less, to declare that the government has no right to close the port of Boston, for their overt act of sedition in destroying the tea in December last! And

the House of Burgesses is not content with declaring this an attack on the liberties of America, forsooth! It must proceed further, and appoint the first day of June a day of fasting, and humiliation, and prayer! Well, gentlemen, I have but one word to add. The Burgesses, by their own action, declare themselves desirous of being humiliated. They fix on the first day of June; I will save them the trouble and delay by humiliating them now!"

And with an angry flush upon his countenance, the Governor turned to the clerk of the council and said, haughtily,

"Bid the gentlemen Burgesses attend me in my council chamber!"

The clerk bowed low, and left the apartment in the midst of profound silence on the part of the council.

"Look now and listen!" said the stranger, in a low voice, to St. John; "see how this coarse little terrier will snarl at the lions of Virginia!"

The usher returned and announced that the Burgesses were approaching.

They soon made their appearance, headed by the speaker and the sergeant carrying the great mace, defiling into the apartment with measured steps, and heads bent with cold courtesy as they fronted the Governor.

Lord Dunmore's eye, for a moment, quailed before the clear and calm gaze of these men of lofty stature and erect port.

He nervously arranged his papers as before, and cleared his throat. No doubt his Excellency had designed to utter his views at length, and in a manner similar to that already made use of to the council.

But before the array of fearless countenances with their firm lips and cold eyes, filled with a hauteur greater even than his own, this design seemed to be too great a tax on his powers.

He gazed for a moment with his former mixture of nervous trepidation and insulting disdain at the body, and then,

raising from the table a copy of the resolutions passed on the previous day, he said,

“Mr. Speaker, and gentlemen of the House of Burgesses, I have in my hand a paper, published by order of your House, conceived in such terms as reflect highly upon his Majesty and the Parliament of Great Britain, which makes it necessary to dissolve you, and you are dissolved accordingly!”

Having so spoken, the Governor, with an angry and swollen countenance, leaned back in his chair, and gazed with a sort of fearful defiance upon the Burgesses.

The speaker simply bowed, and then, followed by the members, left the apartment in the same deliberate and measured manner.

“Come, friend!” said the stranger to St. John, whom he drew away, “the first scene is played, and the rest will rapidly follow!”

CHAPTER XL.

HOW HIS EXCELLENCY ASKED THE NAME OF THE STRANGER.

THE two men soon found themselves again upon the portico of the capitol.

The crowd, if any thing, had increased, and now seemed to have exchanged its silence and gloom for indignation and uproar.

The great waves rolled, and muttered, and dashed themselves about with somber menace, and at times the long procession, so to speak, lining the whole of Gloucester street, writhed to and fro, resembling, in the brilliant sunshine, a great serpent with glittering scales, his body agitated and lustrous as that of the cobra or the rattlesnake, when about to raise his crest and strike with his fangs.

This threatening air was obvious at once, and the stranger surveyed the huge mass of heads with a species of gloomy satisfaction.

“Good, good!” he said, in his deep voice, “the breath of the storm sweeps toward us, the surface begins to foam!”

“The people?” said St. John.

“Yes, look! Do you see this great crowd—this crowd, made up of gray beards and children, of matrons and maidens, of high and low, rich and poor? Well, friend, I see in their faces the result of our labors, our toils, our long waiting! They rise, they tremble! the billows begin to boil! you may see the ‘white horses,’ as the poets say; wait! You will see the tenth wave before long!”

As the stranger spoke, his brilliant and fiery eye embraced the whole spectacle, and his body bent forward like that of the hunter, when he finds himself in the presence of the lion at bay.

“You say, the ‘tenth wave,’” said St. John, gazing on the stranger’s pale countenance with its sparkling eyes.

“Yes, the wave that will strike and overwhelm!”

“Heaven grant it!”

“That is the prayer of thousands night and morning—that this insolent armed tyranny may be swept from the earth!”

“Ah! armed! you refer to the guards?”

“Yes, look at them!”

“They almost trample on the crowd. To think that I was once commander of these men!”

“You are free again, and see what you have gained!”

At this moment the agitation of the crowd grew even greater, and the guards of his Excellency were hemmed in on every side by the waves, from which issued threatening murmurs.

From their elevated position the two men had a full view of the scene, and especially of Mr. Lindon, whose tall form, or his large horse, rose above the press.

Lindon’s countenance wore a mingled expression of fear and defiance, of anxiety and supercilious disdain.

He seemed to regard the crowd with the impatience and

scorn of a nobleman, in presence of a rebellious *canaille*, but a *canaille* which it was good policy not to arouse.

His horse, however, was restive, and the heavy spurs which his rider unconsciously dug into his sides at times, excited him more and more. The result of the last application of the sharp rowels, was a furious bound of the animal, and an old man, with hoary head and beard, was struck heavily and fell.

In an instant the crowd was driven to frenzy, and with furious countenances, they were about to throw themselves upon the troops, when a loud noise from the portico attracted every one's attention.

It was his Excellency, who had adjourned the council and now descended to his carriage.

"What is the meaning of this uproar?" he said, sternly; "are my people being attacked by these insurgents?"

"Yes, my lord," cried Lindon, "the masses here are in commotion!"

And he struck at the hand of a tall fellow who caught at his bridle.

The Governor saw the threat of the man, and his face grew pale.

"If they attack you, charge and disperse them!" he said, pale and fearful amid all his anger.

Lindon hesitated.

The furious faces and menacing arms intimidated the worthy commander.

"I say charge them!" cried the Governor.

The words were distinctly heard by the crowd, and a howl of rage was the reply.

The women and children were hastily hurried to the rear, the men with strong arms appeared all at once in front, in an immovable phalanx, and the hands of these men, whose faces were pale and determined, were inserted into the pockets of their doublets, grasping concealed arms there.

In a moment a sanguinary contest would have ensued, and the streets flowed with blood.

But a more commanding voice than that of his Excellency rung above the heads of the crowd, and drew all eyes to the speaker.

It was the voice of the stranger, and it resounded like the blast of a trumpet above the roar of shouts and menaces.

The words which he uttered were brief, fiery, and to the point. He counseled moderation — the moment had not come. The men before them were a handfull only, which a breath would scatter, but no advantage would be gained by dispersing them.

“Let them pass!” he said in his sonorous voice, which rang above the menacing multitude like a clarion; “the hour has not struck! Wait! it comes!”

“And you, my lord,” added the stranger, advancing with his head raised proudly erect toward Dunmore, “do not lash this people into madness! ’Tis sound counsel! Return to your palace before it is too late, sir! In ten minutes your path will be barred by the crowd, and at a word the streets of the capital will flow with blood! I give you good advice, and advise you to profit by it. Return, I say, while you have time!”

The Governor trembled with rage, and glared at the speaker for an instant without speaking.

“And who are you, sir?” he said, with an explosion; “who are you that give advice to a peer of the realm, and the representative of his Majesty?”

“A man of the people only, my lord.”

“Your name, sir! I desire to remember it!”

A cloud passed over the stranger’s brow, and his eyes flashed.

“It is a name that is not pleasant to your lordship!” he said, haughtily, “a circumstance which I do not regret!”

“Your name, sir!”

“Waters!” replied the stranger, returning the Governor’s frown with a glance of fire which showed to what depths his nature was moved. “Waters is my name, and I am the father of the child whom your lordship, with a coarseness

and cruelty only worthy of a peer of the realm, outraged and wounded in your palace! I scorn to conceal any thing! If your lordship presumes to order my arrest, I will arouse that crowd to tear you and your escort to pieces!"

Carried away for the moment by rage and scorn, the speaker advanced another step toward the Governor, and confronted him with a look of such decision and fire, that Dunmore's cheek grew pale, and his lips vainly endeavored to shape an answer.

"Your lordship will doubtless have all your hounds on my track to-morrow!" said the stranger, "but I will defend myself now and at all times! If you arrest me, it will be my dead body!"

The Governor had not time to utter a word in reply to this speech, before the portico suddenly filled with the members of the House of Burgesses.

At sight of them the crowd uttered a shout, or rather a roar, indicating a perfect knowledge of their ignominious dismissal.

The menacing waves rushed again toward the troop, and the six horses, drawing the chariot of his Excellency, tossed their heads and moved about in their harnesses with fright.

"My lord," said the speaker of the Burgesses, "permit me to respectfully suggest your return to the palace. The people assembled here evidently construe your dissolution of the Burgesses into an insult and outrage, and we can not be responsible for the consequences of the further presence of the troops!"

Dunmore, boiling with rage, and pale with fear, surveyed, alternately, the Burgesses and the roaring crowd.

The people were more completely aroused than ever; Lindon's eyes turned, from moment to moment, uneasily toward the Governor.

"My lord!" said the speaker, "in the name of Heaven, either return or dismiss your troops! In ten minutes blood will flow!"

Dunmore, with a convulsion of wrath, but a step wavering and undecided, half descended the flight of steps.

“Go on, my lord,” said the speaker, “we will attend you and restrain any commotion of the inhabitants. I beseech your lordship to proceed!”

Lord Dunmore half turned, with a countenance red and pale with rapid changing expressions, and for an instant his wrathful glance rested upon the face of the stranger.

He ground his teeth audibly, and shaking his glove toward his enemy, turned and descended the steps.

The members of the Burgesses surrounded him, and mixing with the crowd, spoke earnestly and reproachfully to them.

The justice of these representations seemed to be acknowledged, and the sea of heads flowed backward toward the houses on each side of the way, leaving an open space, through which the troops, headed by Lindon and the chariot containing the Governor, rapidly advanced towards the palace.

The Burgesses continued to escort it until it disappeared at the turn of the street, and then they mixed with the crowd, in whose tumultuous and agitated waves they were swallowed up and lost.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE STEPS AND THE BASE OF LORD BOTETOURT'S STATUE.

ONE member of the Burgesses remained on the portico of the capitol.

It was the awkward-looking man in the tie-wig, the peach-blossom coat, and old red cloak.*

Leaning against a pillar, with his shoulders bent, a pair of old saddle-bags, containing papers, on his arm, his iron

* Historical Illustrations, No. XXVIII.

mouth wreathed with a cold, grim smile, the man in the red cloak gazed after the retreating chariot and its escort.

He then rose erect, and laying his hand on the arm of the stranger, said, in a voice at once harsh and musical, careless and earnest,

“Well, brother patriot! that’s a handsome spectacle, is it not now?”

The stranger was silent for some minutes, during which time he seemed to be engaged in suppressing the last mutterings of the storm of wrath which had clouded his mind.

One after one his features sank into rest, the old iron calmness again diffused itself over his countenance, and he replied,

“I know not, friend, if it is a handsome sight, but I think it a very fair exhibition of aped and mimiced royalty.”

“Well, you see, his Excellency’s king here—we can’t complain.”

“Yes, king! by right of arms.”

“I do n’t think you treated royalty with sufficient respect,” said the man in the red cloak, smiling grimly; “he’ll take his revenge and arrest you.”

“My dead body, perhaps.”

“Good! good!” said the grim speaker; “that’s the way I like to hear people talk! That’s the true lingo! I know you are in earnest, and are ready.”

“I am,” said the stranger.

“Beware of your movements—watch! guard yourself. For you have a cunning and treacherous enemy to deal with, a man who absolutely disgusts and revolts me!”

And the countenance of the man in the red cloak lost its grim carelessness, and his eyes flashed.

“Brother!” he said, proudly raising his head, “I think we’re beginning to reap! Do you remember our talks at the *Raleigh* ten years ago? I then affected to teach you; I was really learning. I was wrong, you were right! It was necessary to advance step by step; ‘from doubt to certainty, from certainty to indignation, from indignation to

revolution !” Those were your very words, and they have been the iron bit, the chain bridle which curbed my natural impetuosity and recklessness. I would have shot on, like a war-horse, and you held me in. I would have rushed head long, your mind held me back ! Yes, you were the true thinker, marching, step by step, with the times, neither in advance or behind. Do not deny it,” continued the man in the red cloak, gazing with a proud look upon the stranger, which seemed to illumine his countenance, and rendered it most attractive ; “do not say no, for I speak the truth of your genius ! You saw further and deeper than I did, and history is your vindication. Well, now, we have truly gone from doubt and certainty to indignation, and the end will be the fires of revolution, as you predicted.”

“Yes, friend !” said the speaker, raising his head still more nobly, and with glowing eyes, “you were right, a thousand times right, and yet ten years ago we really inaugurated this revolution. Can your memory ever lose that scene which I refer to ? I see that you remember ; that you can not forget the burning stamps, the great crowd, the roaring of that thunder, and the dazzling bolt which crashed down in a blaze like the light of the eyes of the Almighty ! But you did not hear my words then, there on that platform, above the roaring fire, for you were lifeless, your mouth full of bloody foam ! Brother ! I received you as you fell back in my arms on my breast ! I clasped your weak form to my heart as a mother clasps her child. Do you know what I said after what you uttered then ? I said, ‘The revolution is begun !’ and it was ! To-day it only goes on, you see ! and it ’s no new acquaintance to us at least !”

The man in the red cloak had completely lost his carelessness, as he spoke in animated and nervous tones, and his earnest eyes dwelt with proud admiration on the stranger.

“There ’s the hand I gave you ten years ago,” he said, “the hand of a loyal man ! I then said to you that the new world dawned ; I now add that the sun mounts, through

clouds and mists, to its zenith. Remember! to-morrow, in the Raleigh, you know! The association is already drawn up."

And, retiring as it were into himself, again the man in the red cloak led the way down the steps, with a careless and shambling gait, which was the perfection of awkwardness.

St. John gazed after him with thoughtful eyes, and asked himself if this man really could be the thunderbolt of oratory, the genius of the rising storm.

The voice of the stranger recalled him to himself.

"I see what you are thinking of, friend," he said, in his habitual tone of calmness; "you doubt whether this man is equal to the work assigned to him; you question the sublimity of that strength I have claimed for him. Well let us not further discuss the matter. Let us wait, and perhaps we shall hear his voice. Let us follow the current of events, and see their course. Virginia is every moment now making history!"

The stranger then descended the steps, followed by St. John, and they both disappeared in the crowd.

There were two personages present at these stormy scenes whom neither the young man nor the stranger had noticed.

The first was a child who, mounted upon the pedestal of Lord Botetourt's statue, with one white arm clasped round that worthy nobleman's knee, had followed, with flushed cheeks and fearful eyes, the details of the tumult.

She was clad in a little pink dress, with scarlet silk stockings, which ended in rosetted shoes, and one of these shoes was firmly planted on the pedestal of the statue. The child kneeled with the other knee on the shoulder of a youthful cavalier, on whose curly head she rested her left hand for further security, and the boy seemed to be proud of his burden.

As the stranger and St. John disappeared, the girl slid down from the statue, was caught gallantly in the arms of

her escort, and they wandered away—the boy's arm round the neck of the child, and her own resting innocently on his shoulder.

As they were lost in the crowd the girl said,

“Oh me, Paul! did n't it scare you?”

“No!” replied Paul; “no, Blossom! You see, you are a girl; I am a man, and I want to fight!”

He did so, in the Revolution.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE “APOLLO” ROOM IN THE RALEIGH TAVERN.

Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.

It was the morning of the 27th of May, 1774, a day which, like the 22d of February, 1732, and the 4th of July, 1776, belongs to history.

As before, the sun rose, bright and serene, through a cloudless heaven, and at ten o'clock the members of the late House of Burgesses met in the “Apollo” room of the Raleigh tavern. On the same evening, the ball given by the Burgesses, in honor of Lady Dunmore, was to be held at the capitol.*

Our brethren of other States have carefully collected the dates of revolutionary occurrences, at this period, when so many colonies were jostling each other, as it were, in the noble struggle for precedence in bidding defiance to the oppression of the home government. For this reason we rigidly adhere to history in narrating events at Williamsburg.

It was at four in the evening, on the 26th of May, 1774, that the Virginia House of Burgesses were dissolved for their action on the bill closing Boston harbor. It was at ten in the

* Historical Illustrations No. XXIX.

morning, on the 27th of May, the next day, that they met in the Raleigh tavern to enter their solemn protest against the act of the Governor, and send their words of cheer to their brethren. It was at nine o'clock at night, on the same evening, that the Burgesses and gentlemen of Virginia met to honor with splendid entertainment the wife and daughters of Lord Dunmore.

It was an act very characteristic of the men of Virginia—those courtly gentlemen whose portraits we now gaze on with so much affection and admiration. They bowed low to Lord Dunmore on that evening; but it was the bow of the swordsman, who salutes his adversary as he places himself on guard.

The "Apollo" room was a plain apartment, with white-washed walls, numerous windows, and a pine wainscoting, painted lead color, running around the whole extent of the room.

A door at one end afforded entrance, and at the other end an old-fashioned fire-place was flanked by two other doors, leading by winding stair-cases to the dormitories above.

A long table and a number of benches and chairs, hastily provided, were the sole furniture of the apartment when the Burgesses assembled.

Our chronicle aims rather to give colors and social peculiarities than public events, and in preceding pages we have endeavored to trace some of the traits of the period, and to exhibit the effect, in a social point of view, of those events upon the minds especially of men leading that remote country life, where the true character of movements and things is caught more vividly and accurately, perhaps, than in other localities. We have shown how the intelligence of the Boston Port bill was received at Vaneley, and we have just witnessed the scenes which attended the resolves of the Burgesses on the same subject.

We shall, therefore, leave to the imagination of the reader the meeting at the Raleigh of those true and noble patriots—leave, also, to imagination, the countenances and words of

those men who did so much for their descendants; who, in the long galleries of history, will hang the noblest pictures, the heroes, of the dark and stormy days of our Revolution. For him who writes, there seems ever to rest upon those splendid figures and imperial brows a richer splendor than we see to-day—the glory and beauty of a purer patriotism, and a more serene and changeless devotion to the cause of truth and the happiness of their species. They were true as steel amid the fury of the storm, and sent their great voices to their brethren without fear.*

Tout Seigneur, tout honneur!

Of this body of men who threw down the gauntlet to a wicked oppression, pledging life and fortune, and sacred honor in the struggle; of these men who met at the old Raleigh, Virginia will ever be proud. Not a head but is dear to her still, for there is not a name but is an echo of truth and courage, and devotion to a noble cause.

The meeting in the "Apollo" room soon terminated.

Its deliberations had been marked by the utmost calmness, the most immovable decision, and a dignity and moderation which gave its action the effect of a decree emanating from the flower of the patriotism and strength of the colony.

The convention had agreed upon a proclamation to the people of Virginia, headed, "An Association signed by eighty-nine members of the late House of Burgesses."

It declared that the Burgesses, "having been deprived, by the sudden interposition of the executive part of the government, from giving their countrymen the advice they wished to convey to them in a legislative capacity, they found themselves under the hard necessity of adopting this, the only method they had left, of pointing out to their countrymen such measures as in their opinion were best fitted to secure their dear rights and liberty from destruction, by the heavy hand of power now lifted against North America."

* Historical Illustrations, No. XXX.

The paper went on to declare that the application of the colonies to Great Britain for justice had been disregarded, that a determined system was being pressed to reduce them to slavery, by taxing them without representation, and that the Boston Harbor bill was unconstitutional and "most violent and arbitrary"—a "dangerous attempt to destroy the liberties of America." That tea should be used by no person wishing well to his country, and that no other East India Company commodity whatsoever, but absolute necessities, should be purchased or used.

"We are further clearly of opinion," said the paper, "that an attack made on one of our sister colonies, to compel submission to arbitrary taxes, is an attack made on all British America, and threatens ruin to the rights of all, unless the united wisdom of the whole be applied. And for this purpose it is recommended to the committee of correspondence, that they communicate with their several corresponding committees, on the expediency of appointing deputies from the several colonies of British America, to meet in general congress at such place, annually, as shall be thought most convenient; there to deliberate on those general measures which the united interests of America may, from time to time, require."

The paper ended by declaring that a persistence in the designs of Parliament would produce an "end of all commercial intercourse with Great Britain," and then were affixed the signatures of the eighty-nine Burgesses.

Thus, in this paper, the members of the late House of Burgesses:

I. Protested against their arbitrary dissolution by Lord Dunmore.

II. Declared the Boston Port bill unconstitutional, and a blow at the liberties of the North American provinces.

III. That they and their countrymen would use no tea or other English commodities until the act was repealed.

IV. That an attack on the sister province of Massachusetts was regarded as an attack upon Virginia.

V. That persistence in these measures would terminate all intercourse with Great Britain.

VI. That steps should at once be taken for a general congress to meet annually, and deliberate on such measures as the united interests of the country at large might demand.

Thus the Burgesses of Virginia accurately and clearly *defined* the oppressions of England, and proclaimed the rights of the people of North America. They declared commor cause with the sister colonies, and pointed out the strength to be derived from union. Thus Virginia was at her post, as always, in the van of the great army of resistance. All eyes were directed toward her, and her voice of good cheer was heard through the gathering storm, as her sisters had heard it in the past.*

In the burning oratory of Patrick Henry in '65, the gauntlet was thrown down to the originators of the Stamp Act.

In the protests of the Burgesses in '74, the issue was joined on the Boston Port bill.

The hot metal, for nine years, growing hotter and hotter in the cauldron, was thus poured into the mould of revolution.

CHAPTER XLIII.

IN WHICH A CHARIOT ARRIVES.

"WELL friend," said the stranger, issuing forth with St. John from the Apollo chamber of the "Raleigh," "you see the game's afoot! the leashes are loosed, and the dogs of war bay on the track!"

"Your prophecies rush to their fulfillment truly!"

"They were not such—they were mere announcements. And now, friend, I must go. My work calls me. Events

* Historical Illustrations, No. XXXI.

tread on each other's heels, and minutes grow to days. I have told you where to find me, if you wish, in the capital."

And saluting his companion, the stranger turned away and was lost in the depths of the crowd.

St. John returned slowly to his lodgings, and sitting down, remained for a long time buried in thought. In the two days which had just elapsed he had received so many new and vivid impressions that he needed silence and reflection. He had heard the moving accents of a mysterious agent of revolution; he had seen the representatives of the people defy the authority of the government; he felt the ground shake beneath him as it were, with the tramp of a nation slowly advancing toward the gulf of war.

On that other more painful event of recent hours, he tried not to let his mind dwell. At first he succeeded, but soon his resolution succumbed, and, with a bitter sigh, he went over every detail of his misfortune.

"Well, well," he said at length, rising, "let the dead days bury the dead, I'll not touch the corpse. I'll not whine and moan, let what will come! Patience! 't is all in a lifetime!"

And going to the window, he gazed sorrowfully into the street. As he did so, a chariot stopped before the door of the large house opposite, the residence of his friend, Mr. Burwell. He started as he saw Bonnybel issue from it. She was followed by the gouty old colonel and the rest of the family, and the great traveling trunks, containing doubtless the ball costumes of the ladies, having been removed, old Cato whipped up his four long-tailed horses, and the chariot drove to the stables.

The visitors were received at the door by Mr. Burwell; a beautiful young lady, with sunny curls, embraced and kissed Bonnybel; it was she whom the girl called "Belle-bouche"—and the door closed upon the party.

St. John returned to his sofa and his reflections. They busied themselves with the query whether he should attend the assembly. At last he seemed to have made up his mind.

“Yes, I’ll go,” he muttered, “and not act the part of the Knight of the Forlorn Countenance! I’ll go dance, and laugh, and be as hypocritical as the best of them. What a world it would be if every luckless fellow turned hermit! if every heavy heart did not mask its anguish with a laugh!”

And looking with a sardonic smile at a picture resembling Bonnybel, which hung on the wall, he added:

“The fallen salutes his victor!”

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE ASSEMBLY AT THE CAPITOL.

NIGHT had fallen, brilliant with stars. The streets of the capital resounded ceaselessly with the roll of chariots. A laughing throng rushed, with merriment and confusion, toward the center of attraction—the old capitol, where the ball was held.

A procession of splendid equipages constantly deposited their burdens before the portico. These burdens were pompous old planters in rich dark doublets, powdered heads, knee-breeches, and silk stockings; grand old dames in black silks and diamonds, and laughing little maidens, who flashed forth like butterflies in their immense hooped dresses of glittering satin, with jewels and laces, and curls and smiles, the latter directed at the gay gallants who received them.

The youngsters in question did not come in the family chariots. They preferred, to that “slow” mode of conveyance, the saddles of their thorough-breds. On their fine prancing horses they had galloped by the coaches, uttering a hundred jests, and exhibiting their graces to Dulcinea within, and they now stood prepared to lead in the ladies.

Let us leave the scenes of hubbub at the door, and enter the assembly room.

It is filled with the laughter of revelers. A great crowd,

undulating to and fro beneath the brilliant lamps, is constantly increased by new arrivals. From end to end of the great room, runs a buzz of voices, which rises at times to a deafening din, and when the sable musicians in the corner scrape their catgut, a thrill of delight runs through the young men and maidens. Silks and satins rustle and whistle, like the broad leaves of corn when a breeze passes over them; the bright eyes of the ladies summon their partners for the quadrille and the minuet.

From his post in a corner, St. John sees Colonel Vane and his family enter. The colonel limps, leaning on his gold-headed cane, erect Aunt Mabel at his side. Behind comes Miss Seraphina with her friend, Mr. John Hamilton; Tom Alston escorts Helen; and lastly Miss Bonnybel appears on the arm of Barry Hunter, the Prince of the Wilderness. St. John does not look at Mr. Burwell's party, he gazes calmly at Bonnybel.

She is clad in a dress of gauze-like fabric, over a petticoat of azure satin. A mass of lace envelopes her beautiful arms, and she looks as fresh as a rose. Her hair, profusely powdered and looped with pearls, is carried back from her white forehead; her violet eyes sparkle with anticipation.

The dark brunette complexion, black hair, and calm face of the gentleman who comes and salutes her, present a decided contrast to the maiden.

It is Mr. St. John, who approaches in the most courteous way, and pays his respects to the party. A slight color comes to the girl's cheek as he bows, and she holds out her hand and presses his own warmly. The pressure is not returned, and St. John, bowing low, makes way for the gentlemen who hasten to pay their respects to the little beauty.

All at once the brilliant crowd is seen to divide. Lord Dunmore, in a costume of immense splendor, enters. His squat little figure is covered with embroidery and decorations. His countenance wears an elaborate smile, but his eyes do not smile at all, they glitter, so to speak, on the assembly.

The ladies, however—the countess and her daughters—seem unaffectedly pleased. Innumerable presentations commence then, and these are succeeded by a minuet, in which the countess is led forth by Mr. Randolph, of the council.

The festivities of the evening are thus formally inaugurated, and thenceforth the assembly commences in earnest. Quadrilles, contra-dances, minuets succeed each other; the joy and mirth of the ball begins to culminate. The apartment trembles and quakes with the flood of voices, the floors jar with the feet of the dancers as they move, as they move to the loud music, which rejoices and triumphs in its sway over gallants and dames.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE RIVAL LIEUTENANTS OF THE GUARDS.

“ARE you angry with me, cousin?”

St. John, who was talking with his friend, Mr. Hamilton, felt a hand on his arm from behind. He started, and turning, saw Bonnybel leaning on the arm of a gentleman.

There was a color in her cheeks, and something like a pout upon her lips, but the eyes of the young lady were very sad as she gazed at St. John.

“Angry?” he said recovering from his momentary surprise; “by no means; why should you think so?”

“Because you’ve scarce saluted me, and not asked me to dance.”

And Miss Bonnybel pouted again.

“I am not very gay this evening,” replied the young man. “I spare your feelings, for I should doubtless weary you.”

“You are very cold!” she murmured, in a tone which he alone caught, “you look at me as though I were the most indifferent person in the world to you.”

And the large sad eyes dwelt pensively upon his countenance.

His pulse throbbed, but that was all. He did not speak.

"You forget that long ago, you engaged my hand for a minuet," she continued, coloring, "but, doubtless, you have not thought of me or the engagement."

"On the contrary, I was coming to claim your hand for the next. Will you dance with me?"

"Yes," she said.

The embarrassing conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Mr. Lindon, who, in his splendid uniform of lieutenant of the guards, came and saluted, profoundly, the young lady.

"May I have the honor of dancing the next minuet with you, madame?" he said.

"I have just engaged myself to my cousin, Mr. St. John, sir," she replied, coldly.

The two men looked at each other with that expression which indicates concealed hostility, and bowed low.

"Then I trust I may have the pleasure of presenting Miss Vane to the countess and his Excellency," continued Lindon.

"Pray excuse me, sir. I propose going up with my father."

Lindon's head rose proudly.

"I am unfortunate in my requests," he said, "but at least I may hope to secure Miss Vane's hand for the next quadrille."

"I am engaged, sir."

"For the next, then."

"It is very fatiguing."

Lindon's face colored with anger, and with a haughty toss of the head, he said,

"I regret that Miss Vane should regard me with personal dislike."

"I am sorry I have offended you, sir; it gives me no pleasure to wound any one's feelings."

“Miss Vane’s theory and practice slightly differ.”

St. John had been chafing for some moments at Lindon’s tone. He now raised his finger, coldly, and said,

“You must be aware, sir, that this conversation is disagreeable to Miss Vane. I insist on its terminating at once.”

The flush of anger deepened upon Lindon’s face, and he was about to reply, when the musicians struck up a minuet. Bonnybel hastily took her cousin’s arm, and led him to the dance. In all their movements they were followed by the glittering and sinister eyes of Lindon, and the expression of his face indicated profound rage.

But this rage was destined to be further increased.

As the minuet ended, a sudden burst of laughter, at the door of the apartment, attracted the attention of every one, and all eyes were turned upon Lindon.

“Pray what ’s the jest yonder, Captain Waters?” said St. John to that gentleman who stood near; “something seems to amuse the company.”

“Ah, *farceur!*” cried the captain, twirling his huge mustache, and making a low salute to Bonnybel, “do you deny that you are the originator of this comedy—this excellent, admirable comedy?”

“Comedy?”

“Farce! harlequinade! what you please!” cried the captain, laughing, “and see if my opinion is not that of all!”

As he spoke, all eyes were turned upon St. John. The young man’s brows contracted, and desiring that Bonnybel might not share this strange publicity, he surrendered her to the protection of the other.

“Right! right!” said the captain, shaking with laughter; “search! investigate! find out, my dear fellow!”

“I certainly shall.”

And pushing through the crowd, St. John gained the door of the apartment. He stopped suddenly.

In the door of the ball room, with the serene air of one who considers himself worth looking at, stood St. John’s

servant, Julius. The negro wore a uniform exactly similar to Mr. Lindon's. It had been tossed to him scornfully by his master, after the scene at the palace, and Julius now donned it for the purpose of shining in the eyes of his fellow servants.

Attracted to the door of the ball-room by his natural love for sight-seeing, Julius had been seen by the company, and as neither Mr. Lindon nor the guards were very popular, the sight had been greeted with uproarious laughter.

St. John could not repress a grim smile at the superb attitude of Julius, but this instantly gave way to displeasure. He advanced with a gathering frown, and the first intimation which the sable gentleman had of the presence of his master, was the vigorous application of the flat of a dress sword to his shoulders.

"Go and take off that suit this instant, rascal!" said St. John. "Go!"

Julius disappeared. He did not utter a word, or walk, or run, he vanished, amid a peal of laughter.

St. John immediately sought with his eye for Mr. Lindon; his intention being to make that gentleman an explanation and apology. He saw his rival glaring at him with a face pale with rage, but the crowd separated them. St. John was borne to the side of Lord Dunmore.

"Pray, what was the occasion of that laughter?" his lordship was saying to a gentleman near at hand.

"A strange spectacle, my lord," was the reply; "it was a negro clad precisely like the lieutenant of the guards, in a laced uniform, with epaulettes."

"Are you jesting, sir?" cried Dunmore, with flashing eyes; "the costume of Mr. Lindon?"

"Precisely, my lord."

Dunmore's face flushed with wrath, and the black vein swelled.

"Whence this impudent outrage?" he cried; "answer me, gentlemen! Who will explain this base insult to myself and my authority?"

"I will, my lord," said St. John, approaching and bowing. "I regret to say that *I* am the cause of the outrage."

"Ah you!—you, Mr. St. John!" cried the Governor, glaring on the young man, almost speechless with rage; "*you* again cross my path!"

"My lord, I did not come to be insulted, but to explain. If you permit me, I can do so very briefly."

And seeing that the Governor's wrath was too great for him to speak, he added :

"The explanation is simple. Having resigned my commission in your lordship's service, I had no further use for my uniform, and my servant fell heir to it, in common with all others which I decide to wear no longer. He has donned the suit to-night, from a childish desire, no doubt, to excite admiration. I need scarcely say that his intention was unknown to me, and to-morrow I shall punish him. I am sorry that I even *seem* to have any agency in so stupid and ill-bred a jest, and shall explain to Mr. Lindon, and entreat his pardon."

The young man bowed low as he ended, and left Lord Dunmore as he uttered a hoarse growl of anger.

At the same moment, supper was announced, and this important event proved a complete diversion to the company from the enjoyment of the farce. But it continued to be food for laughter long afterward.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE SECRETARY.

FOR a time, nothing was now heard but the rattle of plates and glasses, the crying of toasts, the buzz and laughter, which accompanied the process of doing honor to the profuse supper.

Then the ladies were conducted back to the ball-room, the music recommenced, and the assembly, interrupted only for the moment, went on its way again in triumph. In those times, a company did not separate because so slight a circumstance as the sounding of midnight occurred, and the dancing began more gayly than ever.

St. John was standing listlessly looking on, when Captain Waters drew his arm into his own, and suggested the propriety of a glass or a dozen of Canary.

"The fact is," said the captain, as they went toward the supper room, "my wife's not here, and I feel like a jolly bachelor. To let you into a secret, my dear St. John, Madam Henriette's a terrible personage, and makes me behave myself. But who goes yonder?"

"Where?"

"There! Why it's Foy! Good evening, comrade!"

And the captain made a sign to the secretary, who, pale and calm as usual, was gliding among the revelers. He stopped, and returned the greeting of the soldier with calm courtesy.

"Why, I'm delighted to see you," said the captain; "labors over for the day?"

"My labors, captain? Good evening, Mr. St. John."

St. John bowed courteously.

"Yes, your writing," said the soldier; "it must be terribly trying, this thing of copying all the Governor's proclamations."

The secretary's keen eye rested steadily for a moment upon the face of his interlocutor, and then was withdrawn.

"My work is indeed sometimes very exhausting, sir," he said.

"See there!" cried the captain, with an innocent air; "I said so!"

"You said, captain?"

"Why, that this *civil* life was terribly wearisome!"

The secretary inclined his head.

"And to think that you would n't believe me, my dear

Foy, when I told you that our old adventures were far more attractive and amusing!"

"They were truly very enticing to young men, as we then were."

"Reinfels and all, comrade!"

"Ah! that was a misfortune, sir," said Foy, courteously.

"A misfortune! *morbleu*, comrade, 't was no such thing. It was a splendid adventure, and you rose, in my opinion, immensely after that scene. I repeat, my dear Foy, that I positively adored you for that blow!"

The secretary again made his deprecating wave of the hand.

"Come! no disclaimers! no modest expression, as of a young lady, who says, sweetly, 'You take me very much by surprise, sir—really—la!' I say, comrade, 't was a great blow, this *coup of Reinfels*, as I call it! Don't deny it!"

"You are very flattering, captain."

"Not at all, comrade; I'm merely just. And now mark my words—are you listening?"

"Yes, Captain Waters."

"Well, my dear Foy, in future treatises upon swordsmanship, after the author has described every imaginable lunge, in *carte*, in *tierce*, in *guard*, *semicircle*, *octave*, and *flangonet*—after all this, he will write, 'To these must be added the *coup* used by Captain Foy, in his duel with Captain Waters at Reinfels, and known as the *Coup de Reinfels!*' You see, comrade, 't is really indescribable."

"Upon my word, Captain Waters, you overwhelm me."

"No, 't is the truth, and now confess that 't was better to be fighting over there, with the jolliest comrades to look on, *morbleu*, than to be driving a quill here, under the nose of his Excellency, with such rascally spectators as this Conolly and others!"

The secretary's eye flashed, and his piercing look tried to plunge beneath the captain's laughing face and divine his thoughts. But the soldier preserved the most innocent air, gazing at Foy with the utmost simplicity and good humor.

The secretary suddenly turned away, and retired, as it were, into himself.

"I have seen Major Conolly at the palace, it is true, Captain Waters," he said, calmly, "but I have not the honor of his friendship."

"A back-woodsman, is he not?"

"I do not know, sir."

"From Pennsylvania?"

"I really regret my inability to deliver any thing, with certainty, upon the subject, Captain Waters; and now, with your permission, I will first see his Excellency a moment, and then retire, as I need rest."

"A moment!" said the captain; "did you deliver my message?"

"Your message, sir?"

"To his Excellency, my dear Foy, about the Burgesses, you know. I experienced a sentiment of real pride, yesterday, when they were turned out of the capitol, for you will remember that I requested you to suggest that idea to his Excellency!"

Under this persevering banter, the calm secretary's pale countenance did not move.

"Your suggestion escaped my memory, sir," he said.

"Ah! then 't was not on my account his Excellency dismissed the youngsters?"

"No, sir."

"Well, my dear Foy, you are not my friend, and as I have not had even the least adventure or fight with his Excellency's handsome guards, commanded by that broad-shouldered Mr. Lindon, I'm in a furious bad humor. A soldier, though, should not be discouraged. We may yet have a little encounter—who knows?"

"All things are possible, Captain Waters," said the secretary, calmly; "now I must leave you, sir."

And with the same impassive air, the pale gentleman inclined his head, and disappeared in the crowd.

"Go on, snake! go on, conspirator!" said the captain,

looking after him as he was lost in the brilliant undulations of the excited and uproarious crowd; "I'll yet cross your sword, and show you something better than the *coup de Reinfels!* Come, my dear St. John, let's get a cup of Canary. Talking with that fellow makes me choke, *morbleu!*"

And they entered the supper room.

CHAPTER XLVII.

ST. JOHN AND LINDON.

ST. JOHN had not advanced five steps beyond the threshold of the door, when he met Lindon face to face.

The eyes of that gentleman were fixed upon him with an expression of rage and menace which fairly made them blaze.

Lindon seemed to hesitate between two courses—to throw into Mr. St. John's face the glass of wine which he held in his hand, or publicly strike and outrage him.

A glance at the cold and resolute countenance of the young man, however, seemed to deter him from pursuing either of these courses, and instead, he advanced two steps, and made a low and exaggerated bow.

"I have been looking for you, sir," he said, "I am glad that at last I have found you."

"Looking for me?" said St. John, with cold politeness.

"Yes, sir!"

"Pray for what purpose, if I may venture to ask?"

Lindon looked around, and seeing that the crowd were completely absorbed in drinking healths and dispatching the viands, advanced another pace toward St. John, and said,

"I was looking for you in order to join me in making some arrangements, sir."

“Arrangements?” said St. John; “pray explain yourself, Mr. Lindon.”

“You do not understand?”

“I am very stupid this evening, and must beg you to explain.”

Lindon raised his head with haughty anger, and said,

“The arrangements I desire, sir, are those to be made between my friend, Captain Foy, his Excellency’s private secretary, and a gentleman designated by yourself.”

“Oh! a duel!” said St. John, coldly, “you mean a duel?”

“Precisely,” said Lindon, bowing ceremoniously, and biting his lip to hide his wrath, “you have understood me at last, sir.”

St. John returned the cold gaze with a look as cold, and said,

“May I ask, Mr. Lindon, why you consider it necessary to take my life, or for me to take yours?”

“That is wholly unnecessary!”

“Pardon me, I think it is.”

“Mr. St. John, do you refuse my defiance? Do you first hide yourself, and when you are found, retreat! I say retreat, sir! I have been looking for you, and I thought it was only necessary to find you. Am I mistaken, sir?”

A flash darted from the young man’s eyes, and he raised his head with an air so proud, that it far exceeded the stateliness of his adversary. For a moment he made no reply to these words, but controlling himself at length, said, calmly,

“I also have been looking for you, sir.”

“Good! then we understand each other perfectly!”

“No, sir, I think not.”

“Sir?”

“You sought me to deliver a defiance—”

“Yes, sir.”

“While I sought you to make you an apology.”

An expression of profound incredulity came to Lindon's face, and then this look gave way to one of the deepest contempt.

"I am glad I spoke," he said, with a curling lip, "before you had an opportunity of addressing me. I will accept no apologies! I reject them in advance! I have delivered my defiance, and I will not withdraw it!"

St. John listened to these insulting words with an air of stupefaction almost. He seemed scarcely to realize that fatuity could proceed so far.

"Mr. Lindon," he said, at length, with eyes which seemed to blaze, "are you demented, out of your senses, lunatic, or is it your intention to act a comedy?"

"Sir!"

"I said simply that I sought you to make you that apology which is due from one gentleman to another whose feelings he has unintentionally been the cause of wounding. Stop, sir! Before this interview proceeds further I will make that apology in spite of your insults. Another word such as you have just uttered will seal my lips. I have therefore the honor to say, sir, that I had no part in the stupid jest of that servant this evening, whose presumption it is my intention to punish. I persist in making the explanation, that the use of that uniform by my servant was wholly without my knowledge or consent—an explanation due to myself, inasmuch as I will not suffer you or any one to think that I was guilty of so ill-bred and puerile an action. Now, sir, I am not accustomed to make apologies; I would much rather decide differences otherwise. If, after this full and complete explanation, you still persist in your defiance—"

"I do!" said Lindon, trembling with anger; "your statement may be true, or it may be untrue; in either event I hold you responsible at the sword's point!"

St. John stood for a moment pale and silent, confronting his insulting opponent. He scarcely seemed to realize that hatred could go so far upon a basis so trifling.

“Well, sir!” said Lindon, “do you intend to show the white feather?”

St. John turned paler than ever, and his eyes filled with blood.

“Mr. Lindon,” he said, sternly, “I will first ask *you* a question.”

“Well, sir?”

“Are you mad, or intoxicated?”

“No, sir! I am neither! I am thirsty, sir, however, for your blood!”

“For my blood? Then you take advantage of this trifle to insult me and break down my patience.”

“I do!”

“You do not fight for the cause you have specified?”

“No, sir!”

“Pray, why, then?”

“Ask yourself, sir!”

“Mr. Lindon, you will pardon me, but your conversation is either stupid, or you are fond of enigmas—your real reason, sir!”

“Ask yourself, I repeat!” said Lindon, pale with rage; “I suppose you have not humiliated, laughed at, triumphed over me yonder sufficiently!”

“I sir? I humiliated you, triumphed over you!” said St. John, in profound astonishment.

“Yes, sir! your air of innocence and surprise does not dupe me! I am not to be tricked by so shallow a device!”

The profound and violent passion of the young man’s nature, upon which he had heretofore placed a resolute curb, began to rise and foam, as he listened to these repeated insults.

“You then design to force me to fight you about nothing!” he said, with increasing anger.

“Yes!” was the reply.

“You refuse to tell me any rational grounds for your quarrel.”

“I do, sir! If you choose to ignore the fact that you have

supplanted me, laughed at me, made me a jest in your conversation with a young lady to whom I have paid my addresses, then I give no reason! If you choose to put on a mask, and act your part, and pretend ignorance," he continued, white with rage, "then I will not explain myself! If you refuse to regard the words which I now utter in your hearing as sufficiently insulting, I will make them more distinct and unmistakeable! If no *word* of insult will move you, and induce you to give me that satisfaction which you rightfully owe me, then I'll throw this glass of wine in your face, sir! and we'll see if that outrage will arouse you!"

St. John advanced a step, with a countenance as pale as death, in which his dark eyes burned like coals of fire.

"Enough, sir!" he said, in a voice low and distinct; "you have accomplished your purpose, which was doubtless to drive me beyond all patience. We had better pause at the *words*, sir. Were you to move your arm to throw that wine-glass in my face, I should kill you where you stand. I have the honor, sir, to place myself entirely at your orders. My friend, Captain Waters, will doubtless act for me."

And taking a step backward, the young man bowed with cold ceremony, and was silent. An expression of fierce satisfaction diffused itself over his adversary's face and he also bowed low.

"Really," said Captain Waters in the most cheerful voice, 't is delightful to see an affair conducted in this elegant way! Will I act for you, my dear St. John? Why certainly I will; and now I have the honor to inform Mr. Lindon, that my dear friend, Captain Foy, or other gentleman representing him, will find me all day to-morrow at the Raleigh tavern. Eh? Is that satisfactory?"

"Perfectly," said Lindon, haughtily; "you shall hear from Captain Foy."

"Good!" said the soldier in a friendly tone; "that is excellent! *Morbleu!* 't will give me absolute delight to act

with Foy. Who knows but he'll take a hand himself? And then hurrah for the *coup of Reinfels!*"

The captain's spirits seemed to have risen immensely, and he curled his moustache with an air of the proudest satisfaction.

"Come, my dear St. John," he said, "as this little affair 's arranged, let us get our Canary and—"

"No, I believe I'll return, captain, but I won't take you. I may count on you?"

"To the death!"

"Then I will see you to-morrow."

"I'll arrange all duly. Come dine at 'Flodden' and I'll report to you. Is it understood?"

St. John nodded, and they parted. His interview with Lindon had passed unnoticed almost.

The crowd, in the midst of their uproar and revelry, had only seen two men holding an animated conversation, terminating in a ceremonious bow. So sees the world.

As St. John left his side, the captain muttered, with a smile,

"Lieutenant St. John and Lieutenant Lindon! Captain Waters and Captain Foy! Why the affair arranges itself *morbleu!*"

And he twirled his long black moustache with joyous ardor.

As St. John appeared in the dancing room, the assembly was coming to an end. It terminated with a reel, as usual, and the manner in which the ladies whirled round in their great hooped skirts, or darted from end to end of the apartment, was marvelous to behold. More than one pile of curls lost the pearl loops and comb which held them, and fell in raven or golden showers on snowy shoulders, sending on the air a storm of perfumed powder. But the accident was unheeded—the reel overthrows the influence of ceremony, and they danced on carelessly until the long scrape of the musician's bow gave the signal that the assembly was at an end.

It was the expiring compliment to royalty in Virginia. It was sent upon its way that evening with a "Joy go with you!" and the most stately bows and curtesseys; the next ball in which the representatives of England were concerned, was opened on the battle-field.

It was a singular celebration, coming as it did between the seditious assemblage of Burgesses, in the Raleigh, in the morning, and the fasting, humiliation, and prayer of the first of June. This last recommendation of the Burgesses was widely responded to, and the gentlemen and ladies of the colony went into mourning on that day, and heard a sermon, and fasted, and prayed for the liberties of the land, threatened by the Boston Port bill.* In the old church of Williamsburg, the patriotic clergyman did not mind the presence of the frowning Governor, and spoke without mincing his words.

Two hours after the breaking up of the assembly, St. John was looking pensively through his window, when he saw a light glimmer in a window opposite, and in an instant Bonnybel appeared in the luminous circle of rays.

The figure of the young lady, clad in her night dress of snowy white, was visible for an instant only. A white arm was raised, the falling sleeve of the robe leaving it bare, and the extinguisher plunged the whole into darkness.

"I am fond of emblematics," muttered the young man, with his sardonic smile, beneath which was, however, concealed bitter pain and melancholy, "and here I have one that suits my case admirably! I beam my brightest for her, and think that she values me somewhat, when down comes the extinguisher! I am put out at a word! Well, so let it be! I have something else on my hands now. I need rest for to-morrow."

And without further words, he retired to bed.

* Historical Illustrations, No. XXXII,

CHAPTER XLVIII.

ST. JOHN GOES TO "FLODDEN."

ON the next morning, St. John made the Vanes a visit, at Mr. Burwell's, and found them all ready to depart. The chariot was at the door.

To the cordial invitation of the colonel to return with them, the young man responded by saying that he had "important business," which might detain him some days; he would come as soon as was possible. Few words passed between himself and Bonnybel, and these were very formal and constrained. So they departed.

The young man then turned his thoughts to another subject. We have seen that he had appointed with Captain Waters to come and dine with that worthy, and hear the result of the negotiations with Foy, and toward the captain's, which was up the river, he now directed his way, mounted on "Tallyho," who cantered on gayly, and soon left Williamsburg in the far distance.

A ride of an hour brought St. John in front of a fine old building crowning a bluff of the James, and surveying, from its lofty position, the wide expanse of field, and stream, and forest.

This was "Flodden," the residence of Captain Ralph Waters, and, far off, across the river, on a lofty hill toward the west, the young man discerned the walls of his own house, "Flower of Hundreds," embowered in the spring foliage, and glittering in the fresh light of morning.

St. John had scarcely drawn rein at the door of "Flodden," when the voice of Captain Waters, from within the hall, greeted him jovially, and the next moment saw the figure of the soldier advance, with a smile of welcome on the bold features.

St. John's horse was led away, and they entered.

"Why, here you are as punctual as a clock, *morbleu!*"

cried the captain; "delighted to see you on this glorious morning. Faith! it makes a man laugh in spite of him!"

And the captain performed that ceremony with great gusto. When the worthy soldier laughed he seemed simply to carry out the design for which his features were moulded, as we have said elsewhere in speaking of him.

His bold and vigorous nature appeared to find food for laughter in every thing, and his clear eyes looked the whole world in the face with careless good humor.

"A fine animal that?" said the captain, gazing at "Tallyho," as he was led away, "and I see Selim's blood plain in him."

"You are right, captain."

"Well, you see, I seldom am any thing else in regard to horses."

"And as to men?"

"Well!" said Captain Waters, curling his moustache, "I judge them tolerably too. There's Foy, now, thinks he's duping your humble servant, and preserves the most mysterious air about things I'm perfectly acquainted with. Really, a perfect snake in the grass is that Foy!"

And the captain curled his moustache downward, a sign of disdain with him always.

"You have seen him of course," said St. John, "as he acts for Mr. Lindon?"

"Why, certainly, my dear fellow," returned the captain, "and we had the most charming little interview you ever heard of. Wait till we're alone, after dinner, comrade, and I'll tell you how it was."

"Good! I'll listen with pleasure, and I'm not curious at present. Tell me when we've dined."

"Count on that, *mon ami*, and now let's go see madam and the *bon père*."

"With pleasure!"

Madam, whom the captain addressed also, from time to time, as Henriette, was an extremely handsome dame of

about thirty, perhaps a year or two more, and carried her self with an air of the most aristocratic ease. Two little girls played on the carpet at her side, and a little boy was busy on a wooden horse in the distance.

Opposite this domestic group sat old John Waters, the captain's father, in his wide, softly-cushioned chair, with his benignant smile, his gray, thin locks, and his empty pipe carelessly resting against his knee.

Mrs. Waters advanced, with her courtly and graceful ease, to press St. John's hand, the old man rose erect in his chair, and smiled more benignantly than ever, and even the little girls rose too, and came, bashfully peering from their showers of golden curls, to receive their share of the young man's attention.

It was only Captain Ralph Waters, jr., that somewhat petted and spoiled young gentleman, who paid no attention to the visitor.

"See the domestic and touching group!" said the captain; "the hen in the midst of her chickens; the dame partlet scratching and clucking."

Madam Henriette shook her handsome head, threateningly, at this address, and said,

"Well, sir, and pray what are you?"

"I'm a rooster," observed the captain with great candor; "you see, my dear partlet, I fought the *Français* so long, and heard the crowing of the Gallic cock so often, that *mor-bleu!* I've turned to a rooster completely."

"And I suppose you like to crow over us poor women?"

"Exactly."

"Is he not a shameful man, Mr. St. John?" said the lady, laughing; "he has not the least regard for our feelings."

"Your feelings, madam?"

"Yes; only the other day I requested him to buy me a set of pearls at Rowsay's, in town, and he absolutely refused."

"Is it possible, captain?" said St. John; "could you resist?"

"Yes, my dear boy," said the captain, heaving a sigh, "I was hard-hearted to that extent."

"You acknowledge it then?"

"Certainly."

"Is that not dreadful, Mr. St. John?" said the lady; "there is only one excuse that he gives; can you divine it?"

"No indeed."

"This excuse is, that he bought me some diamonds! It is true that the diamonds cost ten times as much as the pearls, and I greatly preferred them, and said so. But he knew that I did not wish to be so extravagant, and like an unfeeling man, he went and bought the diamonds!"

The captain looked guilty and conscience-stricken—his expression of remorse was affecting.

"Well, well, my dear," he said, "do not thus expose my failings to the public. *Ventrebleu!* I'm ashamed, but you see diamonds have always attracted me since—"

The captain paused.

"Since when, sir?"

"Since I won your heart with that diamond necklace, my dear Henriette!" replied Captain Waters, with simplicity, "some time in the good year '65, I think."

At this charge, madame seemed to be actually overcome by indignation. Her work dropped upon her knee, she gazed steadily at her enemy, and then burst into laughter.

"Mr. St. John I hope you will pardon me," she said, struggling with her mirth, "but this gentleman, Captain Waters, always sets me off! Look at him there, everlastingly playing with that horrid moustache, stooping in his shoulders, and pretending to be dreaming, as he thrums on his chair. Just look!"

"Dreaming?" said the captain; "was I dreaming *ma chère?*"

"Yes, sir, you were!" cried Mrs. Henriette, laughing.

"I believe I was," said the captain, whose bold face grew

suddenly very sad, "I was thinking of those good old times, and our Beatrice."

The martial head drooped, and for a moment there was silence.

The lady's face, too, had passed from smiles to sadness—from mirth to pensiveness.

"*Eh bien!*" said the captain, heaving a sigh; "let us not rake in the ashes for those buried memories. I'll dream no more, but rather light the *bon père's* pipe. Eh? Shall I, *mon père?*"

The old man assented with a smile and a nod, and the lady laid down her work and went and arranged the cricket for his feet in the kindest and most attentive way.

The little girls then leaned on grandpa's knee to see the brilliant glow in the bowl of the pipe, and then the old man was left alone to his dreams, and Captain Waters and his friend strolled out through the grounds, talking of every thing but the real subject, which, by general consent, had been deferred.

Thus passed the morning at Flodden.

CHAPTER XLIX.

HOW CAPTAIN RALPH WATERS FULFILLED HIS MISSION.

"Now, my dear comrade," said the captain, when he and St. John were alone over their wine, "now we can come to our little arrangements, and I can report progress."

"Thanks, my dear captain," replied St. John, "and first, what time is fixed on?"

"To-morrow morning."

"The place?"

"Jamestown island. Have you any objection?"

"None captain, though I was there lately upon a more agreeable errand."

“Well, that ’s settled then ; but I ’ll proceed more in order and tell you how I set to work—shall I ?”

“It will interest me.”

“Well,” said the captain, filling his glass and pushing the bottle, “I was at the Raleigh tavern duly as I informed Monseigneur Lindon, and I duly received a visit from Foy—”

“A strange second, is he not ?”

“Why no—how ?”

“He looks so peaceful ?”

“You do n’t know him, *mon ami* ; he ’s a perfect take-in, that Foy is—a real sword blade, *ventrebleu* ! Well Foy came and we made each other the lowest and most courteous bow. You see we are both of us old hands at this business, and we went at it like ducks to water. ‘My dear Foy, is it so and so ?’ ‘Yes, my dear captain,’ bowing, smiling, as amicable as two ganders hissing and wagging their beaks at each other.”

St. John smiled.

“Then every thing was easily arranged ?”

“By no means.”

“Explain yourself.”

“With pleasure. Foy, you see, was in favor of going out of the province to fight—”

“Out of the province !”

“Yes, he was a little touchy about Dunmore, and so the conversation was something like the following. I listen to his proposition, smiling politely, and the first remark I make is, ‘My dear Foy, are you afraid ?’

“‘Afraid, sir ?’ he says, coldly ; ‘I am not accustomed to feel afraid !’

“‘Oh well, my dear comrade, do n’t be offended,’ I replied, ‘it really did seem to me that this looked something like fear—of his Excellency.’

“‘His Excellency is not my master, Captain Waters.’

“‘Really, now, is he not ?’

“No, sir!” this observation being uttered with a sort of flash out of the eyes, you see.

“Oh, my dear comrade,” I say, “just see now how you are deprived of that praise which is justly your due! ’Tis whispered everywhere that it is *his Excellency* who really employs Conolly in his rascally mission to embroil the borderers, and that you are only the instrument he uses, when in fact you are all the while head man.”

“Why, captain,” said St. John, smiling, “that seems to me nothing more nor less than an insult!”

“Precisely, *mon ami*,” said the captain, cheerfully, “just so.”

‘You wished to insult Captain Foy?’

“Yes.”

“For what purpose?”

“In order that a little affair might be hatched between him and myself.”

“Ah! indeed!”

“Exactly, my dear fellow. *Ventrebleu!* you have no idea how many overtures I have made to Foy in order to draw him into a quarrel. But he won’t take offense.”

“Your object? Do you hate him?”

“Not at all.”

“Why then—”

“Wish to fight him? Simply because I wish to put an end to his maneuvers! I do hate Dunmore, and by running Foy through the gizzard, you see, I disable his Excellency’s right arm to the shoulder blade.”

The cheerful way in which Captain Waters unfolded these views was admirable to behold.

“I’m merely a rude soldier, you see, *mon ami*,” he continued, “but having learned diplomacy on the continent, I practice it here. That was my object then in drawing Foy out, and I thought I had him that time!”

“What did he reply?”

“Well, for a moment he said nothing. You see, I had said that *he* ought to have the praise of employing Conolly

on that *rascally mission*, and I waited, smiling, for him to insult me again."

"Did he fail to?"

"Point blank. I was all ready—getting my hand ready to take off my hat and bow, and say, 'Well, when shall we settle our little difference, comrade?' In a word, I looked for an explosion. It never came. Foy only looks at me with those wicked eyes, and says, 'I have already disclaimed more than a passing acquaintance with Major Conolly, Captain Waters—let us return to our affair.'

"'In an instant, directly, my dear comrade,' I say politely, 'but first tell me one thing.'

"'What is that, sir?'

"'Is it really true,' I continued, smiling, 'that Conolly has orders from Dunmore, or his tools in Williamsburg, to promise the Indians assistance from his Excellency, if they make an inroad and massacre the people on the Virginia borders?'

"As I say this, Foy's eye flashes worse than ever, and his thin lips contract. He advances a step, frowning.

"'Captain Waters,' he says, 'do I look like a man who is fond of being insulted?'

"'Why no, comrade.'

"'Do I look like a man,' he continues, does this red-hot Foy! 'who would leave his sword in its scabbard if it was possible to draw it?'

"'No,' I reply, 'and whether you look so or not, I know you can use it, and have the will, companion.'

"'Well, sir,' he says, with real dignity, hang him! 'well, sir, if I do not cram down your throat the insults you have addressed to me, you may understand that I refrain simply because my hands are bound for the present by the office I hold, otherwise, Captain Waters,' he adds, bowing, 'it would give me immense pleasure to cut your throat!' Those were his very words."

And the soldier burst out laughing, in which laughter St. John united.

“You see, after that, my dear fellow,” said the captain, “I could not add another insult.”

“Certainly not.”

“In fact I positively adored Foy after that reply! He looked so gallant, when he said it! he touched his left side, where a sword ought to have been, with such an air! he was so cool, and elegant, and ferocious, when he mentioned his desire to cut my throat, that I could have embraced him as a brother!”

The captain twirled his moustache with admiration to his very eyes as he spoke, and seemed lost in delighted contemplation.

“Well,” said St. John, laughing, “after that the interview was more friendly?”

“Friendly! I believe you! After that it was positively fraternal! Then it was that we came to resemble two high-bred geese, nodding our heads, and uttering ‘Ah’s!’ and ‘Oh’s!’ and ‘By no means!’ and ‘Really captain’s!’ You ought to have seen us! We would not overcome each other; we could not force each other to accept what each wanted. It was,

“‘Really, my dear Captain Waters, it must be Jamestown island, as you wish!’

“‘No, upon my honor, my dear Foy, it shall be out of the province, as you desire!’

“‘I never can consent to inconvenience such a gallant man!’

“‘I never should hold up my head again if I forced such a noble gentleman as you, my dear Foy, to quarrel with his Excellency!’ It was this, that, the other, no, yes, really, truly! At last I yielded, and to see how Foy pressed my hand you would have thought I had done him the greatest favor in the world.

“‘I shall not quarrel with his Excellency, captain,’ he says, smiling, ‘and I have already said he is not my master.’

“‘Do n’t allude to my miserable rudeness, comrade’ I

reply; 'it wounds me to the heart, and I shall shed tears.'

"'That is all forgotten, captain,' says Foy; 'a mere jest. Do not think that I shall suffer from engaging as second in a combat to take place at Jamestown island. His Excellency will not inquire very closely, for you know, my dear Captain Waters,' adds Foy, with a tiger smile, 'you know my principal, Mr. Lindon, is a perfect master of every weapon, and he'll be sure to kill Mr. St. John! You will understand, in the present state of affairs between Mr. St. John and his Excellency,' adds Foy, smiling, 'that Mr. Lindon or myself will not be very severely scolded!'"

"Pshaw, captain!" said St. John, "your hero turns out a boaster, and a mere blood-thirsty calculator of chances!"

"Certainly! Do n't you comprehend that all his bowing and smiling was acted?"

"Eh?"

"Nothing less," returned the captain. "Foy, *mon ami!* is, by nature, as great a comedian as that celebrated little Garrick I saw in London. I know him well—but, to finish."

"Yes, let us hear the rest."

"I will be more brief. The weapons then came up, and we had some discussion as to the length and other points. There was no real difficulty, because both you and Mr. Lindon prefer swords. So that was arranged, and I engaged to provide them of exactly the same length. It is the ordinary length, and I'll show them to you directly. Then the hour of seven, to-morrow morning, was fixed on, and we parted, mutually pleased with each other. My only hope with Foy now is to drive him into insulting *me*, and then of course he can't refuse my challenge. I would cheerfully pay five hundred pounds to have him, for ten minutes, at arm's length!"

Having expressed himself cheerfully to this effect, Captain Waters emptied his glass, and suggested a stroll on the lawn.

The young man rose, and the captain led the way out,

It had been arranged that St. John should remain at Flodden for convenience, and accompany his host in his own carriage, and every detail being thus determined on, even down to the hour to awake, the subject was for the moment dismissed.

CHAPTER L.

THE FUGITIVE.

THE two friends made the circuit of the lawn, and had reached the broad gate, when a man, riding at full speed, drew up suddenly before them and inclined his head.

“Will you be good enough to inform me, sir,” he said, addressing the captain who was foremost, “whether this is the road to the town of Richmond?”

“It is, sir,” replied the soldier; “and you have only to follow it and you’ll soon arrive at that place.”

“And that other road branching off?” asked the horseman, extending his hand, and at the same moment looking over his shoulder.

“That leads to New Kent Court House, to Hanover, or King William, and so, west.”

“Thanks, sir,” said the stranger, hurriedly, and with another glance over his shoulder, he struck spurs into his horse, and departed at a rapid gallop.

The eyes of the two men followed him, and they saw him turn into the road to New Kent, disappearing in an instant in the pines.

The captain shook his head.

“There’s something wrong about this gentleman, *mon ami*,” he said; “something lies beneath this, take my word for it! But I could n’t refuse to reply to a civil question.”

“No—and I agree with you. Who could it be, captain?”

“Faith, I can’t imagine! If, now, it had occurred on the continent—”

“What?”

“Why, I should have set our rapid cavalier down for a king’s messenger. But, you know, we do n’t have kings on the western continent, a circumstance for which I do n’t mind saying I’m grateful, comrade.

“They’re a poor set of fellows,” added the soldier; “I’ve seen many and never admired one. You see, my dear fellow, they are shams, and they know it; from his gracious Majesty George III., defender of the faith, et cetera, down to his royal highness of Poland, a post which my friends, General Littlepage, and Captain Charles Lee, very nearly occupied. I’m glad they did n’t lower themselves; and these are my views! Who the devil could this horseman have been?”

“I can’t tell you.”

“Well, well, let him go on; I care nothing, *morbleu!* As Effingham says, my friend Champ, you know, ‘t is all in the game,’ and so he may go on!”

Having reached this extremely philosophical conclusion, the captain twirled his moustache, and led the way back to the mansion, which he and his companion entered.

They had scarcely disappeared when three horsemen, riding at full speed, shot by the gate on the track of the fugitive.

They bent in their saddles as they rode, and evidently examined the highway for the marks of hoofs, by which they seemed to follow and track their game.

Coming, in a moment, to the cross road leading to New Kent, which the fugitive had taken, they suddenly drew up, and one of them dismounted.

It was the stranger, the friend of St. John.

“Friends,” he said, in his calm, deep voice, “he has not followed the high road further. Here are his footprints; he has turned off toward the court house. Come!”

And getting into his saddle again, he took the lead, and the whole troop disappeared in the foliage,

Let us follow them.

They darted on, at full speed, for more than a mile, and then, reaching the summit of a hill, distinctly perceived the fugitive ascending another hill, at full gallop, half a mile in advance of them.

“Look!” cried the stranger; “there! see! we shall arrest him!”

And digging the spur into his horse’s side, he darted onward, taking the lead of his companions.

The solitary horseman had turned in his saddle and seen them, and a gesture of rage and despair, visible even at the great distance, showed how much he feared the encounter.

The pursuers rode furiously for another mile, and entered the somber woodland of pines, whose summits were now gilded by the last rays of the setting sun.

With bent heads, as they rode at full gallop, the stranger and his companions scanned the road, to convince themselves that the fugitive had not turned aside into the woodland.

The tracks continued in the center of the road, and they pushed on at full speed.

Nearly five miles thus ran from beneath the rapid feet of their horses, and still the tracks held the center of the highway.

Suddenly one of the riders stretched out his hand, and said, “Look!”

Two hundred yards before them, a horse without a rider was flying onward, and panting heavily as he ran.

The stranger uttered a growl, as it were, of disappointment, and drew rein suddenly.

“He has dismounted and escaped into the woods!” he said, calmly; “we need not further follow the highway.”

The three horsemen drew up, and with the heads of their animals thus touching, held a rapid consultation with the stranger.

It was quickly decided that each should take different directions, and beat the whole country for traces of the fugitive.

“Be alert, friends! do not stop! do not sleep!” said the stranger, whose fiery eyes plunged into the woodland, upon which the shades of night were rapidly descending; “it is of the first importance, as you know, that this man’s dispatches shall be secured! It will be for us a powerful engine! Come! to work! forward! We may still arrest him on his way.”

And the three horsemen separated, each taking different ways.

The dark pines received them, and they disappeared like shadows, the sound of their hoofs dying away in the somber depths, from which nothing was heard but the cries of night birds, and the harsh murmur of frogs in the swampy, low grounds.

As they disappeared, a pile of brushwood, deep in the woodland, stirred slightly, a man’s head rose, and seeing that the coast was clear, the man emerged from the brush, and listened.

“Well gentlemen,” he said, with a sinister smile which made his eyes glitter in the starlight, “I have escaped your toils, I think, and you will probably have an agreeable time of it beating the bushes of the country-side here. I have my papers all safe here in my breast, most worthy patriots, and there they will remain for the present. I shall only arrive at Fort Pitt a little later, and our affairs will not suffer. It’s odds if I do not pay you, and the people of Virginia generally, for this little night ride!”

He paused a moment and listened.

“All is still,” he said, “and now it only remains to get another horse. That’s easy, as my pockets are well lined by his lordship! Come! let us not despair; I trust in the doctrine of chances, and they’ve seldom failed me!”

Having thus spoken, the fugitive turned, resolutely, deeper into the woodland, and was soon lost in the darkness,

The man who thus escaped with his papers of such great importance, was Major Conolly, secret agent of Lord Dunmore in embroiling the border and arousing the Indian tribes against the people of the Virginia frontier.*

CHAPTER LI.

HER ONLY FAILING.

ON the next morning, after a sound night's rest on the captain's part, and much tossing to and fro, in his dreams, on St. John's, the friends met and greeted each other.

Madam Henriette met them with a smile.

"Where in the world are you going so early?" she said to her husband; "breakfast is ready—but why set out so soon?"

The captain saw that his wife was dying with curiosity, but he only smiled; he did not reply.

"This is not court day, I believe, Mr. St. John?"

"No, madam, I think not."

"Does any thing of interest take place in town this morning?"

"I have not heard, madam."

"Then where in the world are you going, Captain Waters? You really are the most provoking—"

"My dear Henriette—"

"Well, sir?"

"I think you said that breakfast was ready?"

The lady pouted, and said that it was.

"Then, with your leave, we will proceed to eat it. *Ventre bleu!* I'm as hungry as a hawk after all that sleep!"

And the captain led the way into the breakfast room, and did the honors of his board.

* Historical Illustrations, No. XXXIII.

Thereafter, his carriage was ordered at once, and he and St. John put on their hats.

“What in the world is that bundle they are putting in the carriage?” said Mrs. Henriette.

“Are they putting a bundle in the carriage?” said the captain, with interest.

“Yes, you see they are!”

“Well, so they are.”

And the captain put on his gloves.

“When will you be back?” asked the lady thus constantly foiled.

“Do n’t know,” said the captain.

“Where *can* you be going?”

“Did you say it was a fine morning, my dear St. John? Why glorious!”

“Captain Waters!” said the lady, with an imperious little stamp of the foot.

“Did you speak, my dear?” said the soldier.

“Yes, sir! I asked you to be so good as to tell me where you and Mr. St. John are going?”

“Why yes!” said the captain, “certainly, my dear.”

“Yes, what, sir?”

“The moon *is*, most probably, green cheese.”

The captain uttered these words with a cheerful and smiling air, which caused Mrs. Henriette to pat her little foot with impatience and vexation.

“I think it’s very cruel in you!” she said, pouting.

The captain twirled his moustache absently.

“Won’t you please tell me?”

The captain smiled.

“Won’t you tell your Henriette, Ralph?” said the lady with an entreating air, and leaning on his shoulder.

The captain’s lip curled with smiles.

“You know it’s so simple—just a word,” she said, coaxingly; “won’t Ralph tell his Henriette?”

The captain smiled again and ended by laughing.

“I think I can!” he said, absently.

"Tell me, my dear! I thought you would!"

"I'm sure I can!" continued the soldier, with his eyes fixed upon vacancy.

"Certainly nothing is more proper, Ralph, to your own loving wife!"

The captain woke, as it were, from his dream.

"What is that, my love?" he said; "do you agree with me that it's proper? But what do *you* know about such things? You can't tell whether Foy will resign his secretaryship."

"You were not listening to me then, sir!" said Mrs. Henriette, imperiously.

"No, my love."

"You did not hear me?"

"Have you been speaking?"

"You are a disgraceful husband, sir!"

"Why?" asked the captain, cheerfully.

"Because you will not tell me, or even listen. But you *shall* tell me where you're going with Mr. St. John, sir!"

"Well, my love."

"You are outrageous!"

"So I am, *ma chère!*"

"Where are you going?"

"To Jericho."

"Captain Waters!"

"Madam!"

"What are you going to do?"

"Take the air!"

The lady, flushed with vexation, and half-threatening, half-laughing, caught away the captain's hat.

"You *shall* tell me?" she said, laughing.

The captain recovered his hat, and bursting into responsive laughter, cried,

"Away, *partlet!* silence, hen! Go make the bibs and tuckers for the chickens, and do n't meddle with the rooster's private matters!"

The captain then squeezed Mrs. Henriette's cheeks with

his fingers, gallantly ravished a kiss, and followed by his friend, got into the carriage.

"That's a charming wife of mine, my dear boy," he said, as they rolled rapidly on their way; "though slightly subject to curiosity, her only failing. Well, well, let's be charitable! And now, *mon ami*, I will give you my views upon the subject of Lindon's style of fencing. Let us compare views."

The captain then proceeded to enter at length upon his favorite topic, and he was still speaking when they reached the low peninsula of Jamestown.

The soldier referred to his timepiece.

"Just seven," he said, "and here come Foy and Lindon."

CHAPTER LII.

THE COMBAT: RED AND WHITE ROSES.

THE two carriages arrived almost at the same moment, and the hostile parties, as they issued forth, made each other a low bow.

Lindon was superbly dressed, but Captain Foy wore his customary suit of black, fitting closely to his slender and nervous figure.

Around his waist was buckled a plain sword, with yellow leather accoutrements, the whole very much worn.

Captain Waters had no sooner accomplished his bow, than, assuming a most engaging smile, he pointed to the weapon of the secretary, and said,

"Don't I recognize an old friend there, comrade? It seems to me that sword is not new to me, and I even think it once ran into my body, did it not?"

Captain Foy made a modest gesture, and said,

"Let us forget our youthful contentions, Captain Waters; they are of no importance now."

“But really, I’m curious,” said the captain; “did you not wear that sword—”

“At Reinfels? Yes, sir. ’Tis an old companion, with whom I’m loth to part. Shall we now proceed to make our arrangements?”

“With pleasure; here are the swords.”

The bundle was unwrapped, and the weapons were measured.

“Exact to an inch, these two,” said Captain Waters, “and you may take either.”

“Thanks, captain, I accept this.”

And Foy took one of the swords, and critically examined its point.

He then made it whistle to and fro in his vigorous and nervous grasp, listening if the blade clicked in the hilt.

The examination seemed to satisfy him perfectly, and making his opponent another bow, he said,

“I find this weapon perfect, Captain Waters, and we may now proceed to business, as the position of these gentlemen is already determined upon, north and south with the sun.”

“Yes, my dear comrade; you really fill me with admiration, and make me remember old times. Could n’t we have a little bout now, after this event is through; a mere friendly pass or two?”

“I would rather not, captain; you might wound me, and I can not afford to lose my time now, having much to attend to.”

“You retain your post of secretary?”

“Yes, sir.”

The captain sighed.

“My dear Foy,” he said, “I’ll give you five hundred pounds if you’ll resign.”

“I regret to say that ’tis impossible for me to accept your offer, Captain Waters. Shall we proceed?”

“Of course, of course!”

And the captain examined St. John’s sword as carefully as his opponent had tested Lindon’s.

He then raised his head, and making a motion with his hand,

“Foy,” he said, “a moment yet before we commence.”

“Certainly, sir.”

“Is your secretaryship the obstacle in the way of that friendly little affair I proposed?”

“Yes sir.”

“I offered you five hundred pounds to resign, did I not?”

“I believe so, sir.”

“And you refused?”

“Yes, sir.”

“You still refuse?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Well, I offer you a thousand!”

“Captain Waters,” said the secretary, smiling grimly, “if you proceed any further you will make me laugh, and as laughter, upon an occasion like the present, is not becoming, I must beg you to desist. I regret extremely that ’t is not in my power to resign my commission in his Excellency’s service at the present time. If, however, that event occurs, I shall most assuredly inform you, and willingly permit you to take advantage of it in the way you propose.”

Captain Foy bowed as he spoke, and indicated that he was ready.

Waters shook his head.

“My dear comrade,” he said, sighing, “that was always your way. You talk so eloquently, and turn your periods with such melodious art, that a poor camp devil like myself, *morbleu*, can’t answer you, and ’s obliged to yield. I will, therefore, say no more, except that I most thankfully accept your offer, and will, on the proper occasion, gladly avail myself of it.”

And turning to hand Mr. St. John his sword, Captain Waters muttered to himself,

“Ah, rascal! ah, rascally second of a rascally principal, if faces do n’t deceive me! I’ll yet split your forked tongue

still wider, and pull your fangs, and stop you forefinger and thumb from writing instructions for Conolly!"

"What did you say, my dear captain?" asked Foy.

"I observed, my dear friend, that it was a charming morning, and that I was filled with happiness at meeting again, on this congenial occasion, with a comrade for whom I have so great an affection as yourself. I foresee, if we ever kill each other 't will be from a pure love of art, not from bad blood, and so, if you choose, we 'll proceed."

With these words, accompanied by the most agreeable smiles, Captain Waters went to the side of his friend, who was calmly looking forth upon the beautiful river, and signified to him that every preliminary of the combat was now arranged.

The young man coolly took his weapon, and leaned the point upon his boot.

"All 's ready, my dear St. John," the captain said, "and I have only to add a word. Lindon is as fresh as a lark; he 's taken perfect care of himself, and, therefore, I advise you not to stand on the defensive with a view to weary him. Better lunge from the first, and I think, from the way he carries his elbow, your best lunge will be in carte."

"Thanks, captain," said St. John; "I shall simply endeavor to protect myself, having not the least desire to shed this gentleman's blood. If that is necessary, however, I shall not hesitate, having been forced into the whole affair, and being quite at my ease."

The captain's countenance filled with pleasure.

"My dear St. John," he said, "you will kill him! I know you will! I compliment you!"

"Why, captain?"

"You are cool as ice, and now let us get to business."

Captain Foy signified at the same moment that Mr. Lindon was ready, and the opponents confronted each other.

"Gentlemen," said Captain Waters, "we now permit you to proceed, unless the party from whom the insult, on this

occasion, has issued, shall make full and ample apology for the same, retracting the said insult, and entreating pardon of his opponent."

Lindon made a haughty movement, but Captain Foy answered for him.

"It is with great regret that we must decline such apology," said the secretary; "unfortunately there is no possibility of any such thing."

"You persist?" said Captain Waters.

"We have the honor," said Captain Foy.

"Well then the affair will, of course, proceed. There is absolutely no alternative. This affair, gentlemen, as I need scarcely say, has arisen from a difference of opinion upon the quality of the Canary supplied to the late assembly, Mr. St. John having declared the said Canary wretched, and unworthy to be drunk by a gentleman, Mr. Lindon having taken the opposite view, and offered Mr. St. John a glass, which that gentleman declined. I confess I see no means of bringing about a community of sentiment but the sword, and so, Captain Foy, we are ready!"

"And we, sir—proceed, gentlemen!"

The two men raised their swords quickly, and the weapons crossed.

The seconds retired ten paces and looked on.

Lindon was perfectly fresh, and, as his sword touched his opponent's, his eyes flashed with gratified hatred.

St. John was perfectly calm and cool.

Lindon advanced furiously and made a mortal thrust at his opponent, which was parried perfectly.

The next moment they closed in a violent, deadly, breast-to-breast struggle, the swords glittering in what seemed inextricable confusion, but really the perfection of skill and method.

Both the seconds advanced at once, crying "Gentlemen! gentlemen!"

The combatants stopped and drew back — Lindon pale with rage, St. John growing gradually hot.

“Gentlemen!” said Captain Waters, with affecting earnestness, “you really move me to the heart, and wound my sense of propriety cruelly, in which I am sure I also utter the sentiments of my friend, Captain Foy! In Heaven’s name do n’t make a dagger fight of an honorable encounter with swords before seconds! Let us commence again, gentlemen, and spare our feelings, I beseech you.”

The captain was evidently greatly affected as he spoke, and Foy said,

“I beg, gentlemen, that you will observe the suggestion of Captain Waters. It is no less just than feelingly expressed.”

The two men, whose blood was completely aroused, waited with impatience for the signal to proceed.

The word was given, and they threw themselves upon each other with the ferocity of tigers.

Lindon made his former lunge with a fury which indicated the height of his rage. St. John again parried it perfectly.

For ten minutes then they fought, not like two civilized men opposed to each other, but like blood-thirsty gladiators on the arena, in a mortal combat.

The two men were as nearly matched as possible, and the incessant clash of the weapons, from which darted flashes like lightning, proved the immense skill and strength of the enemies.

Suddenly St. John struck his foot against a stone, and thrown off his guard for an instant, could not parry the furious lunge of his opponent.

The point of Lindon’s sword appeared streaming with blood behind the young man’s back, and at the same instant his own weapon was buried in his enemy’s shoulder.

Lindon’s weapon broke at the hilt, and the two combatants fell, dragging each other to the ground.

The seconds ran and pulled them asunder, and raised them to their feet.

Leaning on the shoulders of Captain Waters and Captain

Foy, the two men gazed at each other with flashing eyes and crimson cheeks, breathing heavily, and clutching at their weapons.

"Your sword! Give me your sword, Captain Foy," cried Lindon, faintly, "I'll finish him!"

Foy's hand moved to his weapon.

"Captain Foy," said Waters, "if you hand that weapon to your principal I'll run you through the body, and him too, upon my honor!"

"Let him have it!" said St. John, hoarsely, his breast streaming with blood. "Your sword, sir!"

"He shall not!" cried Captain Waters, "it is three inches longer than yours."

Foy moved to draw the weapon.

"Well comrade!" said Waters, "if that's the use you're going to make of it, nothing could delight me more! I have been pleading for the favor. Captain Foy, I have the honor to salute you and to place myself entirely at your orders!"

With these cold words, Captain Waters drew his sword and confronted his opponent.

Foy's hand left the hilt of the weapon, and a keen flash of his proud eye showed how reluctantly he yielded.

"No sir," he said, coldly, "there shall be no need of the encounter you propose. I recognize the propriety of your objection to the further progress of this affair, and I agree with you that it is, for the present, at an end."

As he spoke, Captain Foy turned to Lindon, who was deadly pale, and staunched the deep wound in his shoulder with his white handkerchief, which he bound round it.

He then assisted Lindon, who could scarcely stand alone, to his carriage, and turning to bow to Captain Waters, ordered the driver to drive to Williamsburg.

Captain Waters then gave his whole attention to St. John.

The young man had stretched out his hand and plucked a little white rose from a sweet briar, rustling in the river

breeze—just such an one as Bonnybei had pulled to pieces on that morning—and looking now at the flower, he seemed to think of the girl.

“What are you doing there, comrade?” said the soldier, “what is that?”

“Only a flower, captain,” he said faintly.

“A flower!”

“Yes, a rose, and here is another—a red one.”

With which St. John endeavored to point to the circular blood-stain, gradually extending upon his white linen bosom.

As he spoke, the captain felt the young man’s form weigh heavily upon his arm; and the head fell like a wounded bird’s.

He had fainted.

Captain Waters was one of those men who act promptly. He took the young man in his arms, and carrying him like a child, to the edge of the stream, deluged his forehead with the cool water.

He then laid the pale form upon the green sward, and tearing violently away the frill at his own breast, proceeded to bare the bosom of the wounded man, and probe the wound.

Lindon’s sword had struck upon a letter, written on thick Bath post, and thus diverted from its point blank direction toward the heart, had traversed the flesh and muscles completely through to the back.

The wound was more painful than dangerous, except from the profuse flow of blood.

Captain Waters bound it up with the rapidity and skill of an experienced hand, and St. John opened his eyes.

“How do you feel now, comrade?” said the soldier, kneeling, and holding up the young man’s head.

“A little faint,” was the reply. “Where am I, captain?”

“You are on the grass, companion, with a bad flesh-wound, which talking makes worse; and the motion of the

carriage will be worse still for it, *morbleu!* Miserable day that it is!"

And the soldier groaned.

The young man pointed with his finger to the stream.

The captain looked, and saw a sail-boat passing.

"I will—go—to Flower of Hundreds—captain," said St. John, faintly.

The soldier gently deposited his burden upon the sward again, and hastening to the point of the island running out into the stream, hailed the boatman.

In fifteen minutes the young man was being borne in the little bark toward Flower of Hundreds, his head supported upon the breast of Captain Waters.

He still held the small, white flower in his hand, and Bonnybel's letter had not left his breast.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE NEWS REACHES VANELY.

IN the old drawing-room at Vanely, through whose open windows a fresh breeze wafts in an odor of green leaves, and flowers, and fruit trees, full of perfumed blossoms, sit the young ladies of the family, busily engaged on some ornamental work, and in entertaining Mr. Alston and a certain Mr. Hamilton.

Mr. Hamilton is a rubicund widower who has come—he says—to see Colonel Vane on business; but not finding that gentleman at home, is disconsolate, and is compelled to talk with Miss Seraphina. He calls frequently "on business with Colonel Vane."

Mr. Alston does not mask his designs with any such plea—he does not conceal the fact that he has come "to shake the tree," or in other words, to pay his addresses to Miss Helen, who seems far from being offended by it.

For the moment, however, honest Tom is talking with Miss Bonnybel. He leans over her, and says, with a gentle smile,

“Pray what enchanting little affair is that, Miss Bonnybel? The wedding dress of a fairy princess?”

Bonnybel appears, of late, to have lost much of her old vivacity. She scarcely smiles as she replies:

“It is only a cuff. I thought I would make them myself instead of giving them to Miss Carne.”

“Miss Carne? pray who is that?”

“I forgot—you’ve not seen her. She’s a seamstress whom we brought from town with us. There she is at the door.”

Mr. Alston turns his head and makes a slight movement, as he sees before him the remarkable head. Miss Carne is an Italian-looking woman, with a brunette complexion, black hair, and deep, penetrating eyes. She is undeniably handsome, standing in her submissive attitude with folded hands; but there is something repelling in her air and appearance.

“Have you laid out the pieces, Miss?” she said, with a slight Italian accent; “I am ready to go on with the dress.”

Bonnybel gave her some directions, and she disappeared as she came, without noise.

“A singular face,” said Mr. Alston, “but I do not like it. She is undoubtedly beautiful, but not prepossessing. Well, that is scarcely a matter of importance. Pray whose is this delightfully perfumed epistle?” adds Mr. Alston, smiling, and raising, as he does so, from the table an embossed paper.

“’Tis Aunt Seraphina’s verses,” says Helen, smiling demurely; “ask her to let you read them.”

“Coming from such a source, they must be indeed perfect,” says the gallant Jack Hamilton, with an ogle.

In spite of Miss Seraphina’s objections, Mr. Alston reads aloud,

A LADY'S ADIEU TO HER TEA TABLE.

"Farewell to the Tea Board, with its gaudy equipage
 Of Cups and Saucers, Cream Bucket, Sugar Tongs,
 The pretty Tea Chest, also, lately stored
 With Hyson, Congo, and best Double Fine.
 Full many a joyous moment have I sat by ye,
 Hearing the Girls Tattle, the Old Maids talk Scandal,
 And the spruce Coxcomb laugh at, may be, nothing.
 No more shall I dish out the once loved Liquor,
 Though now detestable to all at Vanely,
 Because I 'm taught (and I believe it true),
 Its Use will *fasten slavish Chains upon my Country*,
 And LIBERTY 's the Goddess I would choose
 To reign triumphant in AMERICA!"

"Bravo!" cried honest Jack; "I have rarely heard such verses! Permit me, my dear Miss Seraphina, to have them put in the 'Gazette.'"

"O, I never could consent," murmurs Miss Seraphina, in confusion.

"Genius must be treated with gentle force, my dear madam," says Mr. Hamilton; "I'll strike out the words, 'to all at Vanely,' and all the colony shall admire you."

That the gentleman carried out his threat is proved from the fact that we have taken the verses from the old "Virginia Gazette."

The conversation then turns on a number of things, and finally, at the request of Tom Alston, Bonnybel goes reluctantly to the harpsichord and sings. The song is "Katherine Ogie," and the young lady sings it with deep sadness. It sighs itself away, and she returns listlessly to her seat.

"An exquisite tune," says Mr. Alston, "and 't is Harry's great favorite. By the bye, Miss Bonnybel, where is Harry?"

"I really do not know, sir," is the reply; "in town, I ppose, where we left him, or rather he left us."

And Bonnybel's sadness changes to a pout.

"Harry 's not in town, my child," says the voice of Colonel

Vane, behind them, "and I'm sorry to say that his life is in danger."

Bonnybel rose to her feet with a start, turning pale as death, but instantly fell again in the chair.

"He is at 'Flower of Hundreds,'" continued the colonel, sorrowfully, "and he was brought thither yesterday, by Captain Waters, in one of the sail-boats. The account is, that the boatman was hailed by Captain Waters, at Jamestown, and going ashore found Harry lying on the grass, bleeding from a wound in the breast. I know who's to blame for it!" added the colonel, flushing, "and if the boy dies, I'll pursue him to the end of the earth!"

He was diverted from his wrath by a sudden exclamation from Helen. Bonnybel had caught her sister's arm, to prevent herself from fainting. In a few minutes she was weeping in her chamber, in the arms of Helen, who cried with her.

She heard the two gentlemen mount their horses hastily, and ride away at full gallop, and then the chariot rolled up to the door.

"O, I'll go too!" cried Bonnybel, starting up. "I would die of suspense here! Come, sister!"

And breaking away from Helen, she hastily descended, just as the colonel and Aunt Mabel were entering the coach. Helen followed, and they soon reached "Flower of Hundreds."

The colonel and Aunt Mabel went to St. John's chamber, the young ladies remaining in the sitting-room. Bonnybel resembled a statue; she did not move or speak, but, from time to time, her vacant eyes were raised to the pictures they had looked upon together.

As the slow step of the colonel was heard descending the stairs, she started, her cheeks flushed—she rose, and hastened to the door.

"How is he?" she said, in a low tone.

"Badly hurt, but not dangerously," returned the colonel; "the wound was got in a duel with that man Lindon, at

Jamestown island ; the letter which you wrote, my child, before the assembly, turned the weapon, and, in all probability, saved his life. The doctor and his friends are now with him, and they think that a month's confinement will be all."

Bonnybel drew a long, labored breath, went slowly to the window, looking forth on the river, and there she remained without turning her head.

She was crying like a child, but they were tears of joy.

CHAPTER LIV.

TWO HEARTS.

ST. JOHN had a vigorous constitution, and his wound soon ceased to make him suffer acutely. The doctor directed entire quiescence for some time, however, and thus the young man was confined to his room and his bed still.

It was a great favor, which he at last obtained, to be permitted to rise, and lie, in his dressing gown, on a couch in the drawing-room, and while Lindon was still turning and tossing with fever, in his close quarters in town, St. John was inhaling the breath of leaves and flowers.

Many friends flocked to cheer his hours of weariness, and we need not say that the Vanely family were not remiss.

Tom Alston assumed his most foppish air to make him laugh ; Jack Hamilton told a hundred stories of fox hunting and frolicking ; Captain Waters related endless anecdotes of his campaigns. With shoulders drooping, and dreamy looking eyes, as he thrummed on his chair, the worthy soldier recalled, for his companion's amusement, a thousand tales and remembrances. He made his brilliant and joyous youth rise again ; he beat, or was beaten again by the French ; he fought all his battles over with sighs or careless laughter.

But of all the friendly and sympathizing faces which gathered round him, during those long hours of suffering and weakness, there was one which contributed more powerfully to the young man's recovery than all the rest.

We need scarcely say that this was the face of Bonnybel.

Claiming her privilege of cousin and old playmate, the young lady, throwing aside all ceremony, came almost daily, with her mother and sisters, to see the invalid, and St. John experienced in her society a charm which seemed to make him stronger day by day, as though by the influence of magic.

Bonnybel was no longer the coquettish and mischievous little fairy, such as we have seen her in former pages of this history. She appeared suddenly to have changed her entire character. She no longer laughed and jested at every thing and nothing. All the little pouts, and "spites," and ironies, and angers, which had made her society so piquante, disappeared. She became suddenly an earnest woman, full of pity and sympathizing tenderness, and very soon a critical observer might have seen, dawning in her eyes, and on her tell-tale cheeks, the evidences of a warmer and more profound emotion—the imperceptible light, and rosy dawn, of a true woman's faithful love.

They spent hours and hours together, beneath the open window, through which came the breath of vernal fields and summer flowers, and Bonnybel seemed never weary gazing at the fine landscape. From the lofty hill, the wooded banks of the great river, studded with white mansions, embowered in green foliage, stretched far away, and disappeared in the mists of the horizon; the broad current glittered with the snowy sails of sea-bound barks or those returning home from distant lands; the forests, day by day, assumed a deeper and more beautiful emerald; the summer came apace, completing with its warmth and fuller radiance, the influence of the fresh spring, and in the heart of the young lady, also, all those vague emotions of the past came gradually to combine and ripen into the warm summer of love.

It is out of our power to trace, with greater distinctness, the successive steps by which the girl approached this supreme point in the life of a woman. We would not, if we could. Such topics should not be lightly handled. A poet says :

“Two happier lovers never met
 In dear and talk-charmed privacy.
 The memories of happier hours
 Are like the cordials pressed from flowers
 And madden sweetly. I impart
 Nought of the love talk I remember,
 For May’s young pleasures are best hid
 From the cold prudence of December,
 Which clips and chills all vernal wings ;
 And love’s own sanctities forbid,
 Now, as of old, such gossippings
 In halls, of what befalls in bowers.”

We prefer to simply state the fact that the result of those hours of quiet talk, or more expressive silence, was an affection, on the part of the young lady, as warm and true as that of her lover. Doubtless it commenced in her woman’s pity for suffering, and tender sympathy for him who suffered, but ere long this sympathy was needless, for he grew stronger day by day ; still the feeling of the young lady deepened.

No word had been spoken by either, but the language of the eyes is superior to all words. All around them soon perceived what they thought so wholly concealed, and by a series of *accidents*, Mr. St. John’s visitors were all called away when Bonnybel came to see him. They would talk alone for hours, the fresh breeze moving her bright curls, or bringing back the color to his pale thin cheeks, and then they would part with a long look, which needed no words to express its meaning.

It was one evening when, having arisen from his sick couch, and received permission to ride out, St. John went with Bonnybel to Vanely, that he found the moment,

It was a lovely evening, and the sun was just setting, as they drew near the old hall. In the east, a luminous halo preceded the rising of the moon, and a single star, suspended, like a lamp of fire, in the rosy atmosphere, delicately scintillated, gathering clearer radiance as the purple margin of the sunset grew more pale.

In a moment, the two hearts beat together; he understood what had angered and pained him so much; she had loved him and expected him to return; her suffering had been greater than his own.

They reached the old hall, and now, when the pale, weak young man assisted her from the saddle, she did not pout or reprimand him.

The curious moon, looking down, saw a man holding closely to his breast a woman—a woman who smiled through her tears—that was all.

They had plighted their troth.

CHAPTER LV.

WHICH COMMENCES THE SECOND PORTION OF THE HISTORY.

WITH the words which we have just written, we should be glad to conclude our history. The young and kind-hearted, everywhere, would thank us, for, to this class, nothing is so pleasant as happiness and sunshine. St. John would be remembered as one happy in the possession of a true-hearted woman; Bonnybel, as the bride of the man whom she preferred, above all the world, for her husband.

But, alas! human life is not made up entirely of sunshine. It is often when the day is brightest, that the dark folds of the thunder cloud sweep from the horizon, and blacken the most brilliant landscape. It was so in the lives of these lovers, and the duty of their historian is to tell all he knows.

In some points of view, perhaps, this duty is of advantage

to the history. For this volume has two themes, two aims. the story of a man and a woman; the history, also, of a period in the annals of a nation.

We have followed the steps of these two persons toward the point where their hands clasped; we have witnessed the gradual narrowing of the space which separated two lands from the battle-field, where hearts, long united, would be torn asunder, where squadrons would clash, and blood flow like water. Let us now look again on the columns marching to the conflict, from which a new world was to rise, like a colossal form of Victory, its face to the morning and the stars of glory on its brow. Let us also see what befell the two main personages of the history. There are clouds and sunshine in both pictures.

For a month, St. John was wholly and completely happy. If, before, the whole world appeared brighter and lovelier in his eyes, it was now wholly transfigured, for he was blessed with the fruition of his dearest wish. Like the sun shining out after a storm, his present joy was more fresh and brilliant for the hours of gloom which had preceded it. The woman whom he loved, loved him in return, and every one at Vanely sincerely rejoiced. The young man had twined himself around the hearts of old and young, and the parents of the young lady hailed with joy the closer bond which was about to unite them to the young man; he had been like a son always to them, now he would be really such.

Bonnybel bore her "new honors" with some blushes, but a serene, tranquil happiness. All her wildness and mischief had departed; she no longer laughed or jested; she was content to be silent and happy.

It was arranged that the marriage should take place at the end of summer, and the young lady and her companion had a hundred confidential talks on the arrangements which that event would make necessary. It was at last decided that, after a month spent at Vanely, they should go to "Flower of Hundreds," and settle down permanently; thus

Mr. St. John would be what he wished to be, an honest country gentleman. He would cultivate his patrimonial acres, and never dream of Indians or war any more!

His old ambition seemed to him, as he pondered and smiled now, like a dream of the night, a mere foolish fancy. Indians? That they should concern him was supremely ridiculous! He had other things to think of—his wife!

Thus a month fled away, and one morning the young man mounted "Tallyho" to go to Williamsburg, where he had to attend to some pecuniary matters, and see to having the old house of "Flower of Hundreds" refitted for the abode of its future mistress.

"Are you sure you'll not forget me?" said Bonnybel, archly, and blushing, as he bade her farewell; "a whole week! what a long, long time!"

"It is a century to me," he replied, gazing with pride and admiration on the girl; "but I'll try not to forget you, if you will promise me as much."

The foolish, idle thought was not worth replying to, she said, smiling; he would write to her?

"Every day—could she think he would neglect it?"

And with a heavy heart the young man vaulted into the saddle. "Tallyho" departed at a gallop, but his master did not see the road before him. His head was turned backward, his eyes fixed on a woman, who waved her white handkerchief; at last the forest intervened; they were parted for the first time since that moonlit evening.

Let us now leave the happy fields of Vanely, and its cheerful faces, and following St. John, reënter the old capital. From this center and heart flows already the fiery blood of revolution; here, also, fell that cloud, which we have spoken of, on the young man who thought his life all sunshine.

It was the afternoon of the first of August when St. John rode into Williamsburg and stopped at the Raleigh tavern.

As he approached the door, a concourse of gentlemen were issuing forth, and he recognized the members of the

House of Burgesses, which Dunmore had dissolved more than two months before.

Suddenly he saw, in front of him, the stranger of the old church at Richmond.

The stranger was talking with one of the members, but his clear, penetrating eye having caught sight of St. John, he ended his colloquy and approached the young man.

"Welcome, friend," he said, in his deep, calm voice; "I have not seen you of late, as was very natural. You have recovered?"

"Yes, perfectly. So you knew of my accident?"

"Of course; the whole province knows it. Your adversary has just gotten out again."

"Well, I'm glad of that, and accounts are closed, I think, between us. But this meeting, this assemblage!"

"It is the first Virginia Convention. You arrive too late."

"I am sorry, but I can at least compliment you on your foresight. This is the second prediction which you made; both, I see, are now accomplished."

"My prediction?" said the stranger; "it was scarcely such. Prophets are inspired, and speak from their inspiration. I was simply informed in advance. I have an advantage over you. To the uneducated eye of the mere looker on, Virginia advances blindly, and without knowing what she does; to me, as to those who know, her whole career is the result of a logical, mathematical set of premises; the accomplishment, in open day, of what Henry and the great leaders have resolved on in council."*

"Ah, I understand!"

"This was to do—it is done," continued the stranger; "the sword was drawn, the blow has now been struck. Do you know what the blow is?"

"Tell me."

"This convention of delegates, elected by the people of Virginia, has just affirmed the action of the House, making common cause with the people of Boston to the very death,

* Historical Illustrations, No. XXXIV.

and breaking off wholly all commercial connection with England."

"That is well."

"What remains is better. Do you remember that the articles of association, on the occasion of the dissolution, recommended a general congress?"

"I remember."

"Well, that congress is now resolved on. Delegates have just been appointed: Peyton Randolph, Richard Henry Lee, George Washington, Patrick Henry, Richard Bland, Benjamin Harrison, and Edmund Pendleton."

"A noble array of names."

"A constellation of glory and victory!" said the stranger, in his deep, earnest voice; "our Virginia noblemen, by God's patent, not the king's! Do you know the instructions they carry in their hands? Listen to the ending—I have it by heart: 'If the said General Gage conceives he is empowered to act in this manner, as the commander-in-chief of his Majesty's forces in America, this odious and illegal proclamation must be considered as a plain and full declaration that this despotic viceroy will be bound by no law, nor regard the constitutional rights of his Majesty's subjects whenever they interfere with the plans he has formed for oppressing the good people of Massachusetts Bay, and, therefore, the executing, or attempting to execute, such proclamation will justify resistance and reprisal.' This is what the delegates of Virginia take to the general continental congress, to meet in Philadelphia on the 5th of September, and it is enough! No matter whether 't is General Gage, or the government represented by him, which we are to resist and execute reprisals on! I defy a million casuists to change the issue when the cannon begin to roar!"

"You are right," said St. John, thoughtfully, "it is really England which these instructions defy."

"Nothing less," replied the stranger, opening a pamphlet which he carried folded in his hand, "and here is the defiance at greater length."

“What is that?”

“See! ‘*A Summary View of the Rights of British America.*’”

“By whom?”

“Mr. Thomas Jefferson.”

“Ah! the man of the mathematical logic, the irreverent genius, the overturner!”

“Yes, the pick-ax, as Henry is the gunpowder. Take this pamphlet and read it, friend. See its noble sentiments: ‘the whole art of government consists in the art of being honest!’ Weigh attentively its inexorable logic, treading upon thrones and principalities! See how I uttered the simplest truth when I told you that this man, Jefferson, would be one of the eagles of the storm! In this pamphlet, which will probably cause his attainder for treason, the great issue is defined with irresistible vigor and unflinching exactness; these pages are the statement of the quarrel, the watch-word of resistance — revolution!* Every moment that revolution advances! We have looked for it almost with tears and groans! Now it comes, with gigantic strides, as I speak! Ten years ago, Patrick Henry said to me: ‘Even now you may scent the odor of the coming storm!’ Well, friend, that odor gathers closer and more intense, but it is not suffocating! It fills the veins of thousands with fierce heat—of thousands who are taking down their old swords and fire-arms. The gloomy cloud droops above, and the world lies in darkness, but wait, friend, wait! be not doubtful! From this gloom will leap the lightning of an oppressed people’s indignation; woe to those who are struck by the bolt!”

“You speak in a voice which leaves no room for answer,” said his companion. “I will take this pamphlet and read it; but I fear I shall be a worthless proselyte.”

“No, you belong to Virginia, and will take your part.”

St. John smiled.

“Do you know why I think I shall not accomplish much, friend?” he said.

* Historical Illustrations, No. XXXV.

“No.”

“I am happy.”

And the young man's eyes wandered, with a tranquil light in them, toward the far south-west.

“You have been frank with me, friend,” he said to the stranger; “you unrolled before me your whole past life—I will not be so unfriendly as to conceal my own. I love and am beloved by the noblest woman in the land, and in her love I find the consummation of my hopes and dreams. Do you understand now why I am a bad instrument of revolution?”

And the young man looked at the stranger with an air of tranquil happiness.

The stranger for a time did not speak, but gazing at his companion, seemed to muse sadly. This expression of sadness deepened into sorrow as he reflected, and at last, shaking his head, he muttered,

“Youth! youth! what a grand thing it is! how full of trust!”

“What did you say?” asked St. John; “speak out your thoughts.”

“Perhaps I had better not, friend,” said the stranger, sadly; “they are not happy thoughts.”

“Let me share at least your griefs.”

“I have none, and I only mused, as do all men who have seen wither and fade the blossoms and flowers of their dreams.”

“Speak, friend!” said St. John, “I wish to hear your thought.”

“It will not appear rational to you, but I may as well utter it. Well, you think the future is clear and happy, do you not?”

“Yes.”

“That you are assured of this happiness—certain to reap?”

“I think I am.”

“You think that no clouds can rise, no thunderbolts descend?”

“No clouds which love can not dissipate, no thunderbolts which happiness will not turn aside.”

The stranger shook his head.

“I thought so once, too,” he muttered, “but it came. Take care! be not too certain! Do not think that Heaven will permit you to withdraw yourself from the contest.”

St. John smiled.

“You speak to a man demented by a possessing thought, a single image,” he said; “your words do not convince me.”

“Well, perhaps they had better have not been uttered. But the future is dark—we know not what may happen. I see that for the present I have lost a coadjutor, for you are happy and content. If that happiness changes to sadness, that content to suffering and pain, then you will come back to the struggle from which you are now taken. If that event happens, come and put your hand on my shoulder—I will support you. My words seem idle, friend, but they may be the best rationality for you if the darkness comes. Do you see that tall house yonder rising above the suburbs? That is my working place, you know, and there you will find me! I hope you will not come. I trust I may be a mere raven, like Virgil’s, croaking from the hollow tree; but the future for all of us lies in the hand of God. Now I will take my leave, as I have much to attend to. I shall see you again.”

And exchanging a grasp of the hand with St. John, the stranger left him, and disappeared in the moving throng before the door of the tavern.

The young man looked after him with a sad smile.

“There goes one who has suffered much,” he muttered, “and he fears that I will suffer. He does not know the depth and security of my happiness, poor heart! He does not know that Bonnybel and myself are united by a tie which destiny itself is powerless to burst asunder!”

He spoke with a smile, and so went into the Raleigh.

CHAPTER LVI.

HOW CAPTAIN WATERS PLUCKED ALL HIS GEESE.

It was on the afternoon of the next day that St. John, while going along with his head bent down, struck suddenly against an object approaching, as he was leaving, the Raleigh tavern.

He raised his head and found that the object was Captain Waters, who had been going along in the same thoughtful way.

There was this difference, however, between the musings of the friends; those of St. John were happy, while Captain Ralph was evidently sad.

"I'm delighted to see you, my dear captain," said St. John, holding out his hand, "and must beg your pardon for nearly knocking you down. What news?"

The captain pressed his friend's hand with melancholy pleasure, and with a countenance elongated to an extent really deplorable, replied, sadly,

"Absolutely nothing, my dear comrade, unless you call the convention here, and a dreadful disappointment I have suffered, news."

"A dreadful disappointment!"

"Yes, my friend, nothing less," groaned the captain, "a real staggerer."

"You pain me," said St. John, scanning the mortified face of his companion; "come, be friendly, and tell me your trouble as I told you mine. Perhaps I can serve you as you served me."

The captain shook his head.

"Impossible, *mon ami*," he groaned, "actually impossible. *Morbleu!* how black that sunshine is!"

And the captain drew down the corners of his mouth, and, consequently, the midnight fringe which covered them, in a way which indicated actual despair.

“You look at me curiously, my boy,” he said, after a moment; “you lament my distress. You will lament it more when I tell you about it, and will see that you can’t relieve it. I succeeded tolerably well in hatching that little affair between you and Lindon, who is just getting out again, but you can not reciprocate the favor. It has some relation to that little circumstance at Jamestown island, but the similarity soon ends. You can’t help me, miserable wretch that I am! You can not be of the least service to me!”

And the captain groaned again. This time he almost sobbed.

“I see you are dying to hear about it, comrade,” he continued, after a disconsolate pause, “and I do n’t mind telling you every thing. But let us go and get a cup of Canary—I’m choking.”

With which words Captain Ralph led the way into the domain of mine host of the Raleigh, and being supplied with what he demanded, drew St. John into a corner of the apartment, and sitting down, proceeded to his disappointment.

“Fancy me lounging yonder at home, *mon ami*,” he said, “after seeing you well through that little affair with Lindon, and behold me, as the French lingo has it, idle, sombre, becoming gradually a prey to the blue devils. They assaulted me even when you were sick, and that’s why I told you all those adventures and wore out your patience with stories! Do n’t deny it, comrade, you are too polite. My own opinion is, that those narratives delayed your recovery at least a fortnight! You smile—you think I’m a *farceur*! My friend, I am not; I am plunged into despair. But to proceed.”

And taking another draught of the Canary, the soldier sighed and continued.

“Back to Flodden once more, as I said, companion, I became a prey to the blue imps, and all day long I thought of nothing but my disappointment in the matter of drawing Foy into a duel. In vain did madam, that paragon of wo-

men, endeavor to extract from me the origin of my low spirits. In vain did Master Ralph Waters, that noblest of urchins, and most indefatigable of dirt pie fabricators, climb up my knees, and beg for a caress. I motioned Madame Henriette away—I sent Master Ralph to the nursery. Every day I grew thinner, and was rapidly becoming weary of life under the ungentlemanly persecution of that fellow, Foy, who has treated me abominably. You see it was his refusal to fight me, *mon ami*, which caused my melancholy, and I was in despair.

“Well, things were in this condition, when, one morning I read in the ‘Virginia Gazette,’ that their honors, the delegates of the colony, would meet in convention in a day or two, at Williamsburg; and no sooner had I perused this announcement than a fortunate or unfortunate idea at once struck me. Foy had refused to fight me on the ground of his secretaryship. Now I would place myself on an equality with him, by becoming the secretary of the convention. Do n’t you see? I do n’t mind saying I’m rather proud of the idea, and I proceeded immediately to put it into execution. I got a bundle of paper as big as a horse could carry, a fascine of pens, which Madame Henriette made by redacting all the geese on the plantation to a state of nature, and having thus prepared for my civil duties, the ink being left to the liberality of the convention, I hunted up my best sword, and spent an entire day in burnishing my accoutrements. On the next morning I set out in my carriage, bidding a triumphant adieu to that paragon of women, Madame Henriette, who was dying with curiosity—her only failing, my friend—and in due time I reached Williamsburg.”

The captain stopped to sip his Canary, in the midst of smiles from Mr. St. John.

“I arrived just in time,” continued the narrator, “and by the influence of my friends, secured the post of secretary of the convention, which I, however paid a deputy, an excellent scrivener, to perform the duties of. You see, however I was *de jure*, as Jack Hamilton is fond of saying, the sec-

retary, and I rubbed my sword again, until I could see my face in it. As to the paper and quills, the deputy took them, while I went after Foy.

“I called at the palace—his secretaryship was at Montebello, the residence, some six miles below town, of his Excellency, the noble Dunmore. I got into the saddle, and went to Montebello; his secretaryship sent me word that he was engaged in important business with his lordship, and begged to be excused. You may know I came back in a furious bad humor, and so I remained until this morning.

“I then heard that Foy had returned, and dressing myself in this elegant suit, and girding on this pretty little parade sword, I repeated my call at the palace.

“I heard Foy say to the servant, ‘Tell him, pest that he is! tell him I have not returned!’ The lackey was delivering this message when I pushed him aside, and went in.

“Foy was sitting at his table, the same one, I doubt not, *mon ami*, from behind which his Excellency scolded you, and from the pile of papers before him, I suppose he was busy. We look at each other for a moment, and Foy frowns. I smile and bow.

“‘I am really distressed to disturb you, my dear Foy,’ I say, ‘but you will permit me to say that ’t was scarcely friendly to deny yourself thus to an old comrade.’

“‘I am busy, Captain Waters,’ he replies, with a grand air.

“‘I thought Conolly was gone, my dear friend,’ I say; for, you see, I wanted to get him up to the point. Once aroused, I knew I had him.

“At the words, ‘I thought Conolly was gone,’ his pale face flushes, as I expected, and he rises and says,

“‘Captain Waters, this is the third or fourth time you have been pleased to connect me with Major Conolly, his Excellency’s agent—’

“‘Ah! he is his Excellency’s agent,’ I interrupt; ‘you acknowledge it?’

“‘I acknowledge nothing, sir!’ he says, growing hot at

his blunder, 'I only say that your persevering intrusion upon me, and your insinuations, are insulting, offensive, and such as I shall not longer endure !'

"My dear St. John," continued the captain, smiling, "when Foy said that, growing red as he spoke, I felt a happiness which I have not before experienced for a long time. I saw that I had fortunately come on him in an irritable moment, when the best of us, you know, can't keep cool, and I expected much from this circumstance.

"'My dear Foy,' I say, 'do you really consider that question insulting? Well, I'll tell you in confidence, I meant it to be so; not in any bad spirit, for I have a positive affection for you, and would not wound your feelings for worlds, but, you see, I have set my heart on fighting you.'

"I said all this with so much good feeling, that my gentleman saw, I suppose, that I uttered the truth. He sat down, coldly, and I read, in his keen eye, that he felt he had all to lose and nothing to gain by the encounter, and that his best revenge for my insult was to take no notice of it.

"'Sir,' he said, in his grand way, 'you seem actually demented, and did I not know the eccentricity of your character, I should not suffer this offense to pass unanswered. I shall not so proceed, however, sir, and I request that this interview may end. I have repeatedly assured you that my post of secretary, in the service of his Excellency, renders it impossible for me to accept your defiance; you know me perfectly well, sir, and are doubtless aware that I place much restraint upon my feelings in refusing.'

"'Know you! my dear Foy!' I reply, 'like the word of command! You're as brave as steel, and I offer you a little affair whereby you may prove it to these stupid Virginians, persons wholly ignorant of your valorous deeds at Minden, and a thousand other places.'

"'I repeat, sir,' he says, coldly, 'that this duel is impossible.'

"'Why? On account of your secretaryship, eh?'

“ ‘Yes, sir.’

“ ‘That makes the combat unequal?’

“ ‘It does, sir.’

“ ‘Well,’ I say, triumphantly, ‘suppose we stood on equal grounds, would things be changed?’

“ ‘Yes, sir, and as I said before, it would give me extreme pleasure to cut your throat,’ replies Foy, making me the most elegantly sneering salute.

“ ‘I did not notice it; I got ready my blow.

“ ‘It gives me real happiness to inform you, my dear Foy,’ I say, ‘that the equality which you mention really exists. I am secretary of the convention of Virginia, and here is a parchment evidence of it, sworn to by three witnesses—I added the third for safety. This paper, my dear Foy, proves what I say, and now I suppose you will no longer refuse. Come, let us make the arrangements; I’m dying to learn the *coup* of Reinfels, and if I kill you, I shall bless your memory.’

“ ‘My gentleman looks, with the strongest astonishment, on the paper, and says,

“ ‘Captain Waters, you seem really crazy.’

“ ‘My dear Foy,’ I reply, smiling, ‘you seem to me absolutely stupid.’

“ ‘Captain Waters, I shall suffer no more insults!’ says my gentleman, flushing. ‘Take back your parchment, sir, the evidence of your participation in a treasonable assemblage; take it back, sir, and I advise you to destroy it. Otherwise you will suffer by it when the government makes its investigations into the riotous conduct of the inhabitants of the colony. I give you this advice, sir, as an old companion, and I refuse to have you arrested, as I might, because we have fought and slept together. Go, captain! let us proceed different ways; at present, I repeat that I neither can nor will fight you, but if it is any consolation, I announce to you that, in all probability, the time will soon arrive when I shall show you your favorite *coup*. I do not pretend to think that we are not enemies; we are, for we espouse dif-

ferent sides. If you can kill me, do so; when the time comes, I have good hopes of performing that ceremony for yourself!"

"And bowing, with an air of the most odious elegance, the confounded fellow bent over his papers again. I had nothing to reply, my dear friend," finished the captain. "I could not force Foy to recognize the validity of my appointment as secretary, when he conscientiously doubted. I was beaten, driven back, disappointed, conquered completely. I only shook my head, and bidding Foy adieu, came away. At the door I met his Excellency, whom I saluted, and so I was returning, sorrowfully, when I ran up against you. Miserable and detestable fate!" added the captain, "which pushes me eternally away from this snake. But even in the depths of my disappointment, I'll not despair. I'll yet wait for happier times."

The captain finished his Canary, and rose, St. John, having listened with the utmost attention, and not without laughter, to his narrative.

"Perhaps resignation is the best, my dear captain" he said, "and I can feel for you in your distress. I have listened to your relation with much entertainment, and 't is certainly another touch added to Captain Foy in my imagination. He seems to me a mixture of the soldier and the diplomatist, the tiger and the lamb."

"Exactly," said the captain, "that hits him to the very letter."

"Well, may be his lamb's fleece will fall off and he will show his teeth. Let us hope for the best!"

And, laughing, St. John rose and followed the soldier to the street.

As they reached the portico of the tavern, St. John saw Lindon pass, and the two adversaries exchanged a ceremonious salute. On the part of St. John, this salute was perfectly polite and frank; on the part of Lindon, formal and almost haughty, his dark eyes glittering with a sinister ex-

pression in his pale, cold face, as he passed on and disappeared.

“There’s another of the snakes, if I’m not greatly mistaken,” said the captain, “and I advise you to keep a good look-out when you pass dark corners. A man with an eye like that can’t possibly be honest, and now, my dear friend, I must return home. To our next meeting!”

And the friends separated—the captain to mount his horse, St. John to attend to the business which brought him to Williamsburg.

CHAPTER LVII.

SOME OLD FRIENDS—AT LEAST THE AUTHOR HOPES SO.*

ST. JOHN’S business was nothing more nor less, says our author, than some pecuniary arrangements in connection with his proposed embarkation upon the seas of matrimony, and the agent in these arrangements was a certain Mr. A. Z. Smith, factor.

We should like to pause in our narrative, and once more enter the small warehouse of the worthy factor, salute the round-faced shopboy, who, as of old, presides with smiles over the domain of tin pans and fitches, whips and boxes of tobacco, in perennial youth. We should like to enter the little counting-room beyond, where Mr. A. Z. Smith, as in old days, transacts his real business with his courtly customers, and taste his rum, and see the picture of his mustachioed ancestor, and admire his great ledgers chronicling the business of a lifetime. But, unfortunately, Mr. A. Z. Smith, factor, is not destined to affect the current of our narrative, which runs in other channels past the little shop.

Mr. St. John was with Mr. A. Z. Smith a portion of every day, and the smiling little factor made him his best bows

* The worthy author of this chapter seems to refer to some scenes and events in a previous history.

when he appeared, and went away; that salute of familiar respect which the wealthy *bourgeois* bestowed at the period on one of the *gentry*.

After these business interviews Mr. St. John was idle for the rest of the day, and one morning he thought he would take a gallop into the country for the benefit of the air.

He accordingly mounted Tallyho, and putting spur to that spirited animal, was soon beyond the limits of the town, careering through the summer forest, in the direction of Captain Ralph's.

Tallyho seemed to think that the choice of the road was left to himself, and his master soon found that he had diverged from the highway, and that they had arrived in front of a certain mansion known as the "Trap," where resided a certain Mr. Jack Hamilton.

"Well," said the young man, smiling, "why not go in and see Jack? I'm idle, and I'll stop."

With which words he halted and dismounted before the mansion.

An old gray-haired African came, respectfully, to take the bridle of one of the new generation, and this bridle was loftily relinquished by the perennial old nobleman of the stables to a grotesque individual about four feet high, addressed by the euphonious name of Crow.

Mr. Crow still rolled in his gait, distended his large popped eyes, grinned from ear to ear, and if he did not turn summersets, danced as before, with like danger of trenching on the rights of his sweeping coat skirts.

Mr. Hamilton received his friend with great cordiality, and laughed heartily when, over a bottle of claret, Mr. St. John related the interview between Captain Waters and the secretary.

"The fact is, my dear St. John," he said, "our friend, Waters, is a trump, and sooner or later, I predict, will run the secretary through the body. Eh? Don't you think so?"

"Not unlikely."

“He'll do his work better than you did in the case of Lindon.”

“I'm very glad of the result in that case, my dear Hamilton.”

“Glad?”

“Certainly; you see, I'm naturally indisposed to shed blood, and I was forced into that duel. I begin to think all duels folly though, and there's the whole matter.”

Hamilton laughed.

“I understand,” he said; “there's a little angel who's been talking to you, doubtless—come, do n't blush, my boy, she certainly is an angel, and if I'm not mistaken, you wish to monopolize her.”

St. John stopped blushing, and smiled.

“See how the world is given to scandal,” he said.

“Scandal,” exclaimed his friend; “do you deny it?”

“I will reply by asking you a question, my friend.”

“Ask it, Harry, my boy.”

“Do n't you understand the real motive of my visits to Vanely?”

“I think I do,” observed Mr. Hamilton, triumphantly; “you go thither in order—”

“To see Colonel Vane on important business! Yes, I perceive you know my affairs thoroughly!”

And Mr. St. John concluded with a burst of laughter which caused Jack Hamilton to look rather sheepish.

“I've plainly got the better of you, my dear fellow,” said St. John, “and now I shall leave you to continue my ride. I want exercise—come, go with me.”

“Willingly; I have a little message for the squire at the Hall yonder—let us go there.”

Mr. St. John assented, and very soon the two friends were in the saddle and on their way to Effingham Hall. The old mansion ere long rose before them, and they passed beneath the great trees, and stopped at the door.

On the portico, the old squire, now grown gray, but lusty and determined as before, was arguing vigorously with his

old neighbor, Mr. Lee, on whose head had also descended the snows of those ten additional winters. As in long past days, the squire indignantly denied the propositions of his friend before they were enunciated, and, in contrast to all this violent discussion of the gray heads, at their feet a child was busily weaving larkspurs—those little flowers resembling goblin hoods—into a wreath, intent upon her toil and wholly indifferent to the progress of the argument.

Mr. Champ Effingham and Madam Clare came forth to welcome their friends—the one calm and serene, the other smiling and bright—and behind these, Mr. William Effingham, raised his intelligent head, and shot a stately smile; one hand extended courteously, the other supporting a form leaning on his arm.

Before this latter, says our worthy author, with her joy and beauty, and perennial loveliness and goodness; before Kate Effingham, now as in old days, the queen of purity and meekness, the present chronicler bends to the very ground, and takes his hat off and does homage, as in presence of an empress. Not in vain has his pen, gliding through the hours, and taking him from present scenes to older days and figures; not in vain has his pen labored, as the painter's brush does, to delineate the lovely visions of the past, when this fair form remains to speak of him. Among those faces and characters which he tried to draw, and which he is fain to hope, the readers of the present chronicle will have also looked on—among all the figures of his former history, not one contents him but this maiden. Everywhere something is to add to make the drawing worthier, something to take away, an outline to round, a trait to expand; but here he can add nothing. Not from his idle imagination could this picture have proceeded—this vision of purity and joy. A portrait painter simply, he can claim no laurels such as are justly due to the great artist originating from an inner impulse something new and beautiful. Old letters, yellow and faded, and crumbling into dust, told of that fairest maiden; and her portrait yonder,

laughing on my wall, spoke audibly the words I read, with pensive smiles, from the old sheet her snowy fingers rested on. I read those dear old letters often—letters commencing, “Dearest Bonnybel,” and ending, “Your own Kate”—and thus, with these memorials, I knew what loveliness and goodness the original of the portrait was endowed with. Then with this image of the maiden of the last century, blended the fair figure of a child of the present age—a child of such rare and touching purity and truth, that thinking of her now, I grow young again almost, and live in the scenes of other years—bright years which have flown, but left behind the aroma of their joy and tenderness, and sunshine. Thus I am satisfied, as far as that is possible in any instance, with the picture of this maiden—I have nothing to add, no trait to change. I shall never do the like again, and I dare not introduce her into the present history, or even so much as repeat her letters. As she passes before me smiling and beautiful, with the light on her hair and in her tender eyes; as she glides on thus like a vision or a dream; I stand aside as she moves, and only smile as I look, and return to that life which is poor and cold without her, for it holds no figure adequate to represent her beauty!

After this fashion does our worthy old chronicler discourse upon the subject of Mrs. William Effingham, which lady seems to have been an extreme favorite with him. In the former portion of this MSS. this feeling of complaisant satisfaction with his work more than once appears, and as, doubtless, the character of Miss Kate Effingham shone fairer for him than it can for the reader, we may pardon his rhapsody, as the harmless exhibition of that fondness for youthful recollections, which frequently characterizes elderly gentlemen.

We should extract the author’s account of Mr. St. John’s visit to Effingham Hall, which he describes at length, repeating all the conversation of the personages, but unfortunately our narrative leads us to more important scenes.

The friends remained to dinner, which was served at an

early hour, and then departing, the two gentlemen returned homeward—Mr. Hamilton to the “Trap,” and Mr. St. John toward Williamsburg.

His route lay in the direction of the old field school, and just as he came opposite that sylvan academe, Uncle Jimmy Doubleday terminated the toil of the day, and gave the summons of dismissal to his flock of chirping youngsters, male and female.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE SECOND WARNING.

THE young man was in an idle mood, and attracted by the fresh faces of the children, always favorites with him, halted, and turning in his saddle, followed their gay gambols with a pleased smile.

It was not long before a figure detached itself from the merry flock of boys and girls, and this little figure approached the fence, and made Mr. St. John a smiling curtesey.

It was Blossom, and the young lady seemed to experience much pleasure in again meeting with her friend.

The man and the child had scarcely exchanged greetings when Uncle Jimmy Doubleday himself made his appearance, framed, like a gigantic pedagogue, in the doorway of the old field school. Seeing Mr. St. John, Uncle Jimmy came toward that gentleman, walking, with the dignity of a patriarch, in the midst of his family and tribe.

“You behold a pleasing sight, my dear Mr. St. John,” said Uncle Jimmy, taking off his great goggles, and extending the hand holding them toward the flocks of children. “I hold not with the heathen philosophers that children are as ciphers in the state; to my mind, they are meadow flowers which gladden the hearts of those who look upon them,

and in all the various relations of our life, wield mighty influences."

Uncle Jimmy stooped, in a dignified way, to button a negligent "point" of his splatterdashes as he spoke, and then pulled his long waistcoat again carefully to his knees.

"I think with you, Mr. Doubleday," replied the young man smiling, "that they are great blessings; their affection often outweighs that of older persons."

"Yes, that is true," said Uncle Jimmy, placing a fatherly hand on the sunny curls of little Blossom, who stood demurely by him, one foot based firmly on the ground, the other poised upon the toe of her slipper—the neat stockings, without crease or fold, beneath the short skirt; "that is true, Mr. St. John, and in my little friend, Blossom, here, who seems to know you, I recognize a treasure of goodness and affection. Nay, do n't blush, my child; I like to praise you for your dutiful and obedient conduct. I only wish you would give a little of your character to that young scamp, Paul, who narrowly escaped the birch this morning."

And Uncle Jimmy smiled.

Before Blossom could defend her sweetheart, Uncle Jimmy felt a hand on the skirt of his long coat, and turning round, beheld the smiling physiognomy of Master Paul.

"I say, Uncle Jimmy," said that young man, "I did n't mean to hit you on the nose, shooting that pea. I was only trying Bob Dandridge's popgun, and I did n't mean for it to go off."

"Behold, Mr. St. John, the depravity of the character of children," said Uncle Jimmy, with philosophic severity; "this youth is really incorrigible; reproof does not affect him in the least; he always begs off in a way which indicates a natural genius for the forum."

And Uncle Jimmy frowned at Paul, after which he turned away his head to smile.

Whether Master Paul saw the smile or not, we can not say, but he uttered the observation, "Uncle Jimmy, me and Blossom like you very much," after which the youngster

ran to his pony, and putting Blossom up behind him, galloped off toward "Roseland," her father's cottage.

"Such is the nature of children," said Uncle Jimmy, smiling and taking a pinch of rapparee, which he offered to his friend, "they laugh at every thing."

"I think 't is a better philosophy than groaning," said St. John.

"Doubtless, but many disappointments await them; life is a hard enemy. A decade from this moment and they will change their merriment to sorrow, their smiles to sighing."

St. John smiled.

"Then your theory questions the possibility of perfect happiness to adults," he said.

"Almost," replied Uncle Jimmy.

"Suppose a grown man, as this child will be in the decade you speak of; suppose such a man is loved devotedly by a woman, all purity and truth," said the young man, smiling with his happy secret; "suppose the whole treasure of a beautiful and noble nature is his own; is not that something like the happiness you deny men?"

Uncle Jimmy shook his head.

"Time is uncertain," he said; "woman more uncertain than time."

"Some are," said St. John, laughing at his companion's ignorance; "others are the pole stars of the earth."

Uncle Jimmy shook his head again.

"It is well to look keenly to see whether the star we have taken for the polar light, is not in the constellation of the Serpent—*Scorpio*, my friend. Truly hath it been said by Horatius,

"——uxorem cum dote fidemque et amicos
Et genus, et formam, regina Pecunia, donat;"

meaning, as you doubtless comprehend, that women are oft swayed by worldly considerations. But let me not seem uncharitable. Perhaps grief has soured me and clouded my eyes. It is the old who chant the

“ ‘Præcipe lugubres
Cantus, Melpomene,’

and beating their breasts cry, ‘Oh, Postumus! Postumus!
how the flying years glide away :

“ ‘Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume!
Labuntur anni!’ ”

And Uncle Jimmy sighed and was silent, betaking himself, for consolation, to his snuff again.

In taking the box from his pocket, he dropped a letter, which came out with it, and as this circumstance did not attract his attention, St. John pointed to it.

Uncle Jimmys stooped to pick it up rather hastily, and the young man’s eye chanced to fall upon the direction. He smiled, for it was in a lady’s handwriting.

“That seems to be from a fair friend—is it not?” he said, laughing.

“Y-es,” observed Uncle Jimmy, rather shyly, “it *is* from a friend of mine.”

“A lady?”

“Well, yes, my dear Mr. St. John, but the affair is simply—Platonic—simply that, upon my word, sir.”

And Uncle Jimmy put the letter in his pocket. St. John did not say that the preaching and practicing of the philosopher badly agreed, but he thought so, and thus triumphed.

After a little more friendly conversation, they parted, and Uncle Jimmy returned toward the old field school house, now deserted. Mr. St. John continued his way back to Williamsburg, smiling.

“What an amusing illustration of human philosophy that was!” he said, “but how strange that thus, for the second time in three or four days, I have listened to a voice unconsciously bidding me distrust my happiness, and prepare for a change, for misery. The other day it was, ‘Heaven will not permit you to rust in the sloth of happiness at such a crisis;’ to-day it is, ‘Woman are scorpions!’ What sad

philosophy! Ah, they do not know that the gift of this noble love comes straight from heaven, and will purify me; they do not know that whatever other women may be, this one is nearly an angel in faithfulness and truth. A change in her love! I should sooner look to see the star of evening yonder dart from its orbit, and fade into nothing. How unhappy must these poor hearts have been, to doubt the certainty of *my* happiness!"

And smiling tranquilly, the young man went upon his way.

CHAPTER LIX.

HOW ST. JOHN DREW HIS SWORD, AND STRUCK AT A SHADOW.

“WILLIAMSBURG, *Tuesday*

“MY DEAR TOM,

“I send you the contents of your memorandum, as far as I could procure the articles, and am sorry to hear that you are indisposed. I trust 't is but trifling. I might beg your pardon for detaining Dick, and for sending an inferior quality of hair powder, but I have been too much troubled to have my right wits about me.

“Instead of trying to think of some news, which 't is certain this execrable place do n't afford, I will proceed to tell you the origin of my trouble. I do n't know if it 's a natural weakness, or springs from the depth of the feeling I experience, but I think it will relieve me to unburden my trouble to a true friend like yourself, and perhaps you will be able to give me some cheering view of the affair.

“I will announce the cause of my trouble at once. I have just returned from Vanely, and the person that I love more than the whole world has received me almost with coldness.

“Can you imagine the possibility of that? Do n't you

think I am out of my senses? You know, as so true a friend deserved to know, the whole of my position there, and every thing; and this knowledge will make you doubt my sanity. When you have heard my narrative, however, which I write with a heavy heart, you will be forced to believe me.

“I had been here attending to my affairs for more than a sen’night, when one morning, having dispatched my estimates—for the building up yonder, you know—sooner than I expected, I felt an absolute thirst for *her* society, and determined to gallop all the way to Vanely to have a little of it. Out of her presence I only breathe, I think—I do not live, or enjoy existence. I had felt indeed for these seven days during which I was absent, that the world would be but a poor place for me without her; that I would not care to live; and away from her now for even this small space, it seemed to me that the sun did not shine as brightly, and that even the orioles which flew over the roof tops sang almost harshly. I’m not ashamed to say I love her with my whole heart and soul, and I had to go and see her again!

“Well, I went, and although she received me with happy smiles, I thought I discerned some constraint, and even a certain coldness in her air. I make you my father confessor for the nonce, and I pour my story into your friendly ear. It troubles me, Tom, and I have to speak. I could not have imagined this thing—making a buggaboo for my private annoyance—I discerned this coolness plainly, for the eyes of a man who feels as I do toward *her*, grow supernaturally penetrating, his ears nervously sensitive to the most delicate variations in the tone of voice. It seems to me that since I have loved this beautiful girl, I have received the faculty of plunging into her very soul, and often I have read her very thoughts, and replied in such a way as to startle her. I can not explain this thing, which I blunder out without expressing my meaning in the least; but I mean that every shadow passing over the mirror of her mind seems to cloud my own; every happy thought in her

bosom seems to be transferred to my own heart. I share her disquiet, partake of her joy, and down to the least sentiment, the most minute and varying emotion—what affects her affects me, even before she has spoken—for I love her.

“Whether you understand this rhapsodical passage or not, it contains none the less the very simplest truth, and the sympathy thus existing between us made me at once aware that in some way her feeling for me had been modified. The family did not observe the least change; and the explanation of that fact was very simple. They might have attributed a much greater constraint to mere bashfulness at her position, always an embarrassing one, I am told, to young girls. Certain it is they saw nothing.

“As I have told you over and over—for my distress makes me garrulous and disconnected—I saw it distinctly. The sailor sees and notes with attention and anxiety the cloud no larger than the hand of a child on the far horizon of the sea, while the landsman only looks up when the rain begins to fall, or the thunder mutters and the lightnings flash! The reason is, that, to the latter, it is but a question of rain which he may avoid by entering his house, while the remote speck for the sailor contains storm and tempest which may plunge his craft beneath the hungry waves, and himself with it.

“I weary you, Tom, with my poor wandering words, but I repeat that this troubles me. I saw in *her* eyes that indefinable shadow which indicates a change; there was no longer the same sunny frankness, the same joy and abandonment, if I may use the word. With a smile, assumed to hide my disquiet, I asked her if my absence had tried her affection—my ‘lengthy sojourn in foreign lands,’ I said, making a jest, you see, or attempting to—and she, with a smile which I thought as forced as my own, said, ‘Oh no, how could I say such a thing?’ But the constraint remained, and after a hundred attempts to fathom the mystery, I gave up in despair.

“I remained from the evening of one day to the morning of the third day. I think the constraint grew almost to coldness before I departed, and, as I write, I am greatly distressed. You see, Tom, this is no trival affair with me. I have built all my future on the broad foundation of this woman’s love, and I can not love lightly. Where the heart’s given with me, it’s given for ever, and this troubles me. Formerly nothing troubled me; but I am changed now. I no longer look upon life with that careless and almost disdainful indifference with which I once regarded it. You may have heard me say a thousand times that nothing could annoy me long or deeply, that I was ‘sufficient for myself,’ that the world and its inhabitants might go their way and I would go mine, unmoved by their opinion good or bad, unaffected either by their love or their hatred—at least, greatly. Well, now, I say that no longer. I wish everybody’s good opinion; for the expression of this good opinion doubtless gives *her* pleasure. Can’t you understand my meaning? Can’t you see how a man who formerly laughed at the idea of being moved in the least by a world of women, now fixes his eyes upon a single one’s face, and lives only when he thinks of her or’s with her? I am even proud of my bondage, for I know that the chain binding me binds her, that *my* love is as much to her as her own is to me—at least it was the other week.

“I write the words with a heavy heart. I tell you, Tom, there’s no doubt about the coldness. The absence of her former frankness and joy was, and is, proof strong as holy writ. Something has come between us, I know not what. Write what you think of it; I am blind, I confess it. Like that seer of the middle age, who bartered all his lore for love, and gave up willingly his power over the invisible denizens of earth and air, to be a simple mortal, and lean on a woman’s bosom, as her equal and love; like him, I have lost, perhaps, my penetration; I am troubled, it may even be, by a chimera, for I confess I begin to distrust myself. If she is untrue, then all things are false, and, with the rest,

my intellect. Friend, help me to extricate myself from this web, which seems to be even now closing round me, wrapping me closer and closer in its mysterious folds. I scarcely know what I write, and I doubt if it is sense; but there is something, I know not what—I feel it! I breathe it! There is some evil at work upon my life! I am not superstitious, but it seems to me that a cloud is rising somewhere, with which I am to struggle, though I can not grasp it. Have you never felt this irrational foreboding? If you have not, you will laugh at me, but your laugh will not affect me. You must first tell me why here, in the morning, with the sunlight around me, with my nerves perfectly healthful, my pulse beating with its wonted regularity; why thus, in perfect health of mind and body, I feel as if a dark fate were at work upon my life, travailing to bring forth my misery!

“That you will think me insane after this full and unreserved expression of what I meant to conceal, even from you, friend, I fully expect. Whatever you think, I can not complain. I frankly confess that I have given you but sorry and foolish grounds for my disquiet.

“What! I hear you say, St. John become superstitious, trembling at such bugbears of the fancy as are only fit to frighten nervous women! St. John, the careless fellow with the stalwart shoulders, the iron nerves, the smiling lips; who touched his sword hilt, and boasted that he was ready to meet any foe, and would have laughed in derision at the very intimation of imaginary disquietude! St. John, now crouching and shrinking under an invisible lash, wielded by airy hands! St. John a-trembling, like a baby, at the sight of a buggaboo, and whining out *mysterious influences!*—*secret warnings!* I hear you say that, and I fancy you shaking your head, and thinking that from this time forth, you can never trust in human boastings, or, any man, however healthy’s nerves. Well, friend, be it as you will; I do not try to convince you—I yield. Say, if you choose, that I am mastered by a dream, a vision of the night, a very shadow and chimera. But I am none the more convinced,

none the less mastered by my insanity, if you like the word. I tell you, friend, earnestly, strongly! with my whole force! that, even as I write, this influence is growing, increasing, darkening terribly! More than ever, there is in the full sunshine a sad splendor, gloomier than midnight! More than ever, I thrill with a nameless dread! I seem to see descending on me a huge ebon cloud! A thrill runs through my veins—my hair stands up! there are forms around me; one, that of a woman with cold eyes, and a sneer which chills me! There! before me as I write! Away!

* * * * * *

“ Well—

“ I shall end this letter, my dear friend, with words less fanciful than those above. Perhaps there *is* something wrong with my nerves; I am out of health, it may be; I am sick. For, after writing those hurried words there, it seemed to me that an enemy stood beside me, advanced toward me—a something, I know not what, which matched itself against me! 'Tis gone now, but to prove to you how profoundly I was moved, look at that blot upon the paper. It was caused by my pen falling from my trembling fingers, as I rose to my feet, drawing my sword completely from the scabbard, and striking madly at the air. Doubtless I am sick, for even now my breast seems contracting, and I breathe heavily. There, 'tis doubtless the old story of Marius cutting at his visions when he was dying—the fever moving him.

“ Yet my pulse beats regularly again; I see myself in the mirror yonder, and my complexion is healthful; I do not seem sick. I must be, however, for no traces of my delirium remain—I write calmly. Keep my letter as a striking exhibition of the power of the imagination.

“ I will end with a few words of news. His Excellency is said to regard the convention of the delegates with side looks and suspicion, and to threaten. But he will do nothing. All your friends are well. At Vanely, every one is well, I think, and there is nothing new. The Italian look,

ing woman, the seamstress, is still there, and, I know not why, I have taken up a prejudice against her. Another of my irrational whims, you will say—well, but she none the more pleases me with her dark, wary-looking eyes.

“You will be glad to hear that ’t is my decided opinion that your *shaking* begins to detach the fruit. From chance observations, uttered by the young lady, I should say that another siege would terminate in victory, though I hope the victor would not *demolish*. It is rather a sad jest to make, but I hope to be your *brother* Harry some day.

“I have written you what may seem a pure pack of nonsense, my dear Tom, but ’t is you alone who will read it. We are old comrades, and I’m not afraid to speak my thoughts.

“Write and dissipate my trouble, if you can. Until then, and for ever, I am,

“Your friend,

“H. ST. JOHN.”

CHAPTER LX.

TOM ALSTON TO HENRY ST. JOHN.

“MOOREFIELD, *after Dinner*.

“Most beloved of friends, and estimable of gentlemen, but also most superstitious of correspondents, and strangest of Sancti Johannes! I have perused thy letter with abundant laughter, and return unto thee my most grateful thanks for dissipating a catarrh which has troubled me this fortnight!

“In this mournful vale of tears, O Henricus! not every day do the immortals vouchsafe to the inhabitants of earth the high prerogative and privilege of inextinguishable laughter. This assurance will I write unto thee, O Henry! thy prelection having rendered it incumbent. Even now a nasal

eachinnation, or inaudible expiration, vulgarly called *snicker*, doth bear witness to the account given of your gorgons and chimeras!

“In other words, my dear boy, to descend all at once from my ceremonious style, your letter has made me laugh, *sans* intermission, an hour by the dial! Per Hercle!—but my swearing shall be confined to the French. Or, rather, I’ll not swear at all, or laugh. I will be grave as Erebus.

“To be serious, and stop my jesting, my dear Harry, pray tell me what, in the name of all the gods at once, has thrown you into this nervous state of mind? Is it too much work, or the want of my cheerful society, or the sight of that fine gentleman, his Depravity Lord Dunmore? I have never before known you to give evidence of this strange susceptibility to superstitious impressions, and though I make a jest of your letter, and certainly did laugh at first, it has been productive, by this time, of far more disquiet to me.

“You rightly supposed that I would consider your fancies the product of disordered nerves, and I here declare, once for all, that they seem to me the very climax of irrationality, from first to last. What! you can not permit a young girl of the most timid and shrinking disposition to exhibit a little embarrassment at your arrival—you, her accepted lover, and I wish you joy of it! You can’t let her blush a little, and leave the burden of the conversation to the rest, and retire when she feels sick, or looks badly, and fears you will not admire her in that plight, and therefore hides herself; you can’t permit those most natural and obvious every-day, humdrum occurrences to take place, without imagining a change in her feelings, a diminution of her love, an interruption of her affection? Fie, Harry! ’t is but a poor lover that you make, and I predict that if you go on with your fancies, ’t will end in frightening her, and causing the very thing which you dread. It is my intention, throughout the two following pages, to dwell upon this subject of the young lady’s constraint, which you, yourself, acknowledge no one observed but a certain Mr. St. John, gifted, for

the nonce, with nautical penetration to discern distant clouds, and atmospheric phenomena, invisible to landsmen; it is my intention to proceed at length to the refutation of your fancies on this point, and then I shall handle more briefly the phantom appearances.

* * * * *

“Having thus completely demolished your first point, absolutely leveled it with the ground, plowed up the foundations, and sowed salt in the furrows, I proceed briefly, as my paper decreases, to speak of your phantoms. My dear Harry, can you seriously believe in those idle stories?

“There was a time, certainly, when the best minds, ignorant and surrounded by common things which they could not understand, took refuge, from their blank thoughts, in an irrational superstition. Socrates, it is said, believed in a familiar spirit, Friar Bacon also, and even that strong-minded old fellow, Doctor Johnson, to come nearer, gives credit to the story of the Cock Lane Ghost. The others had strong intellects, but they lived in an age of scientific darkness, and we may pardon, while we deplore, the vagaries of their imaginations. But that an educated gentleman of 1774, should seriously give credence to the airy whisperings of such a philosophy as you do! that you, a strong, healthy, hearty, educated individual should believe in secret warnings, and mysterious presentiments! really the thing grieves me too much to permit any more laughter.

“I pray you to banish these fancies, which are simply the result of disordered blood, of a nervous attack, of loss of rest, probably, or excess in the use of tobacco, the supply of which, being last year’s crop, is, I think, particularly rank and violent in its effect upon the nerves. Physical causes very frequently produce mental effects, and if you see the devil enter, with horns and tail, you have but to go to the next physician’s library to read an account of the same phenomenon witnessed a century ago by another sick as you are.

“What’s certain is, that you are unhappy, and you rightly

think that nothing that concerns you is indifferent to me, that nothing you write will find in me an unsympathizing listener. We have been friends since childhood, and though censorious individuals are pleased to consider my carriage of person the proof of a shallow nature, still I persist in declaring that I love my friends as well and heartily as the best of them, and among these friends none takes a place before yourself. I pray you throw aside these imaginary troubles, and do not doubt that you have the entire affection of that beautiful nature, than whom I know none purer or more faithful.

“I am still languid from my attack, or I would come to see you. Why should you not make a visit here? Leave your plans for ‘Flower of Hundreds,’ and come, for a day at least, and recover your spirits. You’ll work all the better afterwards. I shall assuredly expect your answer to this in person, and by word of mouth.

“I thank you for the things. They are all excellent, except the hair powder, which that abandoned profligate, Lafonge, has prepared with musk. My opinion of that fellow is, that he is a wretch, and that the chief end and aim of his whole existence is to disappoint, wound, and humiliate me. A hundred times I have remonstrated with him, almost to tears, on his conduct. I have dedicated whole mornings to the most pathetic representations, which he has listened to with sobs, standing behind his counter, and wringing his hands, and promising, between his sniffs of contrition, that in future he will be perfect. It is all in vain; his insidious design is to mortify and humiliate me; he thinks even to shorten my days by his unmanly persecutions. He is mistaken, however. This puts the finish to our dealings. I distinctly ordered this hair powder to be prepared in an apartment which a suspicion even of musk had never entered, and here I and my household, the very dogs and cats, are turned into moschine denizens of Thibet, causing me to blow my nose and groan every five minutes while I write. Well, I have one recourse — Lafonge and myself

part for ever ; I am tearful, but firm—we separate. I'm none the less obliged to you, Harry my boy, for the trouble you were put to.

“I've got to the end of my paper. Do not write, but come here and breathe a purer atmosphere.

“For Heaven's sake don't yield again to your fancies, which wound and distress me no less than they do yourself. Forget them, and come and have a laugh with, or *at*, if you choose,

“Your friend to the end,

“TOM ALSTON.”

“P. S.—Even my pointer, Milo, is turning up his nose at the musk, and regards me with a look of reproach which penetrates my heart. The depravity of Lafonge has been exhibited for the last time.”

CHAPTER LXI.

ST. JOHN TELLS HOW A SPIRIT ENTERED HIS ROOM AT
MIDNIGHT.

“WILLIAMSBURG, *Wednesday*,

“YOUR letter, my dear friend, was scarcely different from what I expected. I was perfectly well aware of the fact that my account of the singular influence I experienced would excite rather laughter than sympathy, and I even add that your reply contained less of banter than I expected.

“It is unnecessary for me to say that your laughter did not annoy me at all. I recognize your right to scold me as vigorously as you choose, for, as you say, we are too close friends to stand upon the least ceremony. I thank you indeed for your letter, filled as it was, the greater part of it, with the most friendly assurances of regard, and the most labored

attempts to raise my drooping spirits, and cheer me after my afflicting adventure. After reading the sheets carefully I laid them down, thinking your views admirably just. I said to myself that I would not further continue the discussion, but leave to after events the determination of the matter. I would willingly believe, if *she* met me as of old, and if the presentiments did not return, that I was merely carried away by fancy, and there would be the end of the argument, and your triumph. If, on the contrary, this change became more marked in *her*—if these influences attacked me more unmistakably—then, too, there would be an end of the discussion, and I should have wofully triumphed.

“I announce to you, with a groan as I write, that the last is the fact. I can not come to Moorefield—I can not move now. I do what I can—I write.

“In order to understand what has taken place since the arrival of your letter, and to make myself better understood in the further account of what has befallen me, I shall begin at the beginning, and trace the matter through all its steps; briefly, however, for I am weak and faint.

“To go back, then.

“I left Vanely a fortnight or more ago, and came hither to see to a number of arrangements connected with Flower of Hundreds, which is sadly in want of repairs, owing, I suppose, to my long absence. As you may imagine; I carried away from Vanely, in the looks and tones of *somebody*, what made these toils a happiness, for *she* was to share the home I was bent on beautifying for her reception.

“I came hither, therefore, with a light heart, and proceeded to work. But the strangest thing happened to me—so strange in connection with what has taken place since that—but I will narrate.

“On the very day of my arrival I encountered at the Raleigh tavern that strange man of whom I have spoken to you more than once—the stranger of the old church of St. John, at Richmond town. We talked of political matters, and when he came to allude to the assistance the province

demanding from all her patriotic inhabitants, I returned his strange confidence up yonder, by speaking of myself, and saying that I would be able to do little, since I had received from a woman an avowal of her affection, and was happy and content, and disposed to think all things in the world just as they should be. He replied, with a strange look, 'Do not think that Heaven will permit you to withdraw yourself from the contest.' Those were his very words, and though I listened to them then with careless inattention, I now remember them, and find them echoing, like his deep voice, in my mind and my heart.

"Some days after the interview with the stranger, I rode out, went to Jack Hamilton's, and, with him, visited Effingham Hall, where I had a long and very pleasant conversation with Mrs. Kate Effingham, *her* friend, you know. Sure a woman never tires of dwelling on the merits of her friend, and my cheek glowed, I think, as I listened to *her* praises. I came away with those gracious words of love and praise resounding in my heart, and having left Hamilton at the 'Trap,' proceeded toward Williamsburg. I stopped, however, to exchange a few words with old Mr. Doubleday at the school house, and in some way, here too the conversation turned upon human happiness and the female character. As the stranger had intimated that Heaven would not permit me to enjoy tranquil happiness in wedded life at such a juncture as the present, so now the old philosopher of the school house croaked, 'Time is uncertain, woman more uncertain than time.' He presented an admirable commentary on his sermon by dropping, accidentally, a letter from a fair friend with whom he had an affair, 'simply Platonic,' he said, and I came away laughing. But still these coincidences trouble me.

"You see when a man has staked his whole earthly happiness upon the faith of a single heart, he is no longer free, he no longer laughs with careless indifference at theories affecting him; he is bound with a chain of gold, and at a certain spot he is forced to pause and reflect. Happiness

is more than life to the heart, at least, happiness such as I play for, and I could not resist a sentiment of disquiet in spite of my laughter and incredulity. I had built all my hopes on a woman's faith; I had played my own happiness against that stake, and I could not bear in my mind even a suspicion of the genuine nature of the coin. See my miserable player illustrations—my figures, borrowed from the gaming table! I attempt thus to divert my mind from what follows.

“Let me say at once that I determined to go back, were it even for an hour, to Vanely. I determined to escape thus from my foolish fancies; the very sight of her tender and confiding countenance would dissipate my uneasiness and gloom.

“You know the result of that visit, for I wrote you a lengthy account of it, laboring, unsuccessfully it seems, to impress upon you the singular change which proved the rationality of my fears, first suggested by the words of the stranger and the old schoolmaster. It was in writing that letter, as you remember, that a strange and mysterious presentiment attacked me—a presentiment which you laughed at when you read my letter, and argued against in your reply, as a mere hallucination, springing from nervousness, or illness. You shall judge whether I was not sane and well—what follows will cut the knot.

“Your letter, as I have said, communicated to my mind great cheerfulness. I read, and reread it, and dwelt upon your views connected with the physical and mental organization attentively and carefully. They seemed to me of excellent soundness, and positively irrefutable. Not only your argument, but your laughter, had a strong effect upon me. I imagined you remonstrating with Lafonge—I saw his gestures—the horror you experienced at the discovery of the musk; and Milo's look of reproach as you declared. Your laughter dispelled my gloom; your gayety brought back the sunshine. From clouds I came forth into the sunny air; my surrounding of presentiment was dispelled by

your surrounding of merriment. Thus, your arguments and your smiles together made me think that I had indeed yielded to an unhealthy melancholy ; that my nerves had disordered my mind, and that the distressing change in *her* demeanor existed only in my fancy.

“I therefore determined to go again to Vanely, and to enter the hospitable doors unaccompanied by the least suspicion. All that should be left behind in this detestable place, which I wonder now that I ever could have dwelt in. I would go to Vanely with the smiling face of the past—with my arms stretched out to press welcoming hands, as in old days. I would say to *her*, frankly, that I had foolishly thought her feelings changed toward me, and would have a hearty laugh at my imaginary disquiet. Sitting down, with a smile, I leaned my head upon my hand, and imagined her replying, with a look of reproach, that I must have indeed been very ill to think that *she* could ever change ; and as I fancied her smiling and tender countenance, my fears were all dissipated, and I rose up joyfully and mounted my horse.

“Never had I seen a morning so bright, I thought. Williamsburg no longer frowned, the white houses smiled and saluted me, as on one happy morning when I cantered by, from Richmond town, thinking of her and laughing. ‘Tallyho’ bore me into the open country, to the ferry, across the bright waters, and into the smiling fields of Vanely, far away from turmoil and confusion. As I entered that long-loved land—as I breathed the fresh and balmy air, which, sure, is nowhere so inspiriting as in our good Old Dominion—as I went along thus rapidly through forests, and across blooming meadows, where the lark sang, and the wheat waved in luxuriant gold, my last anxiety was dissipated, and I felt that I had not only been irrational and ridiculous in my fancies ; I had been unjust to one of the purest and loveliest natures ever sent into the world.

“I linger upon these emotions of freshness and joy, and pass to what followed with reluctance and a sort of dread,

I pause under the blue skies, without a cloud, and turn away from the storm.

“ Well, I came thus to Vänely.

“ What I write now, friend, is between my lips and your ear, as though we sat alone beneath a tree, in the middle of a field, you know, with no foliage to conceal a listener—for you, and you only. Not only would it compromise a young lady, if known, by speaking of her former demeanor to one who is not the same to her, but it would, perhaps, procure me the reputation of a madman, and make me the subject of a writ *de lunatico inquirendo*. But I have set out with the intention of telling you all, and I write nothing that I should not write.

“ Well, to proceed.

“ As I entered the grounds, I more than ever busied my imagination happily with the reception which I was sure to receive. When formerly I had gone from Vänely to ‘Flower of Hundreds,’ or elsewhere, and returned in the evening, she had come always to meet me, sometimes to the outer gate, in her little chip hat, with a smile on her lips and a flower in her hand. On such occasions I had strained my eyes, from the far distance, to discern her form, relieved clearly against the emerald sward, and even ‘Tallyho’ had tossed his head when the fair figure glimmered in the sunset, for he knew and shared the delight of his master. As I drew nearer, the animal’s speed would increase, he would almost fly; in a moment he would bear me to her side, and leaping from the saddle, I would hold in mine a hand throbbing, like my own, with happiness. We ascended the Vänely hill, I leading ‘Tallyho,’ she leaning on my arm, and stopping at times to caress the neck of the animal, because he was *mine*, she said. And then she would turn again with sweeter smiles to me; I would cover her hand with kisses, and if my lips touched the pure forehead, she did not shrink, but, looking into my eyes with an expression of the tenderest affection, told me, thus, that her feeling for myself was an echo of my own for her. As I write now, her eyes shine

on me ; I see the light on her hair, the flower in her hand ; I hold that hand, and groan, and endeavor, in vain, to forget !

“ Well, I won’t groan so ! I think the sound must have attracted the attention of my servant ! A man can’t see all his hopes pass from him, though, and smile as they depart. I will stop my recollections, and proceed with the relation. It was in the manner which I have described that I now expected to be met, and, sure, I thought, she would at least meet me thus, after an absence of what seemed a century to myself. I hastened forward, with eager looks, I am sure, certain of meeting her upon the portico, or in the hall, for ’t is impossible for her not to have known of my approach, as ‘Tallyho’ neighed at the foot of the hill, and I saw the faces of the family looking from the window. You know the sonorous sound of the animal, and it announced my coming from the commencement of the winding road, where the great elm stands by the gate.

“ She was not on the portico, she was not in the hall. Instead of her figure, I saw Helen’s and uncle’s advance to greet me with friendly smiles and open hands.

“ I entered the sitting-room. *She* was bending over an embroidery screen, with cheeks as red as blood, and I saw her tremble. As Helen came in again (uncle had remained without to give orders about my horse), she rose, and with a sort of spasmodic gesture, held out her hand. I took it in silence ; nor do I know whether I looked pale or red. Helen gazed at her in silence, too, and for a moment *she* stood thus, cold and pale now as a statue, and fixing upon me eyes which burnt into my brain, so wild was their expression. She looked like a stricken bird, and leaned upon the screen for support.

“ Helen asked her if she were unwell. With something like a gasp, she said, in a faint voice, ‘ Yes,’ and passing before me like a phantom, was gone. I heard her ascend slowly the broad stair-case, and then, as her footsteps died away, I looked toward Helen with an expression of incredulous

despair, and terrible curiosity, at least, if my face spoke my thoughts. Helen was as profoundly astonished and shocked as myself, however, and could only say that she could not imagine *what made Bonnybel unwell*. I saw from her eyes, as she spoke, that she did not believe the change in the young girl's manner of receiving me attributable to illness; but we had no further opportunity of talking upon the subject, as my uncle came in after seeing 'Tallyho' taken, smiling, hearty, and cordial as before.

"The old gentleman was in excellent spirits, and asked me a thousand questions about the doings in Williamsburg, the convention at the Raleigh tavern, the Governor's view of it—every thing. I replied at random, and I suppose he thought me utterly careless whether my answers pleased him or not. You see I was racked by my feelings; my mind was filled with an absorbing thought; I scarcely knew where I was. I gazed at him when he spoke with the air of a man who is waked suddenly from sleep, and is not permitted time to collect his thoughts. You will not feel astonishment at this; my only surprise is that I did not burst forth into the cry of an idiot or a madman, and toss and rave.

"I suppose my uncle thought the inattention due to fatigue, for he made me go and drink some Canary with him, and then dinner was served. *She* did not appear, but she did come down in the evening, and my heart bled to see how pale and sad she looked. As she gazed at me I saw her eyes swim in tears, and then she turned away. All I could extract from her was an assurance that she felt grieved at her coldness in meeting me, that she was very unwell—had been suffering much, and—I must pardon her. She felt weak now, and believed she would retire, but Helen would talk with me; I must not think her wanting in—politeness—or—or—affection. She uttered the word with a hesitation, a flush in her cheeks, and a swimming of the eyes, which showed how profoundly she was moved. I think her eyes gushed with tears as she left the room, for she raised

her handkerchief quickly as she disappeared, and I thought I heard a sob. I strangle one in my own throat as I write, friend, but I shall proceed.

“The interview I have just described will serve for the two or three others which I held with her during this and the next day. There was the same mixture of coldness and pain in the eyes, which spoke with a more terrible eloquence than any lips could. More than once she pressed my hand in the most convulsive way, and her lips opened as though she were about to speak. Before she uttered a word, however—when I was wholly silent, fearful lest I should interrupt her, did I speak—before the dumb lips formed the least sound, an expression of constraint and coldness, almost of fear, would diffuse itself over her countenance, and coloring to the temples, she would turn away in silence.

“This is an exact description of the interview which we held about twilight on the day after my arrival. We were on the portico alone, and after refusing thus to speak, she pleaded a headache and retired, going to her chamber with the faint step of one who is indeed sick, as she evidently was, for her eyes were red, and her face so pale that it made my heart bleed to look at her.

“She left me thus and I sat down, and looked out upon the fields. The sun was setting, and throwing long shadows along the meadows, over the golden grain, which undulated in the evening breeze, and from the great oaks, red now in the flush of sunset, a low dreamy sigh seemed to steal, and die away in the bloody sky. Never had I seen a landscape fuller of the elements of beauty, but never did I think a night so sad. That sorrowful splendor in the sunshine, which I spoke of before, again attracted my attention, and an oriole, upon the summit of the great oak before the door, seemed to sing a funeral dirge.

“Prepare now to laugh, friend—collect your incredulous philosophy. I am about to utter more of my stupidities—I am going to make you think me more than ever superstitious, care not, I will continue. As I sat thus upon the portico,

and saw the mournful beauty of the sunset die away across the lands, I felt again that same presentiment of evil which I formerly described. It seemed to me that again I was encircled by hidden foes, that the atmosphere grew dark as though from a great midnight cloud, and though I struggled to resist the impression, my nerves again began to tingle, my pulse to throb unaccountably, my hair moved upon my head, and a shiver ran through my body. I seemed to feel rather than see the presence of something hostile to me—something cunning, insidious and dangerous—something I must struggle against or yield to. A nameless dread seized upon me, and all color forsook my cheek—as before, I laid my hand convulsively upon my sword.

“In a moment the feeling disappeared, and I looked around to see if any one had observed my agitation. I saw no person, and rising, entered the house, feeling completely wretched. You think this only another evidence of disordered nerves; well, you will soon see that I was ere long the victim of another hallucination, if you choose, more strange and terrifying than this even.

“I shall trace the remaining incidents in regular order. That evening *she* came down, looking, as usual, pale, very pale, and so sad that my heart sank as I gazed at her. I announced my intention of returning to Williamsburg on the next morning, and as I did so I saw her turn her head hastily. It was in the direction of myself, and for a moment our eyes met, and a long look was exchanged. I never saw any thing so sad as those eyes—even now they haunt me, and make me groan as I write. I went to her side, carelessly, but with a throbbing heart; and taking a volume from the table, played with it, and tried to smile, saying, with a wretched affectation of mirth, that I was no longer my own master now, and that the repairs at Flower of Hundreds must not be delayed, under the circumstances. I am a bad actor; I *assume* badly, and I think that human laugh never before rang out so harsh and false. My muscles refused to obey me—they rebelled—and the sound that

should have been mirthful must have almost been tragical and sinister.

“She did not reply with a word; I waited in vain for her to speak, and after an hour, during which she took part in the conversation only fitfully, and at intervals, in the same forced way, she glided out of the apartment, and did not return. My heart grew cold as she disappeared, for I had determined to hold a private interview with her that night, when the rest of the family had retired, and entreat her to explain her demeanor toward me. I had planned all this, down to the very words which I would utter, the arguments I would use, and I thought she would be unable to resist. You have seen how she defeated this scheme by simply retiring without a word.

“Well, I curbed, by a violent effort, all exhibition of my disappointment and distress, determining to have the interview on the next morning, in the library, before my departure. I felt as if I must either have this explanation or go mad, and the discovery of the grounds of this terrible change must come from her lips alone. The rest of the family, with the exception of Helen, did not seem to perceive any thing unusual. Busy about other things, they left us to ourselves, and did not occupy themselves with the expression of her countenance. Certainly they never dreamed of watching her face with that rabid anxiety which led me to bestow the closest scrutiny upon its most minute details—upon the most flitting lights and shadows.

“They must certainly have observed her constraint in my society—that she was not, wholly, the same. But this was doubtless attributed by them all, as you suggested, to maidenly modesty and timidity at her novel position in relation to myself. I saw that I should only be stared at by Aunt Mabel or Miss Seraphina if I declared myself surprised by the young girl’s manner. They would think me the most irrational of men, even foolish, if I gave expression to my pain—insulting, perhaps, if I spoke of feeling offended. That could not be thought of, and I placed all my hopes

upon the interview with herself on the next morning. I therefore talked upon other subjects, and finally retired to my chamber.

“Now comes the account of my final hallucination, if you like the word, friend. I approach what will doubtless lead you to believe that I am really a lunatic.

“I went to my chamber at the hour of ten about, for in the country they retire early, and I remained for an hour, perhaps, sitting by the open window, from which I looked out upon the moonlit fields, and pondered. All was hushed, and no sound disturbed the silence but the low twitter of the swallows which have their nests beneath the eaves, and were going to sleep. The fitful sighing of the ocean breeze in the great moonlit oaks served as a sort of burden to my sad thoughts, and silent thus by the open window I reflected long and painfully upon the woful change which had taken place in the feelings of that one whom I loved more than my life. I remember that at last my thoughts dwelt upon the singular warnings I had received before I had the least reason to suspect this change, and a slight feeling of superstitious fear may have agitated me. I think that no man is wholly free from this influence, which is due either to the stories of those old negro nurses who frighten children, and instill thus early the seeds of superstition, or to the perusal of those authors who make use of hobgoblins to lend attraction to narratives otherwise stupid. There was some excuse for this sentiment, too, in my surroundings. The chamber which I occupied was the ‘haunted chamber,’ that invariable adjunct of a Virginia country house. Here, it was said, Mrs. Vane, my uncle’s mother, had died in great pain, and here, said the servants, she often ‘walked.’

“I was not afraid of the old gentlewoman’s spirit at all, however, and if I thought of her at all it was with a smile at my childish disquiet and foolish superstition. I threw off my clothes, tried to make my prayer as my dear mother taught me at her knee, and then, somewhat quieted by this

appeal to a higher power, extinguished the light in the tall candlestick, and was soon asleep.

“I do not know how long I slept, but I suddenly awoke with the consciousness that something or somebody was at the side of my bed. I distinctly heard a low and suppressed breathing, and opening my eyes, I swear I saw a white figure within three paces of me, crouching and looking toward me, where I lay! The moonlight fell upon the figure, and I saw that it was only a long, white garment, not unlike grave-clothes, and from beneath the folds of this garment two burning eyes were fixed upon me.

“For a moment I lay motionless, in that stupor which possesses the frame immediately upon awaking, and I remember thinking how foolish I was to fancy myself awake, and not what I was, asleep and dreaming. Then I rose suddenly in the bed, as the mist was dispelled from my mind, and as I did so, the figure hastily retreated.

“With a single bound, I was out of the curtains, and clutched my sword. A glimmer, a stealthy footfall, and the figure melted into the darkness and disappeared.

“I went quickly to the door, which had been left open, as the weather was warm, and found it just as I had left it, almost ajar. A human figure could scarcely have passed through it. I opened it, and went out in the upper hall. Every thing was silent. I stood there for a moment with my sword in my hand, trembling, I think, with a vague fear—for you must confess the adventure was enough to affect the nerves of the boldest—and then I reëntered the room. Every thing was just as I had left it upon the preceding night; nothing had been disturbed. I looked at my timepiece; it was half past two o'clock, and the moon, by whose light I made the examination, was just setting.

“I replaced my sword upon the chair by my bed, and sitting upon the side of the couch, reflected, as you may easily imagine, upon what had just occurred. Could I have been dreaming? Certainly it seemed to me that I was wide awake, that I saw the thing with my material eyes; *its* eyes

still burned before me, and I heard the stealthy footfall. But was not this all fancy? Could the appearance be real? I dismissed at once, you see, the thought of a spirit, though I still felt a superstitious dread, and my only question was the state I had been in—sleeping or awake. If awake, then some person had entered my room stealthily, and retreated as noiselessly. Who could it have been, and what possible object could have produced this nocturnal walking? Decidedly, I thought, I dreamed the whole thing, and took the result of my nervous imagination, aroused and stung by my meditations at the window, for the veritable presence of an intruder.

“I remained thus lost in thought for half an hour, I suppose, and then I went and locked the door, and returning to bed, lay down. After a while my thoughts ran into each other, I began to dream, and then fell sound asleep. I was waked by the sun shining in my face, and rose and dressed. As I did so, I almost laughed at my dream, for it doubtless was such, as I do not believe in spirits, however superstitious I may seem to you. Yet was it not strange that I should thus have sprung up, and caught my sword, and followed my airy visitant? Think what you may—laugh at me if you choose, but it seemed to me that those burning eyes were like the eyes of the hostile figure in my first delirium, when I dropped the pen upon the paper, writing to you, and rose clutching at my sword.

“Well, let me finish my long, sad letter; I will proceed with the events of the morning in turn. Finding that none of the family were yet stirring, I sat down at the table, upon which were writing materials, and wrote you a note, asking you to pay me a visit in Williamsburg—the note to await your appearance at Vanely. You have doubtless received it, and pray come, my friend. Your presence will soothe and cheer me. Do not measure my desire to see you by the brief nature of the note, which was written, as you may imagine, under unfavorable circumstances. I must beg you to pardon its style, and also the apparent discourtesy in not

sealing the wax with my signet. Upon looking on my finger for it, I found it was gone, left, doubtless, on my table here when I went to Vanely, though, strange to say, I have not found it, and even think that I remember having it on when I went thither.

“To end my letter with the events of the morning, however. As I informed you, I had announced, on the previous evening, my intended departure, and every one had given me commissions. I had letters to friends from my uncle, a memorandum from Helen, and a package from Aunt Mabel for Mrs. Burwell, through a window of whose dwelling, one night, not very long ago—but I am wandering, and, as it were, making a sorrowful soliloquy. You see—to continue, calmly—I had, in every way, impressed upon the family, including *herself*, the fact of my departure on that morning early. I had, I said, pressing business; the architects, with their plans, were waiting; beyond a peradventure I must certainly go—I could not remain. I meant *her* to understand that I should not lengthen my visit, and that an explanation must take place upon that morning, or I should continue miserable away from her, not near her.

“After finishing the note to you, therefore, I drew on my riding boots, with a pair of large spurs, and leaving my chamber, descended the stair-case. I thought the heavy sound of my footsteps, and the metallic ring of the spur chains, on the oaken floor, would attract her attention, and bring her down to the library, which I entered. Often when I was going over to ‘Flower of Hundreds,’ early in the morning, this sound had drawn her from her chamber, fresh, rosy, and smiling with happiness and beauty, like a flower of the morning—how I groan, friend as I write! Well, well! I thought the desire of seeing me would again make her run to me, and give me that innocent embrace which her pure heart accorded to me. Alas! she did not come. I sat in the library, as yet untenanted, except by myself, and with the ‘Gazette’ open before me, made pretense to read, as the servant moved about; in reality, I did not even see the

letters—I was listening for her footsteps. If ever you have thus sat, with a throbbing heart, and waited for a figure which did not appear, you will know my breathless expectation, and my agony. My agony, for she did not come.

“The members of the family, one after another, entered; every one had a kind word, a smile, and a regret at my departure, while *she*—she did not even come to look coldly at me. I had not even the consolation of her frown. Well, I did not ask why she delayed, I did not utter a word on the subject; somehow the words stuck in my throat. I only conversed, with my eyes fixed upon the door; and when Aunt Mabel thought I was listening, with the deepest attention, to her new method of curing colds, I was trying to catch *her* approaching footsteps.

“Breakfast was announced, and every one sat down. Then Aunt Mabel asked the question which I feared to propound, ‘Where was Bonnybel?’ She was unwell, Helen said, and begged Cousin Harry to excuse her not coming down to bid him good-bye.

“As the words were uttered, I think I must have turned pale, and I sat down the chocolate which I was raising to my lips. Aunt Mabel diverted attention from me, however, by pausing, in her operations with the urn, to say, ‘Unwell! why she was well last night.’ Helen replied that she did not think her sister had been well for a week or two, and there the subject was dropped. Half an hour afterwards I was in the saddle, on my way hither, without having seen her, and carrying away with me no second message from her even.

“And now, my friend, you have it all; you have, I think, the proof, full and unanswerable, that I was not so irrational in my presentiments as you declared me. I told you, in my former letter, that a cloud seemed descending on my life; I now show you that cloud covering my whole existence. I said, in the commencement of this letter, that I had determined, if *she* met me as of old, to consider my foreboding only fancy, and thus *you* would triumph—the woful tri-

umph, as you see, is my own. Of these influences, I have no word more to say; they may return or disappear, it is indifferent to me. It is nothing, either way, now when I am perfectly wretched, when I am ruined, broken-hearted, overwhelmed by a fatality which I can not oppose, and which crushes me in its inexorable grasp. I no longer struggle, I no longer attempt to understand; silent, gloomy, and pale, I bend under my fate, and only reply with hoarse groans.

"I have written with forced calmness. Why I wrote at all I do not know, unless it is from that mad despair which makes the dying soldier turn the weapon in his breast.

"I can write no more. I am faint, and seem to grow cold. Well, so it ends. I thought—

"I can write no more—not even tears will relieve me.

"Farewell.

"H. ST. JOHN."

CHAPTER LXII.

HOW MR. ALSTON TRAVELED ALL NIGHT, AND WHAT FOLLOWED.

THE letter which we have just laid before the reader reached Mr. Alston on the afternoon of the day after it was written, and in fifteen minutes that gentleman, looking very sad and gloomy, was on his way to Vanely.

On the next morning, just as Mr. St. John had finished his toilet, he entered the young man's chamber, having traveled all night.

Up to the moment when his foot touched the threshold, Mr. Alston's face had worn an expression of anxiety and care, very unusual with him, but no sooner had he entered the presence of his friend, than this changed to an appearance of the most careless humor.

"Well, Harry, my boy," said Mr. Alston, "how is it this morning? how are the nerves?"

Instead of resenting this banter or expressing any surprise, Mr. St. John merely held out his hand, rising for that purpose from the sofa upon which he lay, with drooping head, and then having given this evidence of welcome, he sank back as cold and silent as before.

The reception did not seem to please Mr. Alston; he gazed for a moment with an expression of great feeling at the pale, cold face, turned away from him; at the drooping brows, the half-closed eyes, and the lips indicating hopeless despair.

"Come, Harry, my dear fellow," he said, rapidly changing his expression, and speaking in a tone of careless good humor, "this is a poor greeting, and you have not replied to my question."

"Your question, Tom?" asked Mr. St. John, waking up, as it were, and looking absently at his friend.

"Yes, my question!"

"What was it? You must pardon me, Tom, I'm not very well this morning, or very lively, as you may imagine."

"Bah! all the imagination is on *your* side. My question was in the words and figures following, to wit: 'how are your nerves?'"

"Quite firm."

"Has a mouse run across the floor?"

His friend looked at him with an expression of inquiry.

"I say, has a mouse squeaked this morning, and thrown you into agonies?"

The look of inquiry changed to one of cold surprise, which it seemed Mr. Alston comprehended.

He burst out laughing.

"I understand!" he said, "you are ready to cut my throat because I refer to your nerves. Well, I believe I am competent to form an opinion, and empowered to express the same, I only being responsible, under the circumstances, for the said expression of the said opinion. The practical application which I make, on the present occasion, of this little ob-

servation, is simply as follows. The dreadful words have been uttered now, and if my opinions upon the nervous system do not please monsieur, I am entirely at his orders, my preference being for the short sword!"

St. John sat down and leaned his head upon his hand.

"Pardon my coldness and irritation, Tom," he said, "I can't afford to lose any friends now."

"Ah! you come to reason, do you?"

"Yes, I would keep the few hearts I retain. You see I'm a poor miserable devil that do n't dare to quarrel—I'm too wretched for that."

"Wretched folly it indeed is, Harry my boy, to say that you are wretched—or rather, to proceed logically, to say that you have any reason to be wretched."

"Have you received my last letter?" said St. John, suppressing a groan.

"Yes, I have."

"And you laugh still?"

"Most heartily."

"It is at my distress, then."

"No; at your philosophy."

"Of what?"

"Why, of spirits."

St. John made a movement with his head, signifying plainly, "You are at liberty to laugh."

"I understand very well," said his friend; "you mean by that lordly nod to grant me permission to think as I may. Well, my dear friend, I cheerfully avail myself of your permission, and consider that you ought to have a nurse to put you in bed, and to sleep in the same room with you."

St. John was silent. What he had said in his letter was true. He no longer cared to discuss the strange presentiments, and the dream, if it were a dream. In his agony all other things were swallowed up, and after the momentary outbreak he felt no anger even at the rough address of his friend.

This, however, seemed to be just what Mr. Alston desired

to excite—he wished to arouse the young man. When his taunts were received with indifference he seemed disappointed.

“Come,” he said, returning to the attack, “confess, my dear Harry, that you are a baby.”

“If you choose, I will.”

“A child frightened by a buggaboo.”

“I have no objection.”

“Really,” said Mr. Alston, with a compassionate air, “you do seem to me a mere girl; put the cover over its head and stop whimpering, and go to sleep—mammy’s sitting by its bed!”

St. John made no reply.

“Would you have a little pap, mother’s darling?” inquired Mr. Alston.

“No, I thank you.”

“A sugar rag’s convenient.”

Mr. St. John nodded his head.

“Mammy won’t let boggy frighten mother’s darling—ugly boggy, coming here to scare his mother’s own sweet ducky dear.”

Mr. St. John had even ceased to hear the voice of his friend; stretched upon a lounge, he was thinking, with far away eyes set in a face as pale as death.

“Harry St. John,” said Mr. Alston, suddenly dropping his tone of banter, “do you wish to hear my real opinion of you?”

Mr. St. John turned toward his friend, looked at him for a moment, intently, and said:

“I will listen.”

“Well, sir,” said Mr. Alston, austerely, “I consider you an idiot.”

And Mr. Alston raised his head with a haughty air, and placed his hand upon the hilt of his sword.

Mr. St. John only looked at him more attentively.

“Yes, sir,” said Mr. Alston, coldly, “I understand your gaze very well; you think to intimidate me. But you will

not, sir! no, sir! I am not to be bullied! I say again, sir, and I will repeat it a third time, if necessary, that my real opinion of you is that you are an idiot—a fool. There, sir! I am ready to take the responsibility of that declaration.”

St. John scarcely raised his head, and for a moment did not speak.

“Miserable coward!” said Mr. Alston, *sotto voce*, and frowning.

A long silence followed—it was broken by Mr. St. John. He rose wearily from the sofa, passed his hand over his forehead and said,

“You ’re a good friend, Tom. I can not, however, say as much for your acting. You are quite transparent. I see plainly what brings you, and I know very well what you intend by your affected taunts and insults. You overdo it; but even were it acted with a reality which persuaded me of the sincerity of your desire to offend me, I doubt if I should resent your words. You wish to arouse me by your stage-play, but I am too dreary and despairing. All’s over for me; I yield. I do not even hear your insults distinctly, for my mind is paralyzed.”

And Mr. St. John sank back again, and was silent.

An expression of real pain diffused itself over Mr. Alston’s countenance, and gazing at his friend, he said,

“Harry, you afflict me to the heart.”

“I am sorry.”

“And I groan! How can you yield to this infatuation?”

“Infatuation?”

“Yes, ’t is nothing more.”

St. John looked at his friend.

“Do you think me infatuated after going and seeing for yourself?” he said.

“Seeing for myself?” asked Mr. Alston.

“Yes; are there many of those jessamines left under the window?”

And Mr. St. John pointed to a flower in Mr. Alston's button hole, plucked at Vanely as he departed.

"That reminds me of a little flower I pulled one day at Jamestown island," added the young man, "a long, long time ago."

And he was silent.

Mr. Alston looked at his friend with the same expression of pain, and said,

"I see you have divined my movements. Well, I have been to Vanely."

"And traveled all night to come and comfort a poor devil, your friend. Thanks, Tom."

"You have hit it. I come to comfort you."

Mr. St. John shook his head.

"You wish to make me think you have something to tell me which will raise my spirits. But 't is impossible. All 's at an end."

And Mr. St. John sank back again, silent and despairing.

Mr. Alston seemed touched to the very depths of his nature by this agony of his friend; it almost silenced him, for he scarcely hoped to make any impression upon one so resolute in his despair. He nevertheless collected all his strength, and commenced the assault.

We shall not repeat the conversation, for it consisted only of a description, in all their details and ramifications, of the events which have been described in Mr. St. John's letters. From these letters, with the reply of Mr. Alston, the reader will gather exactly what the present interview concerned itself with. On one side, arguments against imaginary influences, presentiments and superstitions; on the other, either silence or indifferent replies. Then came the question of the young girl's change; and here, too, Mr. Alston dwelt upon the same views which he had expressed in his letter—maidenly modesty and indisposition. Mr. St. John only shook his head, making no reply.

"For Heaven's sake, Harry!" said his friend, "do n't meet

my arguments with that eternal gesture of simple dissent. Really you are not open to conviction, for here, after two hours' discussion, you seem absolutely more than ever determined to despair; you hug your wretchedness and resist every attempt I make to remove it."

"It hugs me," said St. John, groaning.

"Because you invite it to do so. Look away from it."

"I can not."

"Have I then been merely wasting my time?"

"I am afraid so, Tom, alas! I hear your heart rather than your head speak to me. You wish to cheer me, but you have nothing to offer me. For what is the sum of your argument? You tell me that you have been to Vanelly, that you have adroitly sounded the whole family, and you tell me their replies to your questions. My uncle, you say, in reply to one of your allusions to me, expressed himself well pleased that I was to become his son; Aunt Mabel loved me in spite of my faults; Miss Seraphina, like uncle and aunt, saw nothing, and looked forward to the wedding. Helen alone saw the cloud, but was guarded in her speech, and mentioned indisposition as the cause of her change; lastly, she herself being flatly and earnestly interrogated, replied with—what? 'I am very sorry that my manner has wounded Cousin Henry's feelings; I have not been well lately, Mr. Alston.' There, Tom, that is but the old story. You have in vain attempted to lift the burden of despair weighing me down. I thank you, I recognize your friendship; it is a gloomy pleasure to me, but I remain unchanged—all 's over."

And St. John covered his face, and uttered a moan which made honest Tom Alston turn away his head and remain for some time silent.

After a while Mr. Alston returned again to the subject; but this time, with less vehemence, and a more quiet earnestness. His object now was to persuade his friend to return.

St. John shook his head.

“Why should I?” he said; “it will only make two persons more miserable still.”

“And you thus relinquish, without a struggle, the happiness of your whole life?”

“I must!” said St. John, with a cruel groan.

“You must not, Harry!” said Tom Alston, almost groaning too; “I tell you, you must not! As your friend, as your companion and playmate in childhood and youth, and your friend now in manhood, I beseech you to consider this! By returning no more, you at once break off all connection with those who love you and whom you love! By going thither no more, you end for ever all affection which they have for you. At present no one but Helen observes any thing strange; your uncle and aunt will resent your action, and banish you from their hearts. I beseech you to think what you are doing, and not wreck the whole happiness of your future life on a chimerical fancy, which may be a mere dream!”

At the end of an hour, during which Tom Alston thus dwelt upon the effects of such a proceeding as his friend had decided on, with the greatest earnestness—at the end of this long and elaborate expostulation, St. John, weak and undecided, promised to think of the matter. Tom Alston pushed his advantage, and ere long forced from his friend a promise that he would make a final attempt to penetrate the mystery.

“Yes, you have overcome me,” said the young man, rising, with a slight color in his pale cheek; “I will go again, and I will take this with me.”

As he spoke, he drew from the breast pocket of his doublet a folded paper, on the face of which a slash or cut running through the direction, “Henry St. John, Esquire,” was plainly visible.

“Yes, Tom,” said the young man, suppressing a weary sigh, “I will follow your advice, and make a last attempt. Look at this letter, it is one which she wrote me some days before my duel with Lindon, and it turned his sword point. I will go to her and say, ‘It was a loyal heart which your

letter saved from being pierced and torn asunder; the heart which it now covers is as loyal. If an enemy has spoken against me, tell me what he has said, and I will answer it; and not punish him if you wish it.' I will go and say that and beseech her to not leave me in despair. You are right, Tom, propriety at least requires that from me."

And the young man finished with an expression of mingled despair and disdain which was painful to behold.

Mr. Alston was, however, too much pleased with the determination of his friend to feel longer pained. He replied, with a cheerful look,

"Be easy, Harry. All will come out right; you have determined most manfully. I confess there is much to afflict any one in this matter, but you have only to oppose yourself to the obstacle like a valorous chevalier, and all will be well. You say this little flower in my button-hole reminds you of that one you plucked when you were wounded, as you told me at Flower of Hundreds. Well, take this flower, and add to your former address, 'When I was wounded and bleeding, fainting and unable to stand up, one day, I thought of you more than my wound, and plucked a flower such as you had plucked on the very same spot, and even when I lost my senses clung to it, and thought of you.' Add that to your speech, Harry, and if you do not move her, and make her return to her old affection, then I will really sympathise with you, for I shall have reason."

Having thus terminated the discussion, and extracting from his friend a promise that, within three days at farthest, he would carry out his design of visiting Vanely, Mr. Tom Alston declared himself extremely hungry, and the friends proceeded to the Raleigh and breakfasted. St. John scarcely touched his food, and had never changed his expression of cold despair.

An hour afterwards he bade his friend good-bye, and they separated—Mr. Alston to return to Moorefield, where he was to receive a letter from his friend; Mr. St. John to seek

his lounge, where he now spent hour after hour steeped in gloomy reverie.

His friend's visit had been like a ripple on the surface of a dark tarn—the waters again closed over its gloomy depths, silent and motionless.

CHAPTER LXIII.

A BROKEN HEART: HENRY ST. JOHN TO THOMAS ALSTON.

“I HAVE followed your advice, and made the journey which you suggested, carrying with me the letter, and intending to add what you advised me to add to my address.

“I write because I promised to write, though the ink is somewhat faded. Strange! that the merchants of Williamsburg will not provide the gentlemen of the colony, who deal with them, something better than this pale, watery fluid, which can hardly be seen! I shall purchase no more of it, depending for the future upon London.

“I feel somewhat badly this morning, which I suppose is attributable to the fact that I traveled all night, as a friend of mine did a long time ago, when he came in early one morning. Why, what am I writing? It was yourself—was it not? My head is a little disordered this morning, and my memory is bad. As I said, I traveled all last night.

“What have I written? Is my mind failing? Why, I am writing to Tom Alston! We talked of this—assuredly we did! I told you of this visit to Colonel Vane's, in Prince George—did I not? I told you I was going to see—her. I told you I would write, or I dream!

“I have this moment returned. Oh, Tom! it all flashes on me now; I have my senses again, which were stunned. I went and she would not see me; she refused to meet me. I am broken-hearted! My head pains me—something troubles me; is the weather turning cold again? Strange, at this season!

H. ST. JOHN.”

CHAPTER LXIV.

HENRY ST. JOHN, ESQUIRE, TO MISS BONNYBEL VANL, AT
VANELY, IN PRINCE GEORGE.

“Is it wrong for me to write to you? We were cousins once, with some affection for each other—I at least for you. I do not add that we have ever been any thing more, for that would doubtless wound and offend you. I would not wound or offend you; I am too unhappy to think of reproaches. Once I might have given way to my passionate temperament, and uttered wild words; now I have no such words to utter. I acquiesce in all you do and say, and scarcely dare to write these lines—to my cousin, as it were.

“My memory has been impaired of late, but I think we were playmates in our youth, were we not? Are not you the Bonnybel of my childhood? She was very lovely, and had the kindest and tenderest heart, and a face full of the most delicate loveliness. I have been thinking about her, and you must not think me unmanly because the tears come to my eyes. I do not think any one ever loved Bonnybel as I did. She seemed to me like an angel, holding out her pure white hands and blessing me. I used to weave flowers for her, and once she showed me the wreath, a long time afterwards—she had kept it for my sake, she said.

“I believe I am wandering from what I intended to write. I have been sick, but am very well to-day. My friend, Tom Alston, has been to see me in my sickness, and he has taken up the strangest idea, he thinks that we have quarrelled—you and myself. Could any thing be more absurd? Ordinary persons quarrel and fall out, but the very idea of Bonnybel and Harry being any thing but friends! I told him that it was absolutely silly, and the grounds of his opinion are the silliest part of it. He thinks, because you were unwell the other day, when I was at Vanely, and did not come

down, that for this reason you do not like me. I wrote him word, on my return that night, or rather early in the morning, for I preferred traveling in the night, as the weather was warm—I wrote him word about the visit, and said I had not seen you, because you were sick. My letter had scarcely reached Moorefield, I thought, when he broke into my chamber here in the strangest manner, with tears in his eyes, crying, most singularly, ‘O, Harry! Harry!’ and sitting down with his hands over his face. He then came and put his arm around me and asked me how I felt, as though I had been sick. I was not at all sick then, but became unwell that evening, strange to say; I believe it was on account of his visit. He persuaded me that I must be sick, or I never would have written him such a letter, when my letter was the simplest in the world, and just such as I generally write to him. A physician came to see me, and he and Tom went out just now together. I have risen from the sofa, to write to you.

“I believe I am not quite well this morning, and I have a strange feeling, as if we had quarreled. Write to me, darling, and tell me that you still love me. My whole heart is wrapped up in you, and I can not breathe without your love. How kind and good in the merciful Creator to give me your love. I have been very ungrateful not to thank him, and obey his commands, but I will try in future to be better. I expect much from your love, I think it will make me purer and better. I do not love you only because your face is beautiful, but because you are pure and good. When we are married, I shall be far better, and you will have made me so.

“They spoke of something which had come between us. Is it not strange? Why, what *could* ever separate us? There was a strange man who hinted at something of this sort, I remember, but how foolish.

“I have not seen you for some days now, but I will come soon. I am a little unwell to-day, but I am happy, thinking of you.

“There ’s Tom Alston’s step upon the stairs, and he must not see me writing to you ; I can not write to you in company, as I can not speak to you when others are present. We must be alone, darling, to address each other as we wish. I can not call you by *your name* in society, and I can not even write it when another ’s present.

“They are near the door now, Tom and his friend, and I must close my letter, which my servant shall carry to the post office when they are gone.

“Write to me very soon, my own Bonnybel, and a good long letter, such as you used to send me over to ‘Flower of Hundreds,’ when I was detained.

“Good bye.

“Your faithful

“HENRY ST. JOHN.”

“P. S.—Tom and his friend have just gone out, and I am glad I hid my letter from their eyes. They affect to think that I am sick, and even say that writing and reading will be injurious. How strange it is that intelligent men like Tom and the doctor, do not understand that I am merely a little fatigued and indisposed from want of rest and working at the plans for ‘Flower of Hundreds.’ I have devised a very pretty wing, I think, such as you said you liked when we looked at the old house from the hill in front. You did not know that you were describing your preference to a company of invisible architects. The addition will contain a sitting-room for you, a smaller library, looking out upon the lawn, and two guest chambers. I am sure you will like it, and you know I only live to please you. Farewell.”

CHAPTER LXV.

“HOW STRANGE! I KNEW A BONNYBEL ONCE!”

THREE days after this letter was dispatched, Mr. Alston, who was now permanently residing at the Raleigh tavern, entered his friend's chamber, after breakfast, and found him holding in his hand a paper which his eyes were fixed upon as though riveted to it by iron chains.

The sound of his footsteps did not arouse Mr. St. John, who continued to gaze at the paper.

Mr. Alston approached, and, without ceremony, looked over the young man's shoulder.

As his eyes ran over the letter, all color forsook his cheek, a sort of tremor passed through his frame, and leaning one hand on the back of the carved chair, he remained silent and motionless.

The letter was in the following words :

“VANELY, *Thursday.*

“I have received your strange letter, in which you speak of our union, and your plans in making additions to your residence, suggested, you say, by myself. It was not my intention to make such suggestions, and I hope the addition will be stopped. At least I do not wish you to indulge the hope that I shall ever become its inmate.

“It pains me to refer to what was, I hoped, forgotten—that is, our engagement. What has occurred since that time makes such engagement null, and it is no longer binding upon either of us.

“Your strange letter will, I hope, be the last on this subject. I am entirely resolved.

“B. V.”

It was this letter which Mr. St. John was gazing at with wide eyes. His friend took it out of his hand and placed it in his own pocket. Mr. St. John did not move,

Mr. Alston went and sat down at some distance, and with eyes hollow and red from want of rest, watched the young man, the very sight of whose figure seemed to send a pang through his honest heart.

St. John remained for nearly an hour perfectly motionless, his shoulders drooping, his head bent down, his eyes fixed upon the floor, across which a long bar of sunshine ran like a stream of gold.

"It was a glorious sail we had upon the river," he at length murmured with a smile. "What a day it was!"

Mr. Alston half rose, but fell back in his seat.

"The sky was so blue, and the sun shone so brightly!" continued St. John, laughing. "Even now I remember how the foam danced along, far whiter than the wings of the sea birds who hovered over us! What a happy time! They may talk of the great wide ocean, but there's nothing like our stately river—nothing! It runs from the mountains of Virginia to the east, and Virginia is the fairest of all lands, is it not? How the foam danced before us, and the winds were blowing! The air was perfumed by the forest as we sailed!"

"Harry! Harry!" murmured Tom Alston, in a stifled voice.

"Ah! are you there, friend?" said the young man, turning gayly, "are you there, good mine host of the Raleigh tavern? 'Tis a fine tavern, and a stranger told me they were making history there—ah! is it so? But we'll not mind them. Bring me some sherry, host—or stay! let it be Canary. 'Tis a gentleman's wine, and I am a gentleman—though a poor one: very, very poor!"

And the head sank.

"Are we in the capitol?" he murmured, smiling as before. "I am a stranger, but it seems that I have been here once before! One night, when the violins played, and I danced a minuet with some one—who could she have been?"

And with the air of a man who tries to recall something, Mr. St. John touched his forehead and was silent.

“Well, well, well!” he murmured at length, in a low, measured voice, “I can not remember—it was very long ago. How long, good host? A decade? Well, well, well—’t was a merry time, I think. What a noble gift is memory!”

And with the same musing smile, both sad and joyous, the young man raised his head. The colored drawing on the opposite wall attracted his attention—the drawing purchased for its chance likeness to Bonnybel—that which he had selected on the night of the assembly, with the words “The fallen salutes his victor.”

“Ah!” he murmured, “who is that, mine host? Is the wine coming? Who is that—a fair face, I think!”

“He does not even recognize Bonnybel!” muttered Tom Alston, covering his face, with a sob.

Only the last word caught the young man’s wandering attention.

“Bonnybel!” he murmured, “did you say Bonnybel was her name? How strange! I knew a Bonnybel once: she was very beautiful and tender. Eyes bright and of the tenderest violet; hair a soft brown, and the very same lips—the same, as I live! But no, no, no! that picture is not like her. She was truer looking than that portrait—answer me not, sir! Who says she was false? Do you wear a sword? I who stand here am Henry St. John, of Prince George, in Virginia!”

And an expression of haughty anger drove all smiles from the wan face.

“Oh, me! oh, me!” was all Tom Alston could repeat, in a voice stifled with emotion.

St. John continued for some moments gazing wildly at the picture, and, as he gazed, a shudder ran through his frame, his eyes expanded with a sort of dread, and, rising violently from his seat, he drew his sword, shouting:

“Who are you that stand beside the picture of my love and darken it? Away! I have seen you before, with your burning eyes, and I defy you! I will meet you breast to breast!—back!”

And with a fiery flash from his haughty eyes, the young man cut at the air with his sword.

Tom Alston ran to him, and, sobbing like a child, put his arms round him, and with gentle force compelled him to sit down again.

“Oh, Harry! Harry! my poor, poor Harry!” he sobbed, “’t is only your fancy: there is no one in the room. Oh, Heaven! that it should come to this!”

St. John looked with a dreamy, absent air into the face of his friend, and then turned away.

His momentary excitement soon disappeared, and, reclining now against the tall, carved back of his chair, his shoulders drooped, and he traced figures idly with the point of his scabbard on the floor.

As he did so, his excitement seemed completely dissipated, and, with a smile, he murmured to himself:

“Yes, yes! she is very beautiful and faithful! Who says she ’s not?—poor creature, unworthy of my steel! Is that a flower you hold in your hand? I have seen that rose before—it is white. Were there not red roses too? Did you tell me that you loved me? Oh, how dearly I love *you*! Is your name Bonnybel? I knew one once like you—she was very good and beautiful—but she died, and flowers are growing from her bosom. Do I dream? Oh, me! Is she dead, then—**my** own girl? Is she dead, then—my own faithful girl? Oh, no! I should not be alive to ask you!—that was another! You are my own dear Bonnybel, are you not? You hold the flower in your hand, and smile. You have the dearest eyes, and your hair is gold in the sunlight. Do you love me? I shall die if you do not love me! There is the moon!—take care or your horse will stumble!—Oh, to die now since I have pressed your lips, with your head on my bosom, with that light in your eyes!—my own faithful, noble girl!”

And with an expression of the most radiant happiness, the young man fixed his eyes upon the image of his memory, and remained thus, lost in his reverie of joy and delight.

At five paces from him, his friend followed every movement, caught every murmur. With a heaving bosom, and with eyes wet with tears, honest Tom Alston, whom the world called fop and derided, watched, wofully, the progress of the delirium.

At last he breathed more freely, his eyes turned eagerly toward the door. He heard the step of the old physician slowly ascending, and he soon entered.

A single glance at Mr. St. John told him all: he shook his head.

“He has a brain fever,” said the old doctor, “produced by mental excitement, exposure to the sun, after sickness, perhaps, and loss of rest; of course chiefly by the former. The sooner he is in bed the better, Mr. Alston. Ring for a servant, and give orders that no person whatever be admitted.”

A powerful opiate was administered to the young man, and he slept for some hours.

When he awoke, it was to toss and rave, deliriously, from a violent brain fever, as the old physician had predicted.

CHAPTER LXVI.

THE LAST HALLUCINATION OF ST. JOHN.

FOR more than two weeks, Mr. St. John remained thus prostrated in body and mind, by the burning delirium which had seized upon him.

The strong nature had been too heavily taxed—the vigorous mind had succumbed beneath the vast pressure of the weight of grief and agony—completely prostrated now, the young man was but the wreck of himself—and, from the delirious ravings which shook his thin frame, seemed to be possessed by but one absorbing thought—his love.

He would ramble on thus for hours, his memory returning to all the happy scenes of the past: and looking at times into the face of Tom Alston, who scarcely ever left his side, he would speak of her with an accent of such tenderness, that the honest fellow had to turn away his head to hide the tears in his eyes.

Mr. Alston had found that one of the most soothing medicines, so to speak, consisted in holding before his friend's eyes the picture resembling Bonnybel;—and in order that the sick man might have the full benefit of the painting, its position had been changed to the wall in front of the foot of the bed.

The young man did not seem to associate with the girl thus brought to his mind, a single event of a sorrowful nature. It was the Bonnybel of the happy past which he gazed at with pensive pleasure; and he would lie thus for hours, gazing in silence at the picture, or speaking to it.

At last the crisis of his malady came, and seated at the side of the bed, Tom Alston and the old physician followed every indication of the disease. Life and death seemed to wrestle over the young man's body—but life conquered. From the brink of the grave he returned to life, and with every hour now, to his friends' inexpressible delight, he grew better.

One morning Mr. Alston had taken advantage of the favorable condition of his friend, to go and get some sleep. He had nearly broken himself down, this honest fop, by those vigils at the bedside of his friend night after night; and yielding at last to the doctor's expostulations, he went to the Raleigh and slept.

St. John sank into a gentle slumber soon after his friend's departure; and he had a happy dream, he thought.

It seemed to him that he was awake and gazing at the picture resembling Bonnybel, when the door opened noiselessly, a light footfall rustled on the carpet, and the figure on the wall, as he continued to gaze, slowly became living,

advanced from its frame, and stood at the foot of the bed, looking at him.

A change, however, seemed to have taken place in the features. The picture was happy and smiling, while the figure of his imagination gazed at him with inexpressible sadness, sobbing and permitting large tears to escape unheeded, as the eyes continued to survey him.

Then as though to perfect the vision, another figure advanced to the side of the first; and the young man recognized the sad face of Helen, weeping like the image of her sister.

The figures stood thus for some moments, motionless and silent, except for the low sobs; and then slowly separating, right and left, they came to the side of his bed.

The figure of Bonnybel sank into a chair, and the head drooped until it rested upon the bed. Her companion also sank down, and for some minutes he seemed to hear low sobs, of inexpressible sorrow, dying away one after another in the silence.

He tried to move and speak, and bid the vision not sob so; but he could not. An influence, gentle and yet all powerful, seemed to paralyze his limbs.

Then the figure of Bonnybel slowly raised its head, and he saw that the eyes were red with weeping; and turning his head, he perceived that the other image wept also.

As he looked, he felt a soft warm hand encircle his wrist, a tear fell upon it; and this was followed by a kiss which the figure Bonnybel pressed upon his thin, pale hand.

He tried again to move, but could not.

And then he saw the figures rise, stand for an instant gazing at him with grief too deep for words; and then they seemed slowly to disappear, and the picture on the wall smiled as before.

From that time he grew rapidly better—the disease retreated, and the color began to return to his cheek. Life again infused itself like a subtle liquid into all the cells of his being, and his eyes every hour grew clearer.

At last he rose, and as before, at "Flower of Hundreds," lay beneath the window inhaling the fresh breeze and basking in the sunshine; and finally, Tom Alston, with the doctor's permission, drove him out. On the next morning, after a sound sleep, the young man was well.

Nothing remained of his illness but a slight paleness and a settled melancholy. The old physician could cure the body, but he could not minister to the mind diseased.

Mr. St. John was entirely uncomplaining now—he was also entirely hopeless.

CHAPTER LXVII.

HOW ST. JOHN KEPT HIS APPOINTMENT WITH THE STRANGER.

THREE days after the morning ride of the friends, and about midnight, a man was seated in the upper room of the tall house pointed out by the stranger to St. John, and bending over a great table covered with papers, was writing rapidly.

It was the stranger himself.

He was clad in the same sable suit—his face was pale and earnest as before—and he was writing by the light of a single candle which sent its feeble glimmer far across the roofs of the houses—a solitary sentinel, in its watch-tower, over the sleeping town.

The stranger continued writing for half an hour without raising his head; but at the end of that time, a footstep upon the winding stair-case attracted his attention.

He listened as the step ascended, and went to the door, which he threw open.

He found himself opposite to Mr. St. John.

"Ah! it is you, friend!" he said; "welcome! And yet I grieve to see you—if—"

And a look of inquiry ended the sentence.

St. John inclined his head, slowly, and took the seat toward which the stranger motioned him.

"I reply to your unuttered question," said the young man, calmly; "yes, I have come to seek you, as you predicted I would come. It is to do my duty—to try at least. I am ready to do all that a broken-hearted man may do—a poor gentleman. You were right; I am miserable, utterly so—you triumph."

Having thus spoken in a tone of gloomy, but uncomplaining despair, the young man leaned upon the table, and lowered his eyes.

The stranger looked at him long and intently, without speaking. Then taking his cold hand and pressing it,

"You will not think me insincere when I tell you, sir," he said, "that your unhappiness deeply afflicts me. I will not be guilty of the bad taste of asking its nature, of probing your wounds afresh, and making you suffer for the gratification of my curiosity. It is enough for me to know that you are grieved, and I most sincerely sympathize with you, and, if possible, would endeavor to console you."

There was great dignity in the air of the stranger, as he spoke, and that sincerity which springs from a superior nature, but the young man only shook his head, and muttered some inaudible thanks.

"So let it be then, friend," said the stranger, "I shall ask you no questions and offer no common-place consolations. Will you permit me, however, to make one observation before we dismiss the subject?"

"Willingly."

"Do you remember one day when we dined in your private apartment at the Raleigh tavern?"

"Yes, perfectly," said St. John.

"Do you remember observing my silence and abstraction?"

"Yes."

"To end my questions—do you recall that history of

my life which I related in the old church at Richmond town?"

"I shall not forget it."

"Well, friend," said the stranger, calmly, "the apartment to which you conducted me, in the Raleigh tavern, was the one which *she* occupied, when I knew her first—the woman who was more to me than life. There first I saw her, there she moved about, and sat, and read, and smiled; there first her head rested on my breast, and I heard her heart speak to me. Well, I thus entered that room again at your invitation, after years of absence, and I recognized, perfectly, every detail of the apartment—the windows, the old mirror above the fireplace, the very andirons, and the crack in the plaster of the wall. Here she had sat down and looked at me so kindly, there she had stood with the breeze lifting her curls, yonder she had leaned one white arm on the moulding—I saw all, and lived through the whole past again. You observed my abstraction, I remember; you gazed at me as I leaned on the table, and left the wine untasted, and mused."

"Yes, I saw all that, sir," said St. John, "and I feel for you."

"Let me finish, friend; it is not idly that I recall all this. I say that there, in that apartment, I thus recalled to my mind the grand hours of my life, when my horizon was all sunshine, and the sad present was set, like a black figure, against that dead sunlight. Well, I did not groan and sob, turn pale, and cover my face. I looked, in turn, upon every object; I traversed the whole past with a single glance, and then I returned to the subject we had been discussing, without emotion. Do you understand?"

St John inclined his head, calmly.

"You wish to console me," he said. "I thank you."

"I wish, indeed, to say to you that the lapse of time slowly wears away the deepest impressions, that grief gradually disappears, that God finally leaves us only that pensive sadness which surrounds the beloved and lost figure with a

sort of glory, contributing far more to our happiness than our misery."

St. John remained silent.

"I have said," added the stranger, "that I would not weary you, in your doubtless great grief, with commonplace consolations. But I declare to you, friend, as the result of the observation and experience of a life crammed with bitter and corroding emotions—I declare to you, I say, as a proposition, a truth, which can not be refuted, or modified in its application, that the merciful God, who has made the creature man, does not design, nor will he permit grief to master us, the clouds to overshadow us for ever. The gloom will disappear, the sun will again shine, that hope which now flies from you for ever, as you imagine, will return, and again you will be happy."

St. John listened in the same gloomy silence, and said at last,

"I know not if I even believe in a God, but I do in my destiny."

The stranger looked sadly at his companion.

"I thought the old Greek dogma had disappeared, friend," he said; "destiny is but another word for chance, however opposite they may seem."

"Well, I do not refuse that philosophy either."

"Look at that flower on my table," said the stranger; "that alone refutes you."

"An apple blossom; yes, it is very pretty; simple, but delicate and beautiful."

"Simple?" said the stranger; "there, friend, you err; 't is a miracle of complexity. Its history unfolds the spirit of the universe, and simple as that flower may seem to you, the links of an invisible chain bind it to the throne of the Eternal. Look at it with me; see these delicate petals, like rose-colored velvet, the germ of the fruit in the middle of the star, the down on the leaf and around the stem. A thousand trees shall grow upon a hundred hills, and no one shall produce a different bloom, and if this be conceded

friend, 't is violating reason to dub such causality as is here apparent, with the name of chance. Chance might, if you choose, originate this blossom, though I could never comprehend the meaning of the word, even; but could a blind chance continue to produce? Let it be granted that this wonderful trifle came by accident, could accident constantly renew it? Is it not a mere contradiction, I ask you calmly, friend? To me it is evident that this incessant reproduction, this fatal sequence, involves necessarily the existence of *law*. The bough buds and blooms, the bloom falls away, the green germ expands into a globe, striped or mottled, filled with juice, sour or sweet, and the small seed of this globe possesses the reproductive power so perfectly that with a handful you may plant a forest. Year after year that forest, in turn, blossoms and bears fruit—what fruit? Why the same, absolutely the same, and the existence of immutable *law* thus reveals itself. I see you acquiesce.

“Well now friend,” continued the stranger, whose design seemed to be a diversion of the young man’s thoughts, “if this law does beyond doubt exist, how was it established? Chaos as you know is the primal condition of matter—does order evolve itself from chaos blindly? or can law itself rise from anarchy without a motor, a fiat of some greater power? There must of necessity be something above chaos and anarchy, to bring forth law and order. What must it be? Why a God. It seems to me, friend, that the necessity for this Being is more fatally logical, armed with a wedge more penetrating, than the Greek ‘Necessity.’”

“I did not mean to say that I doubted the existence of a supreme Being,” said St. John gloomily; “I only say that this Being, if he exists, has made my life darkness.”

“How do you know that fact?”

“My reason tells me so—to answer you philosophically,” said St. John.

“And what does your reason tell you about the atonement?”

“It recoils.”

“I thought so. Well, friend, permit me to say that you reject these consolations precisely because you reason as you do, with the head.”

“How should I?”

“As a child does, with the heart.”

“Must I embrace blindly?” said the young man with gloomy calmness. “I can not do that.”

“No one expects you to.”

“How then?”

“With faith founded on reason—a ‘reasonable faith.’”

“Faith and reason are implacable enemies,” said St. John struggling gloomily against hope, “the encyclopædists prove that——”

“Man is a machine. So they do, friend,” interrupted the stranger. “Well they make but sorry machines of us—I prefer one of wood and iron to their imaginary men. I say that faith and reason, so far from being hostile, are inseparable;—true faith and right reason, understand me, friend—else we wander. It is no quibble to say you must exert faith to believe in reason—to comprehend what is really such. I do not call a skepticism, springing from depravity of life, and warping mind and heart, the triumph of reason. I say that the French idea of it is based at most on science and philosophy miscalled; and the encyclopædists stumble in the dark, and utter only broken words, for science and philosophy are progressive. Do you comprehend the immense significance of this fact, friend? Undoubtedly both science and philosophy are constantly advancing and unfolding—well, the philosophy preached by Paul in the name of his Master, is perfect, finished, *not* progressive. From Plato and Pythagoras, to Diderot and D’Alembert, the philosophers of all nations have been speculating on the mystery of human life—man’s destiny; and those accomplished intellects, you must confess, have come to different conclusions. They all appealed to science and philosophy, and their systems have all been

rejected—because the child who succeeds the octogenarian knows more than the gray-haired thinker—has the benefit of every new discovery, a sealed book to the generation preceding him. That is undoubtedly the state of science. What is revelation, by which term I mean of course the system of the ‘Nazarene philosopher,’ as says a friend of mine? Is it either progressive or defective? More than seventeen hundred years ago, from the depths of the East, where the paganism of the profligate Romans mingled with the groveling hypocrisy of the debased Hebrews—from this repulsive society of hard masters and cowering slaves, came a man of thirty, announcing a new system. He was poor, and his followers were some fishermen from the most ignorant district of the country of Galilee. This man continued to disseminate his views for three years, and then the Hebrews, whom he arraigned as hypocrites, procured his execution as a seditious person, in the Roman manner—by crucifixion. What was the system of this young philosopher, the philosophy originating in the most debased age and people of which history speaks? Friend, you may read it in the book called by that Greek word itself—the Bible. If you do not see that the model therein given is superior to the highest development of holiness found in the purest ages and the most enlightened countries, you must read without the student’s mind. As I have said over and over, human philosophy is progressive, and consequently defective; the divine system is not progressive, because it is perfect. It has not advanced one step for seventeen hundred years, and is still immeasurably in advance of our purer civilization. Is that not plain? Look at it as a statesman searching for the means of leading a great land to happiness and glory; then say if you can doubt that if the precepts of the Nazarene philosopher—I mean love and charity—were the common law, the world would touch the summit of her splendor, her peace and joy? Year by year, the world has advanced to higher heights under the banner bearing that rude instrument on

which the Founder was executed—the Cross drives the powers of darkness before its triumphal march. Thus the earth blossoms every year with purer flowers; but where is the individual whose life has approached the great Exemplar's? He was a poor youth, reared up in the midst of the superstition, cruelty, and debasement of a pagan land and nation. You, a Virginia gentleman of the eighteenth century can not touch the threshold of this majestic temple, where truth and goodness sit like queens. I finish by saying, that if there is any cause and effect, the system can not be of human origin. I would rather believe the miracles recorded in that book than credit the idea that the man who founded its system was merely a man—a system which, after two thousand years nearly, soars above the onward march of the nations, and remains unapproached and unapproachable. Reason shifts and changes, and the philosophy of to-day is the byword of the morrow. This revelation alone does not change—because man eternally requires the same consolation, just this, and this alone—and so it will be to the end. Friend, there are times when the cold reason brings but sorry consolation. When the heart is broken with grief, the spirit weary and worn by sorrow, the eye dim, and the blood cold, at such times we do not read the encyclopædia. We then feel that the heart is greater than the intellect—that after all we are not machines—we find in faith that rest which the wounded seek when they drag their bleeding limbs from the battle field. I ask for the healing balm, and will not listen to Voltaire who stands by and sneers, and tries to persuade me that it is a nostrum. And now pardon me for these many words; my excuse is that they are true.”

“There is nothing for me to pardon,” said St. John, in the same cold and gloomy tone; “I should rather return you my thanks, friend. I see plainly that your object is to console me in my affliction. I only regret that 't is impossible. Whatever I may have in the future, I have now no faith like yours. I lament it, but I can not help it. Let me not

longer trespass on your time than is absolutely necessary. You were writing?"

"Yes," said the stranger, abandoning the subject, as his companion desired, "I was at work."

"And I interrupt you."

"No, it is not interruption to see friends, whatever having others by me may be. The mind gathers strength and elasticity from rest. My pamphlet will end with greater vigor for your visit."

And the stranger lifted one of the sheets and ran his eye over it with that comprehensive glance peculiar to authors.

"I have nearly finished," he said.

"What is it?" asked St. John, who had never for a moment lost his cold and gloomy air, and seemed indeed to move and speak like a lifeless automaton; "is it revolutionary?"

"You shall judge for yourself."

And the stranger pointed to a rough printed sheet of proof. Mr. St. John read,

"THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT ASPECT OF AFFAIRS, BY A MAN OF THE TIMES."

As he was reading the commencement of the pamphlet, a tap at the door announced a visitor, and without waiting for permission, a printer's boy entered.

The stranger handed him the pages of MS., and he retired as silently as he had come.

St. John, for a moment interrupted, again returned to the pamphlet, and having read the two or three sheets, said, as he laid them down,

"That seems to me treason, friend—it will be seized."

"No," said the stranger.

"Why not?"

"At least if it is seized, that ceremony will take place in a thousand separate localities throughout Virginia."

"You do not publish here then?"

"No, 't is only printed here."

"And scattered by your agents?"

The stranger nodded.

St. John reflected for some moments without speaking and then said,

“I came to offer you a gift for the cause, friend. ’T is twenty thousand pounds, in valid securities, for which I will take your receipt.”

The young man uttered these words as coldly as before, and then waited for the stranger’s reply.

That reply was a refusal of the money, on the ground that the association would not consent to impoverish its friends even for the general good. The stranger presented his view at great length and earnestly, but St. John did not seem in the least moved by his arguments.

“Well, friend,” he said, with gloomy calmness and the same measured, automaton-like movement of the head, “well, be it as you wish. I can not force you to accept the gift I offer; but I forewarn you that this refusal will be injurious to me, perhaps fatal, if I do not forestall its effects. You look at me with curiosity, and my words even seem to cause you concern; well, I will respond to the silent question of your eyes; I will speak plainly as you formerly spoke; I will explain my meaning, and the action I have taken.”

St. John paused a moment, and suppressed the groan which struggled for utterance—in an instant he was again calm.

“Since I last saw you, friend,” he said, coldly, “I have suffered a misfortune which henceforth renders me the victim of an incurable despair. I shall only say, upon this point, that my despair proceeds from the changed relations of a woman who is no longer the same to me, and has broken my heart. ’T is almost a piece of cant, the phrase which I use, but it is true. You will easily understand, after these words, that I can not remain where I was once happy. I can not look upon the objects which were familiar to me and to her, without breaking my heart daily, and opening afresh my almost mortal wounds. I fear to do so. I think my frame, already much weakened by illness, would sue

cumb. I shall therefore go away from these scenes ; I shall never again look upon them. I have just perfected the arrangements by which my whole property is alienated, my intention being to leave Virginia for ever. I have executed, in the first place, a deed by which my old and faithful servants, with their entire families, are conveyed in fee simple to a gentleman living near me, my uncle—one who has been a most tender father to me in my orphanage, refusing absolutely to accept the least return for his kindness, or even so much as repayment of his expenditures on my account. This deed is properly drawn, and my uncle will have no choice in the matter, for I shall be dead, as it were, and it is in fact a bequest by my last will and testament. Well, there was so much taken from the cause, but I did not dream of any other course. My real estate remained, and that is all free from incumbrance. See these papers—they are approved securities from the purchaser, Mr. A. Z. Smith, of this town. At the moment when he affixed his name to them, I felt almost relieved, for, from that instant I should no longer look upon scenes which it tears my very soul to approach now. You spoke of that room at the Raleigh, friend ; you say you were simply sad. With me it is different, for there is a room yonder in my house, which would strangle me with memories should I enter it, were I not to faint and fall on the threshold.

“ But I wander. Let me say what I intended. I thus hold in my hand the purchase money of my manor house and plantation, but it will not remain by me long. It shall not be the accursed temptation in my grasp, corrupting me, and leading me to those desperate courses by which men most frequently try to drown despair. No, I am resolved, friend. I will not retain the means of drugging myself with sensual poison, and of thus slowly slipping, as it were, into the gulf of perdition. I know myself well enough to understand that I require rough medicine, if indeed any medicine at all exists, for my disease. I must wrestle with the hard world if I would retain even my faith of gentleman, if I would

forget what has paralyzed me. Well, friend, do you still refuse? If you do, I have only to add that the dice will relieve me of my incumbrance. I have a natural and acquired fondness for the vice of play, and, from my past experience, I do not despair of being rapidly relieved. Speak finally now, for myself I have nothing more to say."

And the young man, as cold and gloomy as ever, ceased speaking, looking out into the gloomy night.

The stranger did not reply for some moments. During this pause, his penetrating eyes were fixed intently upon the face of his companion, and he seemed to feel that he was in presence of a man who had finally resolved, and whom it was useless to make any effort to move. Then, as he gazed, a sigh shook his breast, and an expression of compassion, almost tender, as a father's for an unhappy child, softened the iron features, and veiled the brilliant eyes.

He stretched out his hand, and laying it kindly on the young man's shoulder, said,

"You must suffer much."

"I do," was the gloomy reply.

"Is there no means of relieving this unhappiness?"

"None."

"You will not confide in me entirely, and take my advice."

"It is useless, friend; it will only tear open my wounds."

A silence followed the low words, during which neither spoke.

"Be it so," said the stranger, at length; "I do not further urge you, and I accept your gift."

With these words, he took a piece of paper, wrote some lines on it, and received in exchange for it the papers which St. John still held in his hand.

"I retain what I need," said the young man, "and my future is already resolved on."

"That at least you can speak of."

"Assuredly. I shall to-morrow apply to the Governor of Virginia for a commission in the service of his Majesty."

“Ah! you apply to Dunmore?”

“Yes. That is, to the Governor of this colony, in his official capacity; my plea being simply that I am an educated Virginian.”

“You go West?”

“Yes, to the Indian wars, and, if I do not die there, down the Ohio river to New Spain, thence to Europe.”

And the young man looked, with the calmness of despair, through the window, at the stars.

The stranger sighed, and his clear eyes were again veiled with their expression of compassionate regret.

“I understand all now,” he said, “and I can not oppose your plans. I know well that the heart, when deeply wounded, instinctively recoils from the sight of those objects familiar to it in the hours of happiness; I know that the impulse to go away to some distant land, to new scenes and adventures, which will divert the mind’s eternal brooding, is unconquerable. Perhaps, after all, you have adopted the best course, and in a few years you will return cured of your wounds.”

The young man replied by a gloomy shake of the head.

“Well,” said the stranger, “let us leave it to time. To return to the affairs of the moment, I think you are right in going to the frontier. At last his Excellency has sounded the bugle blast, and the men of Virginia are mustering to the rendezvous. General Lewis, a giant among giants, the brave of braves, is in Williamsburg, and in ten days the army will be on its march, his Excellency following it with his select corps.”

The stranger spoke coolly, but a meaning glance showed that his words contained more than they expressed. What he now added proved this:

“This is the affair as it appears in the official proclamation,” continued the stranger, “and even to the eyes of many Virginians. Those who pierce beneath the wrappings of events see differently, however. It is my profound conviction that this man, Dunmore, is going out yonder to perfect the treachery which he long since conceived. Conolly

laid the train—his master will apply the match. You are going to look on, and hear the explosion. It is really the cause of liberty which you serve, in diverting thus your own private grief. Let that cheer you.”

And the stranger again looked earnestly and compassionately at St. John, and was silent.

The young man rose.

“Friend,” he said, “I have listened as you have listened to me, and I thank you. You more than ever confirm me in my intention, and I shall early in the morning proceed to put it into execution—take the first step. Yes, from this time forth I am a wanderer, and if that wandering will benefit a cause which I feel is just and noble, so much the better. I shall apply for the commission of lieutenant—if it is refused, I shall volunteer in the ranks. Now I will go, having too far trespassed already on your valuable time. You are courteous to shake your head, but I have seriously interrupted you. Well, good friend, let us now part. I shall see you again before I go—until then, farewell.”

And exchanging a grasp of the hand with his companion, who still looked at him with that compassionate softness, dimming the brilliant and penetrating eyes, the young man took his departure, and soon regained the street, which was still and vacant.

With measured steps, and in silence, he sought his own mansion, and the lonely stars looked down upon him, peering with their curious eyes, as they have looked on men who have suffered in all ages.

As he entered the door, the young man turned his head and saw the light still shining from the lofty eyrie of the stranger.

“Yes,” he murmured, “like him, it keeps watch while others sleep. Sleep! Oh when shall I sleep, and not awake?”

CHAPTER LXVIII.

A VIRGINIA GIANT.

ON the next day Mr. St. John presented himself, clad with the most scrupulous ceremony, at the door of Governor Dunmore's palace.

He was shown into the receiving room by a solemn major domo in black velvet, and thus found himself in the presence of the Governor.

Lord Dunmore was seated, as always, in his great carved chair covered with red damask, the portraits of the king and queen, respectively, facing and behind him, and at a table, the members of the council, together with Captain Foy, were ranged in a long and imposing array.

There was another personage seated at some distance, whom Mr. St. John had never before seen, and this man attracted perforce, as it were, his attention.

He was almost gigantic in stature, with limbs moulded like those of a Hercules, and his massive head, with its long hair, rose from a pair of shoulders, which, like those of Atlas, seemed vigorous enough to bear aloft a world. The broad collar was turned down, and the throat of this singular personage was thus revealed—a mass of iron muscles, and sinews like whip cords. He was clad in a pair of huge horseman's boots, to which were affixed heavy spurs with enormous rowels; knee breeches of buckskin, secured at the knee by thongs instead of buckles, and over this lower costume fell the folds of a hunting shirt, gathered round the waist by a broad leather belt, from which depended an enormous broad-sword.

The air of this man had in it a collected and invincible resolution, mingled with a sort of wild and primitive ease; but it was the ease of a stern and rugged nature, which does not care for the etiquette of courts. As though to confirm this impression, the strange-looking personage held

in his hand, as if from habit, a short Indian pipe, which he passed backwards and forwards through his fingers, as he gazed with a careless air at the Governor.

St. John exchanged a glance with the individual as he entered, and remembered afterwards the penetrating eyes which flashed beneath the shaggy brows.

“Well, sir,” said the Governor, without returning the young man’s bow in the least, “pray what is your pleasure?”

“I have indicated it in the paper which lies before your Excellency,” returned St. John, coldly, pointing to the table and again bowing.

Lord Dunmore raised the paper with a supercilious air and looked at it carelessly. Then he looked again at the young man, and tried, after the fashion usual with his lordship, to brow-beat him.

As may be imagined, it had little effect. The cruel distress of the young man’s mind was a triple shield against any thing which the words or looks of the Governor could express.

He felt rather wearied standing, while being subjected to this scrutiny—that was all—and looked round for a chair. There was none vacant, and although a handbell upon the table at his Excellency’s elbow would have summoned a servant in a moment, it remained untouched.

“So this is from yourself, is it, sir?” said his lordship, tapping the paper with his finger and then throwing it down.

“Yes, my lord, as you may perceive, it bears my signature.”

“The signature of ‘H. St. John,’ I believe,” said the Governor, coldly.

“That is my name, your lordship.”

“The name of one who grossly insulted me, sir!” said his Excellency, frowning, “and you now expect me to forgive and forget that, and commission you anew, after your insulting treatment of my last.”

Mr. St. John replied, with his old gloomy calmness,
"Precisely, my lord."

Lord Dunmore looked for a moment at the young man with silent anger, and then moving about in his chair, as was his habit when growing more and more angry, said rudely,

"And upon what grounds do you presume, sir, to make this request?"

"Will I be permitted to inform your Excellency?" said St. John.

"What do you mean, sir? Have I not demanded the information?"

"It is true that your Excellency has done so, and I only request permission to speak, uninterrupted."

The flush on Lord Dunmore's brow grew deeper, and the vein in his forehead swelled.

"Mr. St. John," he said, with a scowl, "you seem to think it necessary to bandy reproaches with me whenever you appear before me. On former occasions I have overlooked this, but I advise you, for your own good, not to repeat them."

"I do not wish to do so, my lord. I wish, on the present occasion, simply to say, with the highest respect for the authority of your lordship, that I am constitutionally subject to irritation when not permitted to speak in my own way, and for this reason I solicit permission from your lordship to speak without interruption."

"Speak, then, sir!" said Lord Dunmore, more angry than ever, but beaten by his adversary's superior coolness; "speak, and as briefly as possible."

"I will, my lord. Your lordship asked me the grounds upon which I apply for this commission—"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Well I reply to your lordship as briefly as possible, as you request. I resigned my former commission because the duties which it involved were unpleasant to me. In Virginia we are so accustomed to be served, that we can not

ourselves serve, as gentlemen do, I am told, in the old world. The duties of my office of lieutenant, in a word, were distasteful to me, and I resigned my commission. I see that your lordship is thinking of the scene on that occasion. It was unfortunate. I beg that your lordship will make allowance for a somewhat excitable temperament. After that scene I should certainly not apply for a new commission in my own name, as it were, to the nobleman with whom I had had an altercation. It is simply as an educated Virginian who can furnish testimonials of fitness, that I apply to the Governor of the colony of Virginia for a commission to fight the battles of Virginia. I have endeavored to be as brief as possible in laying before your lordship the state of the case, and need only add that I do not ask a favor. It is simply permission to join the forces of the colony which I ask—a commission in the service of his Majesty."

And Mr. St. John bowed, and was silent.

"Have you done, sir?" said his Excellency, suppressing his anger, and speaking in a tone of striking coldness and spitefulness, if we may use the word.

"I have said all, my lord."

"And you wish a reply?"

"As soon as is convenient to your lordship."

"It is quite convenient now," said the Governor, with a sneer; "I require no delay, sir, in deciding whether I will commission a person of your description in his Majesty's service. No, sir! I regard your conduct and your character as seditious, and you may congratulate yourself upon personal immunity after your deportment here upon a former occasion. I refuse you the commission, sir! I need no time to reflect! I treat your special pleading about 'educated Virginians' and 'Governors of this colony' with the contempt which it deserves! I have still another word to add, sir! Beware how you again cross this threshold with your arrogant air, and your insults! Hitherto I have spared you—for the future, beware! Now, go sir! I have done with you!"

A flash of his old passion for an instant illuminated, like lurid lightning, the young man's haughty eyes, but this soon disappeared. His face again became pale and cold—his eyes colder still.

“I am glad to reciprocate your Excellency's desire, that in future we go separate ways,” he said with courtly calmness; “I did not seek your Excellency formerly, you sought me; and now I depart, careless of your Excellency's hatred or regard.”

Mr. St. John accompanied these words with a low bow, and went out of the apartment and the palace.

On the same afternoon he was going along Gloucester street, in front of the Raleigh tavern, when he heard a grave, deep voice utter the words:

“Give you good day, Mr. St. John.”

The young man raised his head, and saw, standing upon the portico of the tavern, the tall personage whom he had seen in the receiving room of Lord Dunmore. At the other end of the porch, a number of men, who seemed to be recruits, were assembled, engaged in laughing, talking and drinking. Their suddenly-assumed military air, added to the tarnished uniforms worn by some of the company, communicated to the Raleigh the air of a camp.

As to the tall personage who thus saluted Mr. St. John, he was clad, as before, in his rude costume of the backwoods, and carried in his hand the short pipe, which now, however, was smoking.

As he stood erect, apart from the rest, his stature appeared more gigantic than before; and the young man saw that his vigorous frame was moulded with extraordinary symmetry.

“Give you good day, Mr. St. John,” repeated the stranger, in his deep voice. “Do you still hold to your determination, expressed this morning to his lordship, of going to the frontier?”

“I do, sir,” said St. John, inclining his head. “It is my purpose to volunteer in the ranks”

“In the ranks?”

“Yes, sir.”

“As a common soldier?”

“Precisely, sir.”

“That shall not be necessary, sir,” said the stranger, in the same deep, reserved voice; “I will commission you.”

“You?” said the young man, in some astonishment.

“Yes, sir,” said his companion, calmly. “A man of your coolness, and so disposed to serve the country, shall not fight in the ranks, though many gentlemen will. You deserve a commission, sir, and I make you Lieutenant in Colonel Fleming’s battalion. My name is Lewis—Andrew Lewis, of Botetourt, and I listened, with pleasure, to your observations this morning.”

St. John bowed to the man of whom he had so often heard—the commissioner for Virginia in the treaty of Fort Stanwix—of whom the Governor of New York declared that “the earth seemed to tremble under him as he walked along.”

“I am a rough backwoodsman,” said General Lewis, “and make few protestations, sir. I nevertheless say that I like your face. I’ll commission you without further acquaintance. If his lordship objects, it will not move me. If he does not like me, let him seek another commander for the forces. You will rendezvous at Camp Union, otherwise, Fort Savannah, on the first of next month, which is near at hand,” and General Lewis calmly inserted his pipe between his lips, and commenced smoking.* After some more arrangements, Mr. St. John took his leave, and went to his lodgings.

“Well,” he murmured, as he stretched himself upon the sofa, “that is the first step toward the struggle and oblivion. If a tomahawk or a bullet interpose, what matter? ’Tis the same, for the end will be reached.”

As he spoke, Tom Alston entered, and his friend laid before him all his plans, which he had hitherto concealed.

* Historical Illustrations, No. XXXVI.

To paint the dismay and sorrow of honest Tom Alston at this mad resolution, as he called it, would be impossible. He exhausted his strength, and grew positively hoarse in the attempt to change the resolution of his friend.

In vain did he protest, however. In vain he declared that the state of things, in regard to Bonnybel, could not last—that every one at Vanely had as perfect an affection for him as at any previous time. In vain did he represent that the mystery of the young girl's demeanor could not long remain unsolved, and that a single word would show the injustice she had been guilty of—the groundless nature of her sudden dismissal of her lover.

To all this, the young man opposed either gloomy silence only, or the words, incessantly repeated, "I am ruined, I have lost all."

Tom Alston returned again to his expostulations, and used every possible argument to prove the madness of his friend's course. The family at Vanely had felt the greatest solicitude about his illness; had only been prevented from seeing him by the physician's orders; they had sent all the delicacies which were so grateful to him in his convalescence; the girls had even come to Williamsburg, and had stolen into his chamber, in his sleep. At this, the young man started; and, all at once, the vision, as he had considered it, flashed on his mind, and a look of wonder greeted the announcement of the reality of the appearance. But he was no more convinced than before. "I am ruined, I have lost all," was all that his friend could extract from him; and, after three hours of expostulation, honest Tom Alston sank back, pale and exhausted, and gave up the struggle.

Two days afterward, Mr. St. John and his friend exchanged a silent grasp of the hand. The young man mounted his horse, and, throwing a last look upon the window through which she had shone on him, like a vision of the night, in the luminous halo, he set forward.

As before, Tallyho tossed his head, and careered merrily along; but his head was not turned toward home.

Camp Union, or, as we now say, Lewisburg, was the young man's destination ; and, going along, not smiling, as before, but gloomy and despairing, he murmured :

“ A tomahawk or bullet—'t is the same ! ”

CHAPTER LXIX.

ON THE BANKS OF BELLE RIVIERE.

THE aim of this book is rather to show what led to our Revolution, than to narrate great public events ; rather to present something like a picture, however feeble and faint, of the state of society which preceded the struggle, than to follow that struggle through its bloody, but triumphant steps, from Bunker Hill to Yorktown.

The precursor of the greater contest was the war of '74, which is now known as “ Dunmore's war,” perhaps on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*, for he did not fight the battle which began and ended it.

This is not the place or the occasion to trace the details of that splendid campaign, if we may call it such ; that campaign in which the Indian dominion, on the banks of “ la belle riviere,” the Ohio, was leveled at a blow, and the ferocious savage driven back to his fastnesses.

We listen with dull ears to the old frontier story, and can not believe that the sweet and smiling fields, blooming now with the fairest flowers of peace, were once the battle field on which the Anglo-Saxons opposed a merciless enemy. In our comfortable homes to-day, we read carelessly the old chronicle which clasps in its embrace such bleeding forms and desolated hearth-stones. It is in the midst of peace and plenty, with the blessings of a ripe civilization around us, with the bright eyes and cheeks, and the laughter of happy children at our side, that we read the moving story. What does it say ? Let an incident, similar to a thousand others,

and no worse, tell what horrors were then enacted on the border.

“An Indian seized Mrs. Scott, and ordered her to a particular spot, and not to move; others stabbed and cut the throats of the three younger children, in their bed, and afterwards lifting them up, dashed them upon the floor, near the mother; the eldest, a beautiful girl of eight years old, awoke, escaped out of the bed, ran to her parent, and, with the most plaintive accents, cried, ‘O! mamma! mamma! save me!’ The mother, in the deepest anguish of spirit, and with a flood of tears, entreated the savages to spare her child, but, with a brutal fierceness, they tomahawked and stabbed her in her mother’s arms.”

In the pages of Withers and Kercheval, the Commines and the Froissart of the Valley, we read all this, and follow the details of a hundred massacres—the burning of houses, the murder of men, the merciless beating out of women and children’s brains against the door posts of the dwellings of the West. We read it all, and then close the chronicle, and go to the routine of business, and scarcely give a thought to the men who prostrated the power of the savage, thus dyeing the very soil with the best blood of our country.

It is matter of rejoicing to all who admire and love the great hearts of the past, that Virginia has finally decreed recognition of the claims of one at least of these heroes of the border.

The names of Andrew Lewis and his noble companions shine like stars in the western horizon. Let the valiant soldier stand on his well-won pedestal in the capital of the land which he fought for; let the children of to-day and the future be told, that long ago, when the sky was dark, in old years which they do not remember, this stalwart gentleman and his brave followers opposed their broad breasts to the flood of savage cruelty, and stood up between the tomahawk and the bosoms from which the present generation drew their life. Let them be told that when women and children were cowering before a foe which knew no mercy

this man and his companions came to succor them ; let the names of those who came from the bloody fight be honored ; let the memory of those who fell be perennial in the nation's heart, and all coming generations delight to honor them.

At some other time we may relate the " old and moving story ;" how, entering the wilderness at the head of his noble army, General Lewis reached the junction of the Kanawha and Ohio, in October, and how there, at Point Pleasant, on the banks of that stream which was called " belle riviere" for its beauty, he defeated the combined forces of the great northern nations.

It was the flower of the Indian tribes, led on by their most celebrated chiefs, which were thus routed. Redhawk, the renowned Delaware, Cornstalk, the greatest of the Shawnees, and Ellinipico, the " Mountain Deer," his son ; Scoppathus, the Mingo ; Chiyawee, the Wyandot, and Logan, the last of the Cayugas, whose mournful speech, in reply to Dunmore, is the pearl of Indian eloquence.

At sunset on the 10th day of October, the Indian power was completely broken, and the tribes were flying into the forest.

The Virginians returned to count their dead.

Alas ! among those dead ones was Charles Lewis, the brother of the general, one of the colonels of the expedition, and beloved by all for his courage and nobility.

Receiving in his heart the fatal ball, which he had come from such a distance to oppose his bresst to, he fell at the foot of a tree, only murmured a few words, and expired as the soldiers came back from the pursuit, amid the tears of his companions, and his brother.*

It was not only this valiant gentleman who fell, who there, on the banks of the great stream, breathed his last, stiffening in the arms of those faithful comrades, who wept for him and held him on their bosoms. The bloody foliage of October was dyed with a deeper crimson, and the waves of " la belle riviere" were stained with the life current of the

* Historical Illustrations, No. XXXVII.

noblest hearts of the land. The bright waves rolled on, the brilliant sun of October shone on forest and river, the stains disappeared, and the birds chirped and sang where the volleys of musketry and the clash of arms had startled the silence of the woods. But that blood was not lost in the immensity of waters—that crimson stain did not idly imbrue the soil of the West. It fertilized and enriched, not the spot where it fell only, but the whole land, east and west. Borne along through the length of the land to the dark waves of the Gulf, it diffused its influence wherever it flowed; though invisible, and swallowed in the waste of waters, it blazed with red fires before the eyes of the country. From the earth which drank it sprang the bright flowers of peace, and the golden fruits of civilization. Not in vain thus did they bleed, those noble hearts of the old border, those heroes of western and eastern Virginia. To him who writes, all their names are sacred. The sun which shone down on their lifeless bodies, shines more brightly now because they fell. They rolled back the cloud from our horizon, and in that horizon, now calm and beautiful, let them shine as the stars for ever!

General Lewis would have completed the extermination of the enemy on the border, and driven them into the wilderness never to return; but here he was opposed by his Excellency, Lord Dunmore.

In courts of law, men are condemned upon circumstantial evidence, and hanged for the crimes thus proven on them. Why should the judge of historical events and characters be confined within narrower bounds? The circumstantial evidence which connects Lord Dunmore's name with treachery, and the most horrible schemes excludes every other hypothesis than guilt, and has long since gibbeted that nobleman in the popular mind. Some day, that treachery will be established by irrefutable documentary proof.

We do not follow in detail the events succeeding the battle of Point Pleasant, to show, as we think we have it in our power, that the Governor had been guilty of "foul

play." It is no part of our undertaking to bring home to him a particular treason. It is enough to say that General Lewis was sent by an order from Lord Dunmore, who was on the Sciota, to disband his forces and return.

The General could scarcely believe his senses; and for reply, indignantly refused. He resolutely continued his march, and finally halted within three miles of the Governor's camp.

Lord Dunmore was at the head of his own army, and yet had failed to come to Lewis's assistance at Point Pleasant. The General's men were very much inflamed against his Excellency, as the event which followed demonstrated. Most truly did an eye-witness of these events say of Dunmore and Conolly, "there were wheels within wheels, dark things behind the curtain between this noble earl and his sub-satellite."

That the Virginians under General Lewis believed as much, is very plain.

"His lordship," says the historian, "accompanied by the Indian chief, White-Eyes, now visited the camp of Lewis, and he (according to some relations) with difficulty restrained his men from killing the Governor and his Indian companion."

But we trench upon history, and only add here, that the General was forced to obey. With a heavy heart, and surrounded by men who thirsted to revenge the horrible cruelties of the Indians on a thousand occasions, General Lewis bowed to the command of his superior and marched back: Lord Dunmore remained to perfect his schemes.

He returned in November to Williamsburg.

Thus ended the war of '74.

It had demonstrated to the minds of all men three important things.

That the men of Virginia were ready for the field in a moment, and too stubborn to yield.

That the struggle of the Revolution would not be embarrassed by incursions on the frontier,

That Lord Dunmore was a traitor to the colony.

This was what "Dunmore's war" impressed upon the most careless and unthinking.

CHAPTER LXX.

THE OLD CHURCH OF ST. JOHN.

It was the great and peculiar good fortune of Virginia to have thus, for the last of her governors, when the storm was first lowering on the horizon, a man whose whole conduct revolted completely the popular mind—whose malignant and treacherous disposition and action united all the elements of revolution.

Had Fauquier or Botetourt held the reins, they would, either of them, been the last whom the Virginians would have struck at.

Lord Dunmore was now their first enemy—their prime hatred.

With the spring of '75, all the fruits of the long opposition rapidly matured. In the electric atmosphere, as in a hot-house, the bloody flower of revolution began rapidly to expand into bloom; and its seeds were soon scattered far and near, wafted on the sobbing wind which heralded the approaching hurricane.

The general congress at Philadelphia had risen in October of the preceding year—almost at the moment when Dunmore was endeavoring to perfect his treachery on the Sciota.

They had agreed on a petition to the king—an address to the people of Great Britain—and a memorial to the inhabitants of the colonies.

But the great result of this congress was the bond which thenceforth united the North and the South. The leaders of the two sections saw that they could now advance with the certainty of coöperation.

The delegates of Virginia returned home, followed by Dunmore from the frontier; and then they gave, *viva voce*, an account of all things to the people.

Around one of these delegates, at the court house of his county, the old neighbors gathered and made him describe the whole proceeding. Then they asked about the men who formed the congress.

Patrick Henry replied, "Colonel Washington was unquestionably the greatest man on that floor."

The spring of '75 opened thus, as we have said, with a threatening cloud, and that murmur which precedes the rising of the masses, as it is the precursor of the storm.

In March, the second Virginia convention met at the old church of St. John in Richmond town, crowning to-day, as it then did, the summit of the hill, from which the eye embraces the city below, the foaming falls, the glittering current of the river, and the beautiful expanse of field and forest.

Up even to this moment, the best patriots cast a longing look behind them at the peaceful fields of the past, and tried to close their eyes to the events rushing forward to fulfillment. They wished to avoid that terrible conflict which would stain the earth with so much precious blood. They hesitated and doubted—resolving, indeed, that the general congress had done well—that the warmest thanks of Virginia were justly due to her delegates for their services—but also resolving that the greatest desire, the most ardent aspiration of all men should be, for the "speedy return of those halcyon days" when England had not yet molested them.

Patrick Henry listened in silence to these resolutions, bearing the stamp of the doubt and indecision of every one. He said nothing—waiting for the proper moment. When that time had come, he rose and moved that "a well-regulated militia, composed of gentlemen and yeomen, was the natural strength and only security of a free government." That "the establishment of such militia was at

that time peculiarly necessary." And that "the colony be immediately put in a state of defense."

The resolutions fell like a thunderbolt. After the first silence of astonishment, a dozen members of the convention sprung to their feet and vehemently opposed them. The burden of the flood of impassioned oratory was that the resolutions were premature and impolitic—that the time had not come, if it ever was to come.

It was then that the great prophet of revolution, rising slowly and solemnly from his seat, delivered that speech which is a part of the classics of America.

In its burning sentences, as we read it even to-day, the stormy voice of the orator again resounds; its solemn and august periods seem to blaze and flash with the hidden fires of an immense genius, a gigantic resolution. It strips the husk from events, and defines with a finger of iron the exact issue. The invisible spirit of the Revolution informs it; like an avalanche it rolls onward, sweeping away all obstacles to the comprehension of the issue, and roaring like the ocean in its passage.

With the measured step of a giant, moving slowly, the orator advanced at last to the dividing line—the gulf between submission and revolution:

"If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retreat from the contest! There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable! and let it come!"

Then with both arms extended aloft, and burning eyes, "I know not," he said, "what course others may take; but as for me—give me liberty or give me death!"

The resolutions were adopted without a dissenting voice, their policy embraced, and the convention rose.

Its action sent a thrill of satisfaction through the whole of Virginia, and in three weeks the popular mind was braced for the contest.

Everywhere old arms were hunted up, swords burnished,

the militia was organized, and only a match to fire the train was required.

Lord Dunmore applied this match on the 20th of April, by removing the powder from the old magazine in Williamsburg.

But let us not anticipate.

CHAPTER LXXI.

BONNYBEL'S DREAM.

AT Vanely all is bright and beautiful again, as on that morning when St. John and Tom Alston cantered to the door, together, on the day succeeding Lady Dunmore's entry.

The fine season of May has nearly come, and the swallows twitter, as before; the grass is full of flowers; the great oaks clothe themselves in heavy foliage, through which the breezes of the spring pass, as it were, with laughter. In the beautiful sunsets and the golden dawns, the fine old mansion raises proudly its gray walls, and looks down, smiling, on the fields and river, as before.

Let us follow one of the curious and prying rays of sunrise into a chamber of the mansion. The indiscreet and careless intruder, as though weary with his long journey of many millions of miles, falls prostrate, and rests tranquilly upon the soft hair of Bonnybel, who sleeps beside her sister.

The sisters always occupy one apartment and one bed. It was always so in their childhood; they retain the habit.

Helen is awake, but lies, as it were, in that delightful state of semi-consciousness which is such a luxury to the dreamer. The young lady dreams, so to speak, though she does not sleep. From this reverie she is aroused by what seems a sob at her side.

She turns her head quickly, and looks at her sister.

Bonnybel lies with one round bare arm thrown outside the counterpane; the other is placed beneath her head. Over the white arm fall the curls of her soft brown hair, like a golden ripple; for the vagrant sunbeams change their hue, and make them shine.

The light falls on the beautiful brow, like a glory, in the pictures of Raphael and his brethren. It never fell on a purer and sweeter face; and, lying thus enveloped in her snowy night-dress, close buttoned to the neck, the girl is a picture of modesty and loveliness.

But her sleep is not tranquil. Some sorrowful dream seems to prey upon her. Her form trembles slightly, and beneath the long silken lashes, resting on her cheeks, large tears flow silently. Helen gazes at her. The form of the girl again shakes, and another sob escapes from the half-parted lips, dying away, like a murmur, in the silent chamber.

Helen gazes at her sister with an air of the greatest solicitude and tenderness, for this somewhat stately and reserved girl conceals under her prim exterior a warm and affectionate heart.

All at once, the sleeping girl moves painfully, and, with a contraction of the lips which indicates great suffering, murmurs, audibly,

“Oh, no! no! Do not take away the letter! do not take away the letter! Oh, me! oh, me!” and a passionate sob breaks from the girl’s lips, followed by a flood of tears, which bathe her cheeks and neck.

“Wake, sister!” cried Helen, laying her hand on the girl’s shoulder. “What are you dreaming of? Wake up!”

Bonnybel opened her eyes, and looked dreamily around her.

“What is the matter, sister?” said Helen. “You were crying and sobbing in your sleep. Were you dreaming?”

The girl passed her hands over her eyes, and sighed deeply.

"Yes," she murmured; "I believe I was. Oh, sister! I have had such a terrible dream!" and Bonnybel wiped her wet eyes, and half rose in bed, leaning upon her elbow, and looking around her.

"What was the dream?" asked Helen. "It must have been very sorrowful."

"It was, sister. Oh, so sorrowful! I thought *he* was dying in the battle with the Indians. A bullet had wounded him, and they were holding him upon their breasts at the foot of a tree by the great river. He was pale and bleeding! oh, sister! so pale! and his breast was all bloody!"

Bonnybel sobbed again, as she spoke, and wiped her eyes with her fingers.

"They opened his coat, and were going to take away a letter—a letter I wrote him long ago, which saved his life once! Oh, sister! how foolish I was to think that he has that letter now!" and leaning her head upon the fringed pillow again, the girl cried silently.

"Do n't cry, dear," said Helen, kissing her. "You must not let this foolish dream disturb you. There is no reason to think he is even wounded."

"No," murmured the girl, more calmly; "and you know I am nothing to him. But the scene was so vivid that I thought it real. I saw every thing as plainly as I see the mirror there. He was lying on the grass at the foot of a tall elm on the banks of a river which flowed, at a little distance, in the sunshine. The sunshine came through the boughs of the elm, and fell upon his forehead, which was very pale. A man, who had leaned his rifle against the tree, was holding *his* head upon his breast, and opening his bosom where he was wounded. The linen was all covered with blood, and his eyes were closed, and he breathed heavily. Oh, me! what made me dream so? I could have died when I saw him! I thought they tried to take away a letter from his bosom—one of my letters—and he did not seem to know it. He was looking at a flower which grew

at his feet, a white rose, and he smiled as he used to smile once when—oh, me! I am so miserable!”

And with a passionate sob, which seemed slowly to have gathered in her breast, as she had gone on, the girl was silent, her bosom shaken with sighs, her cheeks wet with large tears chasing each other in rapid succession.

Helen put an arm round her neck, and drew toward her the trembling form, with a tenderness which betrayed itself in her own moist eyes and sad lips. Then resting the girl's head upon her shoulder, as she would have done a child's, she pressed her lips to the white cheek, and smoothed the disordered mass of curls from the brows which they covered.

“Do n't cry, dear,” she said, soothingly; “you must not let a dream affect you so. 'Tis only a dream, and you should not permit it to cause you so much trouble. You were probably thinking of the battle when you went to sleep, and your imagination thus carried you away.”

“It was so real!” murmured the girl, hiding her face on her sister's shoulder, with a sob.

“But it was only a dream,” continued Helen. “Dreams are merely the result of the fancy let loose, and you know the old saying, that they always ‘go by contraries.’ If there is any thing in your dream, it proves that he is alive and well.”

Bonnybel only sobbed, making no reply.

Helen continued to soothe and talk to the girl, and at last the tears disappeared from the pure eyes, and a sad smile lit up the innocent features.

“Well, sister,” said Bonnybel, at last, “you have made me feel much better, and I will not permit this dream to disturb me so. After all he is—he is—nothing—to me. Well! I will not cry. I hope he is happy, and 's forgotten me.”

A last tear moistened the girl's eyes, and she was silent, motionless, in the arms of her sister, leaning her blushing face, enveloped by the soft masses of brown hair, on the shoulder of Helen.

An hour afterwards, before the family had risen, Bonnybel was going, through the fresh light of morning, on her daily expedition to the "quarters," followed by her maid, bearing the accustomed basket.

Only a sad and pensive smile remained, after her dream, and she was tranquil again, for she had prayed for him.

CHAPTER LXXII.

BONNYBEL VANE TO HER FRIEND, KATE EFFINGHAM.

"VANELY, 18th April, 1775.

"'T is so long since I've written to my Kate that she must almost have forgotten me. But you will not think, my dear, that this silence has proceeded from forgetfulness; that is not possible toward the dearest girl in the world.

"I have been unhappy, and when I'm unhappy I can not write. Alas! my Kate, I am greatly changed. I am no more merry and happy, as I used to be. Once I thought this life was the gayest and happiest existence imaginable; I laughed and jested, and bade defiance to gloom. Now, all's gone from me. I only sigh, and sometimes I go away and cry for hours. You know the cause of this change.

"I write now to tell you that *I've seen him again*, and oh! he was so changed. I shall proceed to tell you how the interview took place. In pouring my pain and sorrow into my own Kate's ears, I may relieve my bosom, in some degree, of the cruel pressure I experience.

"'T was this morning, at the 'quarters,' in Mammy Liza's cabin. I woke at sunrise, crying from a bad dream I had, in which I saw him wounded and dying in a great battle with the Indians. My dream was so vivid that when sister shook and awoke me, I was sobbing and crying, and for a long time I could not get over the impression.

“I rose and dressed, however, and went on my customary rounds to see the sick, returning, as my habit is, by Mammy Liza’s house.

“I had been thinking of my dream and of *him*, and approached the cabin with my head bent down, gazing absently at a small white flower I held in my hand—a little rose, such as I’d given him one day, when we went together to Jamestown island—it seems centuries now! and I scarce realize the truth that I am the Bonnybel of that time. But I shall not stop to speak of that. I was very near the door of Mammy Liza’s house, and was thinking of him, as I do now and then, when I heard the neigh of a horse. I thought that there was something familiar and yet strange in the sound, and looked toward the spot from which it issued.

“I recognized Tallyho, his horse, in an instant; and, when I turned my head toward the cabin, *he* stood before me. Oh, me! he was so thin and pale. Oh, Kate! you can not conceive what a change had taken place in his appearance. Formerly, he had been so strong and handsome; his cheeks so ruddy, and his lips and eyes so laughing and full of joyous pride when he raised his noble head and looked at you with that beautiful smile of such extraordinary sweetness. My heart bleeds as I describe the change; now the color had all disappeared from his face; his eyes were dim and sunken, as after illness; his cheeks white and thin, and the hand which he leaned on Mammy Liza’s spinning-wheel was like a ghost’s! His dress looked travel-worn, and his left arm was supported by a scarf, of some Indian fabric, passed around his neck. He was but the shadow of himself, and when he looked at me with a slight tinge of color in his cheek and a sad surprise, inexpressibly sorrowful, I would have burst into tears, and cried myself weak, had not I placed a violent constraint upon myself. As I found afterward, he had been talking with Mammy Liza for nearly two hours, and thus he must have ridden to Vanely in the night. Mammy Liza was crying and fixing her spindle, stopping every moment to wipe her old eyes,

and muttering, 'My child! my own child!' in such an affecting way that I could scarcely restrain my sobs. I give way to them now as I write. These blots upon the paper are tears.

"He stood, for a moment, looking at me so sadly that it made my heart ache and my throat feel as if it were choking. He then took from the left breast of his doublet an old letter, and, with an inclination of courtesy—yes, simple courtesy—held it toward me. It was the very letter I had seen the soldier try to take from his breast when I saw him dying in my dream, and the wound was now, apparently, in his shoulder, really, as I had dreamed it. How strange! For a moment I stood looking at him with tears in my eyes, and he continued to hold the letter toward me.

"I saw that he would hold it thus until I took it, and that the exertion was making him weaker. I unconsciously received it, and then holding, for a moment, in his own, Mammy Liza's hand, he inclined before me again with a long, penetrating look, passed by me like a shadow, and thus, with his pale face turned over his shoulder, as it were, he mounted his horse, and was lost in the woods. He had never spoken—I had not heard his voice!

"I can write but little more, Kate; I feel faint and badly. This interview has, since the morning, preyed upon my spirits; and I have vainly sought to relieve my distress by writing to you. It seems only to have opened the wound afresh. I remained with Mammy Liza until a message came that breakfast was ready, but I could not extract from her any thing, scarcely. She only wrung her hands, and muttered, 'My child! my own child!' in a manner that nearly broke my heart; and I finally came away, and have come here to my chamber now to hide my red eyes.

"Can you explain the strange fact of my dream? He was clad just as I saw him, and, lying before me, is the letter which I dreamed they wished to take from him. As he gave it to me he looked intently at the white flower in my hand, and I think, as he went away, and the letter fell at my

feet, he remembered—oh, me! my memory is my chief wretchedness!

“Oh, Kate! if I could only lay my head upon your bosom, and cry myself to rest there! This meeting has made me ill, and I feel as though I was going to faint.

“*Was I wrong in the past?* Answer me, Kate: *Was I wrong?* Could I so command my feelings as to prevent the terrible change in our relations? I ask the question with inexpressible anguish. Oh, tell me, Kate! *was I wrong?*”

“I know not, but I do know that I’m miserable! His old affection is mine no longer; he bowed with common courtesy alone. Who is me that the day should ever come!

“I can not write more. The words swim in tears, and I’m blinded by them. Farewell.

“BONNYBEL.

“P. S.—My maid comes to say that Mr. Lindon is below. I have sent word down that I desire to be excused. His very appearance is hateful in my eyes! May Heaven forgive my sinful feelings!”

CHAPTER LXXIII.

THE FRIENDS.

ON the day after the meeting between the young man and Bonnybel, two men, well mounted, rode slowly out of Gloucester street in a western direction.

These men were Tom Alston and St. John.

The purple light of evening lit up the two forms clearly, and the young lady had accurately described the appearance of her former lover. Mr. St. John was but the ghost of himself. Since those bright and happy days when inhaling the breath of love and living a life full of splendid and joyful emotions—since those hours at Vanely, which now seemed to have shone for him, in the long past years of

centuries that had fled, the young man appeared to have become another being—to have changed the very foundations of his identity.

His cheek was no longer ruddy and firm; his eyes no longer filled with mirth, dancing in the joyful light of love and merriment. Pale, silent, with a tranquil sadness in his face, he was, truly, but the phantom of himself.

Tom Alston was the same nearly as before, though somewhat more subdued, and as the two friends rode along, he gazed at Mr. St. John with an air of the deepest regret and compassion.

The young man had been speaking of the events which had taken place since he had parted with his friend. He had told how the army of General Lewis left Lewisburg; how they passed rapidly through the wilderness; how they fell upon the enemy at Point Pleasant, and how that enemy was defeated and put to rout. In his picturesque narrative, in his sad but vivid story, characters and events rose vividly before his auditor, and thus going along quietly in the bright evening, he related, incident by incident, the history of his adventures and his misfortunes.

“It was near the end of the battle that I received this wound,” said the young man, indicating his left shoulder, “and ’t is not yet entirely healed. Colonel Lewis, the brother of the General, and myself were fighting side by side, and I think we fell at nearly the same moment. A nobler-hearted gentleman ne’er lived, and the whole army wept for him, and carried him to his grave with a sad triumph which I’ll never forget. But to return to myself, friend. I was fighting as I said, when suddenly I felt what seemed to be a red-hot iron pierce my breast, and then the wild battle, with its shouts and yells, its whistling bullets and dim canopy, all disappeared. I fainted, and when I returned to my senses, I was lying at the foot of a tree, supported upon the breast of a companion. They had opened my bosom, and were probing the wound, and I saw the bullet when it was extracted. A little white flower I remem-

ber grew at my feet, and I gazed at it, as my head drooped forward. It seemed to me familiar, and I've since recognized—but that is nothing. It is very strange! Well, well, some other time, friend, I will tell you the rest of our campaign—how the General, at my request, had me borne on a litter, by his side, to the spot where he halted near the camp of Dunmore. The General, after a stormy scene, was obliged to retreat, and changing my former plan of going down Belle Riviere to Natchez, I returned with him to Botetourt. The exertion had irritated my wound, and all the winter I was confined with it, receiving from the General such kindness as I never shall forget. You see this man is a nobleman of nature, a great-hearted gentleman, whose name will live on the page of our Virginia story when the vulgar name of Dunmore has been forgotten.

“So ends my story,” said the young man, calmly; “you see, Tom, I have come back to the spot which I left, a poor wounded soldier, with my heart wounded worse than my frame. Perhaps 't would be better for me to die here; but that, I think, won't be. I tarry for a moment only on my way, to exchange a passing grasp of the hand with yourself and my other friends. In a week I go on my path to the old world, there to seek oblivion. From that continent I shall never return. It is not my fault. I thought my life would be happy, and assuredly it opened with rare promise, surrounded as I was by the old, loving faces, and especially by that which—well, well! Let me not open my wound, which is healing, I think. All is ended there, and I blame no one. It is over simply, and I go on my way.”

It was thus that the young man ended his story—smiling tranquilly and gazing upon the sunset.

For a time, Mr. Alston remained silent and sad, with the accents of his friend still echoing in his ears. Then he raised his head, uttered a deep sigh, and said,

“Harry, I think I am growing old.”

“How is that?” said St. John; “you are young both in years and character.”

Mr. Alston shook his head.

“A man lives rather in thought than in years,” he said: “a trite maxim. I mean, Harry, that between last year and to-day a great gulf seems to have been thrown for me, and I add that ’t is you who have opened it.”

“I am sorry—I can not help it. Do not let my griefs trouble you.”

“I must,” said honest Tom Alston, with feeling; “I can not prevent it. Why will you thus cling to a delirium? Why ruin yourself for a chimera?”

“A chimera?”

“Yes, Harry, it is even worse! You think that young girl is faithless to you.”

“Do not use the word faithless,” said St. John, with tranquil sadness.

“What then shall I say?”

“Say that I am unfortunate; that she is not to blame—only changeable, like women—even the best of them.”

“No, I say that there is some mystery in this affair which must be cleared up.”

“Some mystery?”

“Assuredly—oh! most assuredly. What it is I can not say—but I stake my life upon the fact.”

Mr. St. John gazed at him with sad surprise.

“You ’re a good friend, Tom,” he said; “you are faithful to the end, and I thank you. But you convince me not at all. You told me that you had made every effort to discover this mystery—that you were constantly repulsed—that she would tell you nothing, always turning the conversation or retiring. Nought remains.”

“Why not go yourself?”

“I would not!” said St. John haughtily; then with a sorrowful smile, “I ought not to,” he added. “You tell me yourself, Tom, that the family at Vanelly no longer think of me; well, were I to go thither, I should cause them to think of me with bitterness—perhaps to insult me. No, no! ’tis better as it is. I shall bid them farewell in

a letter, when no word shall indicate my sense of their seeming injustice. and then I shall go away, never to return."

"And break *her* heart!"

St. John shook his head.

"The time for such a thing is past," he said, "she no longer thinks of me. Some one has long since filled my place in her affections. Do you think I blame her? Alas! I do not. I am simply miserable. I blame no one. I am much changed. I say that human nature is weak—that the strongest heart is feeble—that God has made women fallible like men. I think she loved me once—with her whole heart I then thought, and for ever. Well, she was a woman, and at best they are but women. My prayers and blessing will always follow her; but we meet no more on this earth, Tom."

And Mr. St. John made a movement with his hand which indicated a desire on his part that the subject should be abandoned.

Tom Alston sighed and yielded. That honest heart was pained by the despair of his friend; and in the conflict with the settled sadness of Mr. St. John, he gave way and said nothing more.

Mr. St. John had not spoken of the visit to Mammy Liza's cabin; for that encounter had produced a more powerful effect upon his feelings than he cared to own. The sight of her pale white face, her haunting eyes, her thin form—this sad vision had left him strangely affected, and he had ridden slowly back to Williamsburg, musing gloomily. They had met but for a moment, yet in that instant all the past had seemed to rush upon him again, with its smiles and happiness, its joy and beauty. As he gave her the letter which had saved his life, as he looked at the flower which she held in her hand, as he took in at a glance all the details of that countenance, toward which his heart still turned, as the Chaldean turns to his star, his resolution had almost melted—his strength had nearly

given way as he bowed to her, it had required all his self-control not to seize her thin hand and press it to his trembling lips, and moisten it with his tears.

He had not done so, he had only bowed and came away; and now he was more sad than before, almost yielding to his emotion, and uttering a groan as he finally bade adieu to all his hopes and his love.

They went on silently thus in the sunset, and soon came in front of a cottage embowered in foliage and flowers. It was Roseland.

Blossom played as of old upon the grassplat; and, as she recognized her friend, the child's face filled with blushes of happiness, and she ran toward him.

"Let us dismount a moment, Tom," said St. John, "I must not neglect my friends."

As he spoke, the young man affixed the bridle of his horse to the fence, and accompanied by Tom Alston, slowly entered the grounds of the cottage.

Blossom had for visitor, her friend and admirer, Paul Effingham, Esquire—and this young gentleman now abandoned an immense pile of flowers which he was weaving into a garland, intended to encircle Miss Blossom's shoulders and waist, to come and welcome his friends.

He shook hands with Mr. St. John and Mr. Alston with great good feeling, and with an impressive air asked them how they were.

As for Blossom, she held Mr. St. John's other hand tightly, looking sadly into his thin pale face, and seemed to prefer that gentleman's society to her admirer's.

St. John looked at the child with a smile which was not so sad. Blossom had increased considerably in stature, and was now almost as tall as Mr. Paul Effingham. She might now have stood on the base of Lord Botetourt's statue, and clasped that good nobleman's waist instead of his knee, and omitted entirely the ceremony of kneeling on the shoulder of her devoted cavalier.

"And how have you been this long, long time, my child?"

said St. John, caressing kindly the soft hair. "I see that the blossom is as bright as ever on your cheek. You are happy and well, are you not, my dear?"

"Yes, sir," said the child, "I am very well indeed, but—but—I am not happy, I think—"

"Pray why?"

Blossom was silent a moment, gazing sadly on the thin face of her friend.

"I am grieved because you look pale and unhappy," she murmured; "something grieves you; won't you tell me what it is?"

St. John smiled sadly and shook his head.

"Am I changed?" he said.

"Oh yes, sir! when you were here before you looked stronger and brighter."

"That was because the sun was rising for me, Blossom. Since then my day has passed. It is setting now."

And St. John gazed calmly on the great orb sinking in the forest.

"I understand you," said the child, in a low voice, "you are not happy. But you know the sun will rise again to-morrow."

The young man looked at the child, as she spoke, with an air of such hopeless sadness, that the tears rushed to her eyes. He saw them, and was pained at her pain.

"There, there, my dear," he said, "do n't cry, for you distress me. See, I smile, and, who knows? when I come again I may be laughing. Paul has finished your garland. See, he hands it out to you."

And taking the wreath of flowers, he put it around her shoulders. Then he pressed the child's hand and bade her good bye, with a request that she would tell her father of his visit.

The friends returned to Williamsburg, and parted with a close grasp of the hand, and an appointment to meet again on the morrow.

"The sun may rise again," murmured St. John, as he

sought his lodgings, "and the flowers may blossom again, but my sunshine and flowers are all gone. So be it! A few heavy years, some more pain and heart-burning—then I'll sleep."

CHAPTER LXXIV.

THE REMOVAL OF THE POWDER.

It was nearly midnight, and St. John was standing listlessly on the door-step of the house he occupied, when raising his eyes, he saw the glimmer of a light in the tall tower where the stranger pursued his labors.

He hesitated for a moment, but soon made up his mind. He slowly set forward toward the light.

He quickly reached the house, and ascended the winding stair-case. The stranger awaited him, with outstretched hand, on the threshold.

"Welcome, friend," said the worker, who was clad as before in his somber black dress, "welcome back to the capital. I was waiting for you, and knew your footstep."

St. John returned the iron grasp of the slender hand, and took the seat which was offered him.

"You awaited me?" he said; "how is that? Did you then know of my arrival?"

"Three days before you came I expected you. As you know, I have many correspondents, and I heard of your journey from three sources—but first from General Lewis."

And the stranger touched a letter lying upon the top of an enormous pile similar to it.

St. John nodded.

"I see," he said, "and it will make an account of my sickness unnecessary; perhaps I need not even speak of my adventures on the border."

"It is useless, I may as well say frankly. I know all that

happened to you—your wound, your journey in the litter, your return. My correspondent gave me every detail.”

St. John nodded again.

“Well,” he said, “so I come back. You see I have not carried out my plan of going down Belle Riviere and the Mississippi. I go to Europe by the eastern route.”

And St. John sat down opposite the stranger. That personage, for some reason, did not seem disposed to combat the resolution of his companion; he did not reply even to his last observation. He remained motionless for a moment, leaning his pale face on his hand, and then taking a letter from a drawer, carefully read it. He then returned it, and said,

“Well, friend, we won’t discuss your movements at present; the future can take care of itself. Let us converse as friends. You seem sad, and are very pale.”

“As you know, I have been sick.”

“Yes.”

“And as you do not know, my character is changed.”

“I know that too.”

St. John looked at the stranger.

“How?” he said.

“Friend,” said his companion, leaning back in his chair, and gazing thoughtfully at Mr. St. John, “to an eye so practiced as my own, ’t is not a difficult thing to penetrate that calmness which envelops grief and hopelessness. You are no longer the gay cavalier; you are the thoughtful man of sorrow.”

“Well, yes,” said St. John, “I am as much.”

“You have yielded in the conflict with despair.”

“I am calm.”

“I see. That is just what I say. You retire from all struggles henceforth—you seek merely oblivion.”

“You read my heart, friend,” said the young man, gloomily.

“I know I do, and I say to you that your resolution is unworthy of a brave man!”

St. John nodded.

“So be it,” he said; “I am no longer brave.”

“That may be, but you have your duty, and you shrink from it.”

“What duty?”

“The struggle with wrong.”

St. John said nothing for some minutes; then, raising his head:

“Do you know, friend,” he said, “that life no longer affects me—its sorrows or joys, or good or evil? If I were not a stoic I should be an epicurean. Let society go its ways; it does not concern me. I do not deny that once I thought differently, but opinions often change as we grow older. As for me, my strength is quite broken. I could not, if I would, enter the contest.”

He was silent, and the stranger seemed to acquiesce in his plain wish to change the subject. He made a slow and measured movement with his head, and replied,

“So be it; but you may yet change your views. Events are now on the brink of an abyss, into which we ’ll all be plunged. The revolution rushes on, and to-morrow may be a day of history.”

“To-morrow?”

“I mean any day now, for the storm is about to burst! You have been away, and do not know how the country speaks of Dunmore, how the minds of men have been striding on toward the battle field. Within the year which ends next month, the North American provinces have advanced toward rebellion with far greater rapidity than within the entire ten years preceding. In ’65, as I have before said, the seeds of revolution were scattered broadcast by the voice of Patrick Henry; well, in these ten years they have been ripening, now they burst into the air. In May of last year, as you remember, the Boston Port bill was passed, and you were witness of the effect which it produced upon the Burgesses and upon the people. That outrage brought forth the general congress, which Virginia proposed six days be-

fore Massachusetts, though it was also original with the men of the North, since no communication could have taken place. That congress met at Philadelphia; the Virginia convention also met last month, in the old church where we first came together, when, as you will recollect, I was looking at the edifice with this very thing in view. The general congress spoke boldly, but the Virginia convention struck the face of royalty with its gauntlet! It was the voice of Patrick Henry which resounded again, for he saw that the time had come!"

"Yes," said St. John.

"It was Dunmore himself," continued the stranger, with gloomy pleasure; "it was Dunmore who placed his shoulder to the car which will finally crush him! And here see the wondrous ways of Providence! the proof that all men are puppets in an invisible hand! At the moment when the general congress rose in Philadelphia, this man was plotting treachery upon the Sciota! He thought that he was banding the savages against Virginia in silence and secrecy; he was only arousing more violently the popular fury. Every letter from the camp of General Lewis made the waters of revolution boil and foam more angrily! A popular idea for the crisis was needed, an especial treason on the part of the government. Dunmore went a thousand miles through the wilderness to supply it! He is the true author of the struggle about to burst; his treachery will bear Dead Sea fruits; by him the discordant elements are combined; before, there was dissension and difference, but now there is none. The phalanx moves forward, fully armed and in order!"

The stranger paused for a moment, and then continued.

"You may not fully realize as I do, friend," he said, "the full meaning of those words, 'discordant elements.' Listen, however, and I think I can tell you what they signify. The society of Virginia is essentially composite—made up of a variety of classes. To ascertain the character of these classes, to analyze the elements which will enter into the struggle before us—this has long been my study and my passion. A poor engineer, but, delegated to touch the fuse, it has been

my great subject of investigation, the nature and the properties of this splendid ordnance which will batter down the walls of royalty in America, sending its roar of triumph over the ruins!

“In Virginia, then, there are twenty different classes—from the indented servant who toils on the glebe, and the fisherman who sleeps in the sunshine, to the great landed proprietor who rolls by in his coach, and lives like a feudal baron on his splendid estate. The intermediate grades are immensely diversified, but, as far as politics go, there are but three prominent classes. They are, first, patriotic conservatives, with a sprinkling of royalists or tories; next, advocates of revolution, prepared to go all lengths; lastly, men who wait for events, and conceal their sentiments, read to join either side, if it acquires the ascendancy.

“The first of these classes embraces the great landed proprietors. They are the sons or grandsons of English younger sons who came here and obtained, by industry or favor, large tracts on the banks of our rivers. In the first generation they often lived rudely, and worked hard; in the second or third, they roll in coaches, and live splendidly. They are cavaliers, or gentlemen—call them what you please—essentially of the old English stock of country gentlemen. They have, many of them, been educated in England, and have traveled on the continent. They have thus imbibed the traditions of the past. On their walls hang the portraits of their ancestors, and they read of these personages in the memoirs of past ages. Thus, every thing combines to make these men royalists: family pride, education, the fear of innovation on their class, and the dread of Democracy. They are members of the established Church of England, and believe in the apostolic succession. They are attached to that constitutional royalty which recognizes the monarch as the first gentleman of his kingdom. They like the order of nobility because a step only separates them from its elevation—a step which has often been passed over. They believe in those ‘degrees in a state’ which Shakspeare

tells of—they believe that they are better than the commoners. They love, in a word, the whole machinery of the English system, and recoil at the thought of opposing her.

“This class, thus imperfectly outlined, has longed for an arrangement of the present difficulties—a peaceful solution of all dissensions. They have voted, in the *Burgesses*, for petitions and protests, but their protests have always ended with a clause about ‘his Majesty’s most loyal humble servants and subjects.’ They shudder and draw back when the word *revolution* is uttered, and they cling to the past, to the habitudes of London, to the sentiments and views of their fathers.

“Now for the second class, the advocates of *revolution*—those fiery souls who inhale the odor of the rattling tempest, and rejoice as they descry its approach. These are men of less property, though similar origin. They live, for the most part, upon small estates, and ride to court with their saddle-bags, and dress carelessly. They do not cultivate that suavity and repose which is the air of the rich planter; they wear no velvet or lace; they speak often uncouthly, but with a rough eloquence which arouses. In the West they are often mountain hunters, depending for support, in a measure, on their rifles, clad in hunting-shirts and deer-skin buskins. They have few family traditions, and no portraits. Their ancestors could not see Sir Godfrey Kneller or Van Dyck. They breathe the winds of the great mountains, hear the noise of the torrents; the eagle screams, from the clouds, above their lodges in the clefts of the Alleghanies, and he is not more free and disdainful of control than themselves. These men not only do not stand in awe of royalty—they do not understand or think of it. It has never come to molest them in their far mountain eyries, and they care as little for the aristocracy of the lowland. They listen, as in a dream, when you tell them of the chariots, and gold plate, and the opulence of the Tidewater. They nod their heads, and tell you that your story is interesting; then they play with their great rifles, and follow the

flight of an eagle with their eyes, and go, singing, up the mountain, thinking only of the buck hunt on the morrow. When the planter of the East turns in bed to take his second nap, the hunter is following the deer over the breezy hills, or dashing aside the waves of the Kauawha with the paddle of his gum-tree canoe. The elegantly-clad cavalier receives his guests at the door of his fine mansion, bowing low as he assists the dames from their coaches; the mountaineer is telling stories to his comrades around the camp fire. As the minuet commences, with its dazzling figures and stately music, the hunter falls asleep beneath the stars. These men, the yeomen of the East and the mountaineers of the West, form the second class—almost ignorant of royalty, and careless of its doings, but ready to march on it, and strike it mortally when it invades their territory, as they would a wolf or a panther. But I mistake. Ten years ago this was just the picture. To-day these men have made the acquaintance of his Majesty and of Parliament. They have not said much, but they have looked to their rifles. You will see them in Williamsburg soon; Goths and Huns in the streets of Rome.

“I have said that the third class embraced the hangers-on—those men who watch events, and are prepared to side with the strongest. They are factors, for the most part, who have ‘moneys’ involved in the issue—who do not wish to quarrel with the planters, and await their action. They opposed the non-intercourse association of last year because it injured their business; they trade now in their patriotism, and await the rising of the curtain. Enough of them.

“Well, now, friend,” the stranger continued, “you see the issue; you see the elements which will enter into this struggle. I commenced by saying that the action of Dunmore had combined these discordant elements; and I think you comprehend what I meant.

“The great planters, the first class, love England and their old traditions, but they are true Englishmen, and love their personal liberty more. They are afraid of Democracy,

but they are more afraid of Parliament. They would risk their lives to preserve the legitimate action of the sovereign from insult ; they will die before they'll bow to what is despotism. Well, the treachery of Dunmore has revolted this class profoundly ; his insults have aroused their hot blood ; they hate him, and hate the government which instructed him, and are ready to strike him. They overmatch, lastly, the pure royalists so immensely that this element is completely paralyzed.

“The second class, the yeomen and the hunters, are aroused, too—that is, made to see that the time has come. They now understand that their own is a popular sentiment—that, when they march, it will be with an ever-increasing force as they proceed. They feel that the treachery of Dunmore has matured all : they unite with the planters.

“The third class are accustomed to watch the times. They see that the liberty stock is rising. They begin to understand that their debts to English houses will be abrogated by a struggle with the mother country. They now press forward, and are flaming patriots. They shout ‘ Liberty ! ’ and then look round for applause. It is Dunmore’s treachery which has decided these men, too : they march with the rest.

“Well, friend,” added the stranger, raising his head, “you now know what has taken place in your absence. The tornado, long blowing, is beginning to roar ; royal authority trembles in the balance, and is weighed, and found wanting. The fiery finger has traced the flaming letters on the wall, *Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin !* ‘ God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it ! ’ The monarch, in his palace, already hears the roar of the unloosed waters. Those waters commenced, a mere rill, a thread upon the expanse of the land ; but they have rolled on and gathered strength ; from year to year they have increased ; at last they rush toward the sea, whose surges are lashed by the tempest ! On the banks of the great stream a poor wanderer stands musing. It is myself, friend ! My part has

been to follow it in its august flow from the source—to remove, when I could, the obstructions in its bed—to widen and clear out the channel. If I have assisted, thus, the infant stream of Liberty, I have not lived in vain. My mission was to perform this service, and I have tried to fulfill it. The stream rushes onward now, and I disappear. Henceforth there is little for me to do but to throw myself into the current and share its fate. Swallowed up in the billows, lost in the ranks, I have, henceforth, my arm alone to offer. Seek me here in the autumn of this year and, I predict, you will not find me. Before that time, all will be decided; even now events rush to their fulfillment!”

As the stranger spoke, the neigh of a distant horse was heard, and, bending forward, he listened.

“They are on their march!” he said.

“Whom?” said St. John, rising.

“Wait; you will see,” and the stranger led the way to the open window.

It was a clear, moonlight night, and the mellow radiance slept peacefully on the roofs of the houses. No sound disturbed the deep silence except the murmur of the sea breeze dying away in the distance.

But as St. John and the stranger leaned forth and listened, a second neigh, much closer than the first, was borne on the night wind to their ears.

Then, in the deep silence, a measured tramp was heard, sabers gleamed in the moonlight, and a body of men advanced along Gloucester street, and turned into Palace street.

At the head of these men rode a horseman wrapped in a cloak, and it was his animal which had neighed.

From their lofty post the stranger and St. John witnessed the silent advance of the company, and soon saw a light glimmer in a window of the palace, before which the men halted.

“Ah!” said St. John, “these are—”

“Marines from the schooner Magdalen, which lies at Bur

well's Ferry on James river, yonder. The horseman is Captain Collins."

"What is their object?"

"Look and listen, friend," said the stranger, "and you will see."

St. John leaned further out and listened, a color for the first time invading his pale cheek, and his eyes ardently plunging into half darkness.

A colloquy seemed to be going on in front of the palace, but this lasted for a few minutes only. Almost immediately the noise of wheels was heard, and the chariot of Lord Dunmore, drawn by six horses, and surrounded by his guards, commanded by Lindon, drove slowly, and with apparent caution, out of Palace street, and disappeared in the direction of Montebello, the Governor's mansion, some six miles below Williamsburg.

"Do you understand?" said the stranger, whose lips wore an expression of the most withering scorn; "do you know what that means, friend?"

"Speak!"

"His Excellency flies to his country seat, leaving his family behind!"

"Flies! What is his fear?"

"Listen and look!"

As the stranger spoke, he extended his hand in the moonlight, and St. John saw the troop of men march to the powder magazine, rapidly place fifteen or twenty barrels of powder in carts, and then quickly retrace their steps in the direction from which they had come.

"They are disarming the town!" cried St. John, starting up, and drawing his sword; "give the alarm, friend, or they will escape!"

And he threw himself toward the door, with flashing eyes, and cheeks crimson with passion.

The heavy hand of the stranger violently arrested him. St. John looked impatiently at the hand on his shoulder, at the cold and collected face.

“Why do you stop me?” he said.

“Because I do not recognize your right to forestall events and embarrass the cause.”

“Embarrass!”

“Yes. Can you misunderstand?”

“Speak!”

“That powder is, in all, fifteen half barrels of fifty pounds each. We have ten times the amount safely stored. It is necessary that this powder should be removed. It was foreseen—”

“Foreseen!”

“By myself and others. Were you to arouse Williamsburg now you would oppose some frightened burghers, half asleep, to a band of armed marines, stimulated by drink. The result would be unnecessary loss of life and defeat. The injury to the cause is, however, the paramount thing.”

“Injury!”

“Yes, friend,” said the stranger, coolly, “I repeat that it is in the first degree desirable that Lord Dunmore should perfect this outrage. In a week you will understand me. The powder is valueless—the outrage is of immense value to the cause! Do you not comprehend the enormous importance of this blow—of an armed encounter between the Governor and the people, before an overwhelming force is marched hither? The great masses busy themselves little about abstract principles, but every one will understand this midnight robbery. In ten days Virginia will thrill to her remotest borders with wrath and indignation. I would not, for the whole English arsenal in the Tower, have that powder obstructed—have those men molested!* Do you understand now?”

St. John fell back, murmuring.

“Let us now get some sleep, for the events of the morrow will need fresh arms, perhaps, friend,” said the stranger; “it is Dunmore who plays our whole game for us. He is but a tyro! for he’s staked the authority of his

* Historical Illustrations, No. XXXVIII,

master in Virginia against eight barrels of powder, and he'll lose!"

With which words the stranger coolly resumed his seat.

St. John retired to his lodgings, making an appointment to meet the stranger at the Raleigh at sunrise, and soon the town was as silent as before.

The powder marauders, with their illustrious master, had come and gone as silently as shadows.

CHAPTER LXXV.

WILLIAMSBURG IN ARMS, AND CAPTAIN RALPH WATERS IN ECSTASIES.

AT sunrise the stranger and St. John met in front of the Raleigh, and in fifteen minutes the intelligence of the removal of the powder had run like wildfire through the town.

All Williamsburg flew to arms.

Every moment the crowds at the corners increased, and these crowds were harangued by orators of the common people, who sprung up thus in an instant, and rode for the moment upon the popular current.

Execrations directed at Lord Dunmore resounded upon every side, and a hoarse murmur, rising at times into a roar, indicated the depth of the feeling which this last outrage had aroused and pushed into action.

As the morning drew on, the crowd ever grew more dense and more furious; for it was found, that in addition, the muskets in the magazine had been deprived of their locks. The gentlemen of the town, and some members of the Governor's council, in vain attempted to calm the tumult.

The people of Williamsburg were completely aroused, and like most popular bodies, only waited for a leader to proceed to acts of violence.

This leader presented himself in the person of a country lawyer, who sprang upon a barrel-head at the door of a shop and announced that the palace floor was covered with muskets, and that Lord Dunmore had hastened to Montebello to arm his negroes, and the Shawnee hostages brought back from the frontier.

The intelligence fell like fire upon gunpowder. A hoarse roar issued from the crowd, and like an immense wave of the ocean, it surged toward the palace, which was surrounded in an instant by the shouting and furious inhabitants.

At the front gate stood his Excellency's chariot, which had just returned from Montebello, and as the multitude rushed toward the spot, Lady Dunmore and her daughters were just stepping into the vehicle.

Before they could do so, they were jostled aside by some of the crowd, and violent hands were laid upon the bridles of the rearing horses. The driver sat pale and trembling, scarcely able to hold the reins; and Lady Dunmore and her daughters trembled too.

It was but an instant that they were thus subjected to insult.

A sword flashed in the air—a vigorous arm hurled back the assailants, who were the mere scum of the multitude, that vulgar froth, so to speak, which floats on the purest waters—and looking up, Lady Dunmore and her daughters encountered the pale face of St. John, which was cold, but fiery with indignation.

“Your ladyship need fear no violence,” said the young man; “myself, and Captain Waters here, will see that you are treated with respect. Before your ladyship is insulted by any one, I'll sheathe my sword in his heart.”

And confronting the assailants, Mr. St. John met their furious glances with a look which indicated that he was both ready and willing to carry out his threat.

“That's the word, Harry my boy.” said Captain Waters, pushing through to his side. “*Morbleu!* I'll stand by you there—and her ladyship can proceed.”

Lady Dunmore, still trembling, got into the carriage, followed by her daughters, and assisted by Mr. St. John: and then the crowd opening, the chariot was permitted to proceed.

St. John exchanged a glance with young Lady Augusta, who thanked him with that grateful look for his devotion. But he had only repaid her kindness to Blossom, when the child nearly fainted, and was cheered by the girl.

The crowd thus permitted the Governor's family to depart, disowning the vulgar assault of the understrappers; but the palace of the hateful Governor remained.

They seized all the arms, which were ranged in long rows upon the floor; and took prisoner the private secretary of his Excellency.

Captain Foy looked around him for a moment like an infuriated tiger—cold, but burning with rage. Then he calmly went on with his writing.

“My dear Foy,” said Captain Waters, as the tide of invaders flowed away, leaving them nearly alone, “do you know that you really fill me with admiration? *Parbleu!* we seem vulgar urchins beside you. I recognize my superior; and rather than see you assailed by the good people of the town, I will die on the threshold of your apartment.”

“Thanks, captain,” said Foy coolly, “that sounds like a comrade.”

“It sounds true, my dear Foy. I have no idea of letting some vulgar fellow run you through. I reserve that pleasure for myself.”

Foy smiled sardonically.

“I think, from present appearances, you'll soon have an occasion, captain,” he said; “events are thickening, and the pen yields to the sword.”

“Certainly it does, and that's right.”

“I agree with you.”

“The sword will serve his Excellency better than the pen, eh?”

“Such is my opinion, captain,” said Foy, coolly.

“You confess, then, that the goose quill’s but a sorry tool—that it has not succeeded?”

“Succeeded, captain?”

“Yes, my dear Foy. It is obvious to all now that his Excellency’s chief rascal, Conolly, took advantage of the confiding disposition of his lordship, and deceived him; that his Excellency’s treachery quite failed.”

“Captain Waters—!”

“My dear Foy!” said the captain with a polite air.

“It is perilous to speak thus of his Majesty’s representative!”

“Representative!—where?”

“In Williamsburg.”

“If you refer to Dunmore, my dear friend, I reply simply that he’s not here. Having abstracted—I believe that’s the polite word—our powder, his lordship is amusing himself making fireworks at Montebello, having doubtless forgotten his wife and daughters.”

“He is still the Governor, sir.”

“Then we are unfortunate, for we’ve a coward for a ruler. Come, do n’t think me rude, my dear Foy. I declare it to be my opinion that the man who runs away to escape popular wrath, and leaves his family behind to meet the shock which he knows will come—this personage, I am constrained to declare, in all simplicity, a coward; and that is worse than a traitor. His Excellency, I regret to say, is both.”

“Captain Waters, do you consider it grateful to insult a prisoner?”

“Insult!”

“Yes, me sir!”

“Insult you, my dear Foy, and at present? I would sooner cut off my right hand, and have my ears nailed to a pillory.”

“Well, sir, this insult to his Excellency is an insult to me.”

The captain stood dumbfounded at this new view, and the longer he reflected, the more just did it seem.

He drew back and sighed.

"My dear Foy," he said, "I am absent this morning, and that never occurred to me. You see I was only jesting, and I would n't hurt your feelings for the world. My real opinion of his lordship is quite different. I regard him as the model of a gentleman and a cavalier. In all the relations of life he shines preëminent; he touches nothing which he don't adorn; the Latin's escaped me, if I ever knew it."

The same sardonic smile wreathed the corners of Foy's mouth.

"I'm glad your real opinion of his Excellency is different, captain," he said.

"Different! I should say it was. Could you think for a moment, my dear comrade, that I attached any credit to the vulgar rumors of the day? The idea of a *nobleman* being guilty of treachery and cowardice! My amazement at this charge is so great that I feel as if some one had cuffed me on my head! I'll uphold his lordship as the grandest of his order, and I'll cram down the throats of his enemies their accusations!"

A rather poor commentary upon the captain's sincerity was instantly afforded.

The crowd had taken all the muskets, disarmed the servants, and now they came to the apartment in which Foy was under guard, muttering "traitor!" and a variety of other criticisms of his Excellency.

No insult or violence was offered to Captain Foy, however, and they even permitted him to retain his papers.

In the afternoon, the guard was withdrawn, and he was at liberty. The secretary received the intimation as coolly as before, and continued his writing.

The palace and the grounds were by this time vacated, and another portion of the inhabitants, who had armed themselves to march and attack the Magdalen, and recover the powder, returned to their homes.

This moderation of the popular excitement was due to the exertions of the members of the Governor's council, who earnestly dissuaded the people from violence. They recommended a meeting of the town in its corporate capacity, and the meeting was held at once.

The result was an address to his Excellency, in which the Common Council represented that the "inhabitants of the city had been that morning exceedingly alarmed by a report that a large quantity of gunpowder was, in the preceding night, while they were sleeping in their beds, removed from the public magazine in the city, and conveyed, under an escort of marines, on board one of his Majesty's armed vessels lying at a ferry on James river;" that "the magazine was erected at the public expense of the colony," for arming the militia, "in cases of invasion and insurrection," and they desired "to be informed by his Excellency, upon what motives and for what particular purpose the powder had been carried off in such a manner," and ended by requesting that it might be "immediately returned to the magazine."

His Excellency returned, verbally, the reply, that he had heard of "an insurrection in a neighboring county," and had removed the powder to a place of safety. Whenever it was wanted, *upon his word of honor*, it should be delivered in half an hour. He had removed it in the night time to prevent any alarm, and was surprised to hear the people were under arms; he could not trust them with powder. That was all the reply.

On the next day, Captain Collins and some of his men entered Williamsburg, and swaggered about the streets, and in the evening the captain and Foy rode to Montebello, returning at twilight.

On the next morning, his Excellency sent word by one of the magistrates that "if any insult were offered to Captain Foy, or Captain Collins, he would *declare freedom to the slaves and lay the town in ashes*," adding that he could easily depopulate the county.

His lordship finding this threat received without open exhibitions of resistance, then returned with his guards to Williamsburg.

On the next evening, Captain Foy was proceeding toward the palace when he met Captain Waters.

"Have you heard the news, my dear friend?" said Waters.

"No, captain," returned Foy.

"Well, I'll tell you. That scoundrel, General Gage, who represents his most Christian Majesty in Boston, has removed their powder, as his Excellency kindly did ours. The result has been a battle at Lexington and Concord, on the very day that Captain Collins marched to Williamsburg and robbed the magazine. Can you conceive of such a rascally coincidence, my dear Foy?"

"Captain Waters!" said Foy, coloring, "are you aware, sir, that you utter sedition?"

"Sedition, my dear Foy?" returned Waters; "well, I believe all Williamsburg is assisting me."

"All Williamsburg, sir?"

"Yes, my dear friend. The Raleigh's in a flame from the news, and it's rapidly spreading. As I observed, the general opinion is, that the removal of the powder throughout America was concerted—done in obedience to orders from home. Eh? Wasn't it, my dear Foy?"

"Seek intelligence elsewhere, Captain Waters," said Foy, passing on.

"Well, I will," said Captain Ralph, smiling; "but let me finish, my dear Foy."

"Proceed, sir."

"If the removal of the powder here, and in Massachusetts, was concerted, you see—"

"Well, sir!"

"In obedience to orders from London—"

"Suppose it was, sir!"

"Why, then, you see, I am cleared from any accusation of sedition, which is libel," said the captain. "His Excel-

Foy said he removed it because there was an insurrection in James City county ; now, if he really did so, in obedience to general orders, without reference to the insurrection, why it is obvious that his Excellency has willfully lied, and the *coincidence*, as I said, is in every sense *rascally*. It's no libel, it's the simple and plain truth, my dear Foy !”

Met thus by a direct and unmistakable insult, as gross as it was pointed, Foy advanced a step and said, with a slight flush in his pale face,

“ Captain Waters, do you wish to visit the Fowey man-of-war in irons ?”

“ Not at present, my dear Foy,” said the captain.

“ Well, sir, if you wish to avoid it, I advise you to control your remarks.”

“ What remarks ?”

“ About his Excellency.”

“ I have said nothing wrong.”

“ You have charged him with falsehood, sir—plainly !”

“ Well, my dear Captain Foy, I think he has been guilty of that.”

“ Captain Waters !”

“ And of cowardice.”

“ Sir— !”

“ Treachery too, Foy,” said Captain Waters, coolly, “ and my own opinion is, that you yourself have more or less to do with both the falsehood and the treachery. You see, I acquit you of the cowardice for old acquaintance sake.”

Foy's hand darted to the hilt of his sword, and thus driven like a wild cat to the wall, by these repeated insults, he would in an instant have rushed upon his adversary.

Before his sword, however, leaped from its scabbard, he heard a voice say, “ His lordship sends for you, sir,” and turning round he found himself face to face with the old usher in black velvet.

A flush of rage and disappointment threw a lurid light upon the secretary's face, and, advancing within two steps

of Waters, he said, between his clenched teeth, and in a low, hissing voice,

“We shall meet again, sir, and I’ll wipe out the insults you have heaped upon me with your heart’s blood. I promise you that, sir!”

“Good, good, my dear Foy!” said the captain, cheerfully; “that sort of talk really delights me!”

“I’m glad you like it, sir,” said Foy, pale with rage.

“Like it? I believe you. It sounds like the sweetest winds of summer to my ears. At last I shall learn the *coup de Reinfels*, and perhaps in return teach you the *coup de Waters*, you see!”

“Well, sir, I’ll try and end your affectation and your boasting!”

“My affectation! my boasting!” cried the captain; “see how an old comrade does injustice to a friend! You think I boast, you think I affect! when all the time I’m moved by a pure love of art.”

“Well, sir, I hope to show you the art of splitting tongues, and if I live I’ll perform that service for you.”

“Split my tongue!” said the captain, cheerfully; “see here the coincidence of genius. That is just what I’ve long been wishing to do for you! Your tongue is already forked like a snake’s, my dear Foy, but I wish to improve it still further!”

It seemed that Captain Foy meditated again an instant rush upon his enemy, but this idea was at once abandoned. With a hoarse growl he turned away.

“A last word, my dear Foy,” said the captain; “let us exchange a parting assurance of regard. I have a real affection for yourself and his Excellency, and you may inform him that in forty-eight hours we intend to knock his house about his ears. We are no longer restrained by a sentiment of politeness—the family of his Excellency being absent. Perhaps their presence made him a coward, and, now they are gone, he may fight. He has an elegant-looking guard, and a tall, ugly captain thereof, named Lindon, which I re-

gret, as I'd like to spoil his beauty. I say, you can inform his Excellency that we're coming to pay him our respects, our compliments, on the issue of the Indian affair, and to return him our thanks for removing the powder out of reach of our slaves. He says we are traitors, and may be cowards—well, 'birds of a feather,' you know. We think his Excellency's admirable company for such folk! Go, my dear Foy! do n't keep his Excellency waiting! He is doubtless devising new benefits for the colony, and needs your valuable assistance."

Foy walked away, shuddering with rage, but saying nothing; and Waters added, with a laugh, as he disappeared around the corner,

"Go on, my dear scorpion; I'll soon draw your sting! the hours are ripening!"

With these words, the captain twirled his huge mustache, and, with an expression of radiant pleasure, sought the Raleigh, which, truly, was in a flame with the news of Lexington and Concord.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

A MEETING OF PATRIOTS.

INSTEAD of pausing to depict the excitement, the agitation, the fury, almost, of Williamsburg, just informed, by expresses, of the events in the North—instead of dwelling upon this picture, which the reader may very well fancy for himself, let us follow the captain, and see where he goes. Perhaps we shall thus stumble upon something.

Just at twilight, Captain Waters mounted his horse, and, issuing from Williamsburg toward the west, plunged into the great forest as the shades of night descended.

He proceeded silently through the wood until he reached the vicinity of the old field school house, and then dis-

mounting, tied his horse to the bough of a tree, and proceeded on fast toward the building, in which a light glimmered.

He passed a number of horses tied like his own, and soon came upon a figure which advanced from the shadow of a tree, and hailed him :

“ ‘Liberty’ ’s the word, eh ?” said the captain, shaking Mr. Lugg by the hand. “How many are here, Lanky ?”

“A good many, captain,” said Mr. Lugg. “Mr. Hamilton has just come.”

“Captain Hamilton, say ! for I’ll vote for him.”

“What place will you take ? They speak of you for captain.”

“The rear guard next to the enemy. I’ll not go before Jack.”

“Well, captain, I wish they would make me quartermaster.”

“Why so ?”

“I’m terribly hungry,” and Mr. Lugg applauded his joke.

“You always were that, you rascal !” said the captain, cheerfully. “The amount of bacon, bread and beer which you used to cost me was really immense.”

“Oh, cap’en !—that is, my dear captain,” said Mr. Lugg, correcting his defective pronunciation, and raising his head with all the dignity of a freeholder, “we have forgotten those early days, I think.”

“You have,” said the captain, twirling his mustache, “and that is the consequence of a good action. It was all owing to me that you secured that incomparable Donsy, formerly pupil of his Highness, Mr. Tag, in this very house ; and, after all my lies on that occasion, you wish to forget !”

“Oh, no, captain !” said Mr. Lugg, with earnestness, “I’ll never forget all your goodness. Donsy *is* a good wife, and I owe my getting her to you.”

“Very well, Scaramouche, that is honest, and I’m coming next week to see the juvenile Lankys. Have they pine-knot heads ?”

"Oh, captain! but you talked of Tag."

"Yes."

"Well, he's in there," said Mr. Lugg, pointing to the school house.

"You don't say so! A pedagogue?"

"He was a soldier, you know, once."

"Yes, and a great rascal. Well, well, it's a good sign when the riff-raff adhere to a cause. It proves that they think we're going to succeed."

"He talks mighty big," said Mr. Lugg.

"And will walk big until the enemy comes along, when he'll run," with which words Captain Waters proceeded to the school house.

About twenty men were assembled there--and Uncle Jimmy Doubleday presided. Around him were grouped Mr. Jack Hamilton, Mr. Tag, and a variety of gentlemen, and in the corner a sable personage with goggle eyes and clad in an enormous coat, squatted down, and moved his midnight fingers to and fro on a fife.

Uncle Jimmy opened the meeting, which had waited, apparently, only for the captain, with an address setting forth its object.

At that primitive period there were no short-hand reporters, and we regret our inability to present more than the heads of his discourse.

The late outrage—the designs of England—the schemes of Dunmore—the public excitement—the march of Patrick Henry on Williamsburg, with the men of Hanover, which the company now organizing was going to join—the duty of good citizens—the blow that was to be struck, now or never—this was the train of Uncle Jimmy's remarks. It seemed that they were very acceptable to the meeting; for when the old gentleman made a final flourish with his glasses, and sat down, a murmur of applause followed.

The gentlemen then rose and pledged themselves for different numbers of men, to meet at the rendezvous the next day. Then they proceeded to the election of officers,

Captain Waters declared that he should vote for Hamilton, peremptorily refusing to command.

He was urged to change his determination, but refusing, the meeting elected Mr. Hamilton, who returned thanks.

Other officers were then chosen, and lastly, the question of the commissariat was raised.

At this juncture—says the worthy author—our old and esteemed friend, Mr. Tag, slowly rose from his seat. Age had not dimmed him in the least, or the pedagogue rostrum staled his infinite vanity. He was still the brilliant mixture of the soldier and the schoolmaster, the pedagogue and the politician, the civilian and the warrior. Like Ulysses, the worthy Tag had seen many “climates, councils, governments”—and if not “honored of them all,” had at least been noticed, if ’t were only at a cart-tail.

On the present occasion, the worthy Tag desired the commissariat. He made a speech, declaring, of course, that he could not accept it. He finally relented, however, and announced that if his friends chose to confer the office upon him, he should not feel at liberty to refuse it; devotion to the public weal being the first passion of his soul. His friend—he might almost say, his noble friend—Captain Waters, knew that he was experienced in such things; and often, in the Seven Years’ War, they had slept together, in the next couch he was sorry to say, to that viper, Captain Foy. He had always distrusted that man—from the first he knew him to be a villain. In those complicated and entangled secret schemes which to the everlasting shame of the English government, Lord Dunmore, with this man, had projected”——

Here symptoms of impatience on the part of the audience developed themselves.

Mr. Tag therefore cut short his remarks by saying that if the commissariat was bestowed upon him, he should be much flattered. And then he sat down in the spot where he and Lanky had encountered each other in old days, sword against tongs.

Lanky was opposed to him now, and Lanky was elected.

“Mas’ Tag did n’t do it dat time—he did n’t,” issued in a murmur of triumph from the corner; “tread on my coat-tail, and knock me down and lam me—berry glad to hear it, Mas’ Tag!”

Having made this remark, *sotto voce*, Mr. Crow subsided into silence and darkness, running his fingers along the fife and grinning.

The meeting had now concluded its business, and soon it rose.

They had agreed upon a rendezvous early the next day, at Banks’ cross-roads.

“*Morbleu!*” said the captain, as he rode away with Hamilton; “’tis strange how the sight of that building affected me. You know, Jack, it’s an old acquaintance!”

“Ah!”

“Yes,” said the captain, sighing and smiling, “you must have observed that amid all the excitement, I was quiet—in the midst of the enthusiasm, I was thoughtful. Do you know why?”

“Tell me.”

“Because I was often there in the merry old days when I was courting Henrietta, you know, Jack,” said the captain smiling, and raising his fine and martial face in the moonlight. “It was there that I remember leaning through the window, and swearing back at Tag, when I went to get Donsy for Lanky Lugg. It was there that the noble Lanky fought—an encounter which I arrived just in time to witness, and whisk away the maiden Donsy in my chariot, in defiance of his excellency, Mr. Tag, who had threatened to whip her, and made her cry. Faith! Lanky acted like a hero that day, and would have demolished his enemy, but I held him back. Strange how vivid all is! And now the clownish boy is married to the crying girl; and a new generation thrusts the schoolmaster aside, and bestows its trust on the scholars. That’s what I call the long result of time—and I think my mustache is growing gray!”

The jovial soldier laughed as he spoke, but he sighed, too. There is no one but feels, at times, this regret for the past—who does not gild thus the days that are dead?

“Well, well, *mon ami*,” added the soldier, “all that’s gone, and the new days are here—also a new generation. Let us act, and not meditate. We’re to meet in the morning at Banks’ cross-roads, where, formerly, I encountered William Effingham, Esq. Well, I think there’ll be a real fight this time—if not at the cross-roads, elsewhere. Let us hope so,” and the friends rode on through the moonlight.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

A YOUNG SPY.

THE last person to leave the school house was Uncle Jimmy Doubleday, and the old schoolmaster saw that all was secure before he departed.

He tried all the shutters, set back the benches, and, finally, took the light and proceeded toward the door.

It was just at this moment that a voice behind him made him suddenly start:

“Oh, Uncle Jimmy! Uncle Jimmy! do n’t lock me in!” said the voice, and Mr. Paul Effingham appeared from behind a desk in the corner where this worthy had concealed himself.

“You!” said Uncle Jimmy, holding up his hands, “you here, sir?”

“Oh, yes, Uncle Jimmy. Was it wrong? I’m a patriot, you know, and wanted to hear,” and Mr. Paul approached the pedagogue with a winning smile, bent upon obtaining a full pardon.

As for Uncle Jimmy, he gazed with austere surprise upon the youthful patriot, and then, shaking his head—

“Young man,” he said, “what impelled you to this highly

reprehensible course? Young man, what did you do it for? More than one man and boy have hung for being spies. What, sir, was your object?"

"I'm a patriot, you know, Uncle Jimmy," said the young spy, "and Jim Crow told me you all were to meet here."

"You were present all the time?"

"Yes, sir."

"And your parents! your parents! young man, who are now anxious about you?"

"Oh, I often ride out in the evening, and it's not late. You know, Uncle Jimmy, I was bound to know every thing, I was. I'm a patriot," and Mr. Paul assumed a wheedling smile which made Uncle Jimmy turn aside his head and smile, too.

"Young man," he said, turning again, with austere dignity, to Paul, "you have acted with extraordinary freedom on this occasion. If I do not punish you, 't is from regard for your worthy parents. Go, sir, and be home immediately; as for our affairs, we can trust you, and let me never—"

"Trust me, Uncle Jimmy!" cried Paul, raising his head; "I should say you can! I'm the captain of the Cornstalk regiment, sir—I am!" and Paul placed his hand upon his left hip with great dignity.

"Well, my child," said Uncle Jimmy, much mollified, "I doubt not 't is a patriotic company. Go, now, and never repeat this indiscretion."

"I'm going right off. Shag's tied under an oak in the woods," said Paul; "but I say, Uncle Jimmy."

"Well, my boy?"

"Is Banks' cross-roads the place of meeting?"

"Yes, why do you ask?"

"I just wanted to know," said Paul, mysteriously. "Good night, Uncle Jimmy. I'm very much obliged to you for the holiday to-morrow; we all are, and Blossom says you're very good."

"*She* certainly is, Paul."

“Yes, *sir*,” replied Paul, putting on his hat; “she’s a real patriot, she is. Our union, Uncle Jimmy, will be a happy one, and you shall be invited. Now good night, *sir*.” With these words Mr. Paul bowed with dignity, and, with extreme ceremony, disappeared.

Uncle Jimmy looked after him for a moment, and then a smile diffused itself over the old features.

“Oh, he’s a proud one, is Paul,” said Uncle Jimmy. “With what an air he touched his little hat! how high he carried his head! how grand he walked! That boy would march into the cannon’s mouth, I think! I have never seen his equal.”

Having thus expressed his admiration, Uncle Jimmy locked the school house and proceeded homeward. The forest was again silent, save for the hooting of a few owls and the notes of the whippoorwill, and the moon soared aloft in triumph.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

GENERAL EFFINGHAM IS CARRIED OFF BY A CHARIOT.

ON the morning after the nocturnal meeting, and about ten o’clock, a company of youths, some twenty or thirty in number, were assembled in a glade of the forest, not far from Banks’ cross-roads.

A huge oak stretched its wide arms over their heads, and a hamper, containing a variety of eatables, was reposing on the mossy roots of the oak.

It was the spot where in former times the *old* Cornstalk regiment had paraded, and pic-niced—where the noble soldiers had been cheered by the presence of the fair—where Mr. Crow gamboled—where the drum-head court martial had been rapidly dispersed by the inspiring notes of the Bowling Green banjo.

That was a peaceful parade, however, and the only fatal weapons were the eyes of Kate Effingham and her friends—the only victims, Master Willie, and his rival, Tom Alston.

But, since the good year of '65, many things had taken place, and now the great Cornstalk regiment assembled anew, with far other designs than peaceful festivals.

Master Paul Effingham stood upon a stump and harangued his followers. His remarks were to the effect that at last the day of liberty had dawned, that Virginians would never be slaves, and to prevent this result he besought his associates to enter into the war with vigor.

A cheer greeted these observations, and the youthful followers of the young patriot rallied round him, and declared that they were ready.

They were of all ages under fifteen and above eight, and were armed with old guns, which were far too heavy for them, and should have been left at home for their fathers, from whom the weapons had been filched.

Captain Effingham formed his men into a line, and then separated this line into companies of three.

Then the order was given to march—upon the hamper.

The soldiers obeyed this order, acquiescing, apparently, in the opinion of their chief, that before they joined the forces marching on Williamsburg, nature would call for refreshment.

Guns were therefore abandoned, hats cast on the ground, and the Cornstalk regiment attacked the hamper with great valor.

In fifteen minutes the basket was emptied, and turned with its top upon the ground.

Captain Effingham finished a bun with dignity, and ordered his men to their arms. The ranks were immediately formed, Captain Effingham made another speech, and then the noble regiment, full of ardor and patriotism, set forward, at a quick step, toward Banks' cross-roads.

But alas! for the designs of the patriots. They had just reached the highway, and were marching in fine order,

when a chariot rolled toward them, and this chariot, when it reached a point just abreast of them, suddenly paused.

Captain Paul gave the order to present arms, which was obeyed with soldierly precision.

But alas!

From the window of the chariot, a fair head was thrust, and Master Paul recognized his mother.

The young patriot's countenance fell, and his chin subsided on his breast. Arrested, thus, in his march, the regiment trod upon his heels.

"Oh, Paul!" said Madame Clare, "where in the world are you going?"

"To fight the enemy, mamma," returned Paul, with a groan. "We are going to Banks' cross-roads, the place of meeting."

"Oh, my son, what an idea!" said his mother. "How could you?"

"A patriot must do his duty, mamma," said Paul, ruefully.

"Yes, my son," said his mother; "but you are much too young. You distress me very much by these freaks, Paul! Come, now, and do not make me feel badly. Come into the carriage, and go home, my son."

It was long before Paul would consent to this, and more than one "noble tear," as says the poet, bedewed his youthful eyes at his disappointment. Had the command come from any other than his own mother, it is probable that Captain Paul would have summoned his men to the rescue; but it was the voice of a beloved parent which besought him; it was the wish of one to whom he had ever paid obedience which arrested him. He turned a last look of agony on his soldiers, and obeyed.

"About, face! my friends," said Captain Paul, with dignity. "The commands of our superiors must be obeyed. It is proper that, as your captain, I should set you the example of obedience, and I must leave. Tom Jones, you can march the regiment back," with which words Captain Paul

slowly entered the carriage, and, we regret to say, cried as it drove away.

Once deprived of their noble and courageous—once left alone without him who was the soul of their action—once paralyzed thus, and left desolate—the Cornstalk regiment no longer aspired; they no longer had the heart to march forward; they disbanded, broke into groups, and went off to play at something else than “soldiering.”

The battle was not to have them in its tumult.

I have paused thus, our worthy author says, on the very brink of great events to relate this little comedy of the past. Why not? It is not only in the immense events of history that the thoughtful mind looks to see the picture of the times. The coloring of the bud is often brighter and more delicate than that of the flower. What I aim at in my chronicle is a picture of the minds of men in old days; the movements of boys even arrest and absorb me. What I've told is a veritable incident, and I think it is worthy of our notice. The child is the germ of the man, and, just as the character of the seed determines the plant, so does the character of the boy make the gray beard's. The children whom we have seen thus ardently on their march were those who nursed the young republic in its infancy—who braced their arms around it in the storm which came across the seas to shake it. They stood around its cradle like a phalanx of steel-clad warriors, and some of them fought for it at Yorktown. At sixteen, my friend Judge B——* was captain of a company; and almost before the beard of manhood decked his face, our noble Washington was in charge of the whole border. The mind ripened quickly in those days, and bloomed early; it was a noble, and chivalrous, and high nature which thus filled the breasts of children. The roar of revolution made them old; they were educated by Henry and Washington! For myself, there is nothing connected with that period void of interest. I listen to

* The author here seems to refer to the late venerable Judge Francis Brooke, of the Court of Appeals.

the great voices in council; I listen to the voices of the striplings, too. I see the great look on the stern brow of the warrior; I see, also, the flush on the cheeks of the boys. In the great panorama of the revolutionary story there is no figure unworthy of attention.*

CHAPTER LXXIX.

THE MARCH OF THE HANOVERIANS ON WILLIAMSBURG.

THE removal of the gunpowder from the magazine in Williamsburg sent a thrill of indignation throughout Virginia.

It was the last and crowning outrage—the keystone finishing the arch of oppression—the final blow at those liberties which so long had been insidiously attacked by Dunmore.

In every county the inhabitants hastened to pass resolutions upon the outrage. Many of these have been preserved—others lost, or not recorded; but what we have are enough to show the spirit of the period.

Amelia county, William Archer, chairman, resolved, first, on a general muster of the militia; next, that each member of the committee should provide “half a pound of gunpowder and one pound of lead, a stand of arms and ammunition;” and John Tabb and Everard Meade were appointed to purchase “eight hundred pounds of gunpowder and three thousand two hundred pounds of lead.” Thus *Amelia* alone furnished to the cause more powder than the magazine had contained when it was robbed.

New Kent county resolved that the removal of the powder was “arbitrary,” the governor’s answer “evasive,” that the rest of his lordship’s conduct proved him “an enemy

* Historical Illustrations, No. XXXIX.

of liberty and a zealous supporter of tyranny and despotism over the people who had the unhappiness to live under his government." To this was added a resolution to raise instantly a company.

Gloucester county declared the reply of the governor "unsatisfactory, disrespectful, and evasive," and offered twenty-five pounds sterling for three hundred pounds of gunpowder manufactured in Virginia; fifty pounds sterling for manufactures of woolen.

King William county contributed one hundred and seventy-five pounds to the suffering citizens of Massachusetts.

Sussex county declared the removal of the powder "an act conceived in secrecy and brought forth in darkness," and that the governor, by his action, had "forfeited all title to the confidence of the good people of Virginia." The members of the meeting promised to use every endeavor to enlist volunteers.

Bedford county offered ten pounds sterling for twenty-five pounds of *sulphur*.

Prince George county organized a committee of intelligence, whose duty it was to communicate with other counties.

Henrico county declared the removal of the powder "an insult to every freeman in this county"—an action which they viewed with "detestation and abhorrence."

Albemarle county spoke, in a letter, of the *independent* company, to Colonel Washington :

"The company of Independents," they said, "will attend in Williamsburg properly equipped and prepared to enforce an immediate delivery of the powder, if not to be obtained otherwise, or die in the attempt." The captain of the company signed his name *Charles Lewis*.

These old leaves of the past have been preserved for us; the action of the other counties is lost. What it was we know perfectly, for the whole land was in arms, and the Valley especially, on fire. *Old Frederick*, ever the fore-

most where the issue was one of blood, became the rallying point for the companies of the West. For half a century, nearly, the town of Winchester had been the heart of the West—the sentinel of liberty—and Washington had lived there, sending from this center his voice of good cheer to the whole border. It was now to be the rendezvous of men bent on attacking another enemy than the savages—to send forth its blood as before.

Fredericksburg lastly took that action which has made her so famous—surrounding her brows with a halo of glory. The men of Fredericksburg declared that they were prepared to defend the liberties of Virginia, and of her sister colonies, “at the utmost hazard of ourselves and our fortunes.” And at the bottom of this declaration was written in large letters, “GOD SAVE THE LIBERTIES OF AMERICA !”

A week after the removal of the powder, seven hundred men, completely equipped, were assembled at Fredericksburg, ready to march upon the capital. Among these were the “Culpepper Minute Men,” in their green hunting shirts, hats crowned with buck-tails, and belts stuck round with tomahawks and knives. On their breasts were inscribed, in white letters, Henry’s words, “LIBERTY OR DEATH ;” and their banner had for device, a coiled up rattlesnake, with the words “*Don’t tread on me!*” beneath.

Thus the whole State was fully aroused, and the East and West ready to march ; when a dispatch from Mr. Randolph of the council reached Fredericksburg.

This letter declared that his Excellency had solemnly promised that the affair of the powder should be fully accommodated.

The deliberation of the volunteers, upon the reception of this letter, was long and excited ; and when the vote was taken, opinions were found to be nearly equally divided. At first, the men were fixed in their original purpose ; and the fourteen companies of light horse, then encamped near

at hand, were ardently expecting the order to march. Peace counsels prevailed finally, however, by a single vote, and expresses were sent off to Caroline, Frederick, Berkeley, Shenandoah, and other counties, to inform them of the arrangement.

The volunteers then dispersed, entering into a mutual pledge to be ready at a moment's warning, whenever the standard was raised.

That moment was not delayed.

The troops separated on the 29th of April. On the 2d of May, Patrick Henry summoned the Independent Company of Hanover, to meet him at New Castle, on the Pamunkey, in the same county.

Henry had seen, with bitter regret, the action of the troops on the reception of the letter conveying the false promises of Dunmore—he had estimated those promises at their just value—he saw with anguish that the moment when the whole land was aroused, was likely to pass by unimproved.

He, too, had hailed the affair of the powder as an invaluable blessing to the cause in which his whole soul was wrapped. For ten years he had been endeavoring to arouse Virginia to armed resistance, and thus, Dunmore in committing this robbery, had coöperated with him, and aided him. But now this same man was about to disarm, with a promise, those men whom he had armed by an outrage. A smile and a promise which he never intended to keep, would delay the attack until an overwhelming force was marched into Virginia.

Henry had thus no sooner heard of the action at Fredericksburg, as we have said, than he hastened to assemble the men of Hanover. To give more solemnity to his act, he also convened the county committee which had just separated.

They assembled in mass at his summons, and the orator addressed them with all the powers of his wonderful eloquence. In his burning words, the fields of Concord and

Lexington rose vividly before the auditors, floating in the blood of Americans; with passionate vehemence he stripped from the ministerial designs their garb of concealment, of specious promises and protestations, and showed them in all their deformity. He declared that now or never—when this last outrage of Dunmore was still hot in the minds of all—that now or never the blow must be struck. He ended by asking who would accompany him to Williamsburg, to demand the restoration of the powder.

“The meeting was in a flame,” says the historian; “and Captain Samuel Meredith resigning the command of the Independents, Henry was unanimously chosen their leader, Captain Meredith taking the post of lieutenant.”

The company consisted of one hundred and fifty men, and at once commenced its march for Williamsburg.

Forty-eight hours afterward the news spread like wild-fire, and five thousand men were on their way to join Henry.

Let us not anticipate, however.

A body of sixteen men, under command of Colonel Parke Goodall, ensign of the “Independents,” was detached across the river into the county of *King and Queen*, to demand from the king’s receiver-general, there residing, the value of the powder, about three hundred pounds sterling.

There is no reason to believe that Colonel Richard Corbin, the receiver-general, was opposed to the cause of liberty. Doubtless, like many others, it so happened that he held an office under the vice-regal government at this crisis, and hoped for a peaceful redress of grievances.

The orders to Colonel Goodall were to demand the value of the powder, and, if this were refused, to take Colonel Corbin prisoner, and bring him “with all possible respect and tenderness,” to Doncastle’s Ordinary, about sixteen miles above Williamsburg.

The detachment crossed the river on the same afternoon, about twilight, and proceeded toward “Laneville” on the Matapony, the residence of the receiver, which they reached nearly at midnight.

Colonel Goodall, with that courtesy which characterized the men of his period, determined not to arouse the family until daybreak, reflecting that this nocturnal assault upon ladies in their beds would be exceedingly terrifying. He therefore stationed guards around the dwelling, and calmly waited for the daylight.

At daybreak, the ladies of the family appeared, not without terror at the sight of the patrol, and to the courteous demand of the colonel, replied, that the receiver was in Williamsburg. If this declaration was doubted, however, the house, they said, was open to a search.

Colonel Goodall replied courteously that such a proceeding was wholly unnecessary; that Mrs. Corbin's assurance was enough. And then, without taking the proffered refreshments, ordered his men to continue their way to the Ordinary, where they were to join Henry.

The main body had proceeded through Hanover, and a portion of New Kent, passing by the church of St. Peter and the old Custis mansion, called the "White House," where Washington was married, and ever increasing as they rolled on like a flood, had reached finally Doncastle's Ordinary.

Here at this tavern, which was also in New Kent, near the boundaries of James City, Colonel Goodall joined his chief; and here the company halted to refresh themselves.

CHAPTER LXXX.

THE MEETING AT DONCASTLE'S ORDINARY.

At the moment when Colonel Patrick Henry arrived with his troop in front of Doncastle's Ordinary, the company commanded by Captain John Hamilton made their appearance, at full gallop, coming to meet them.

In a few moments the two troops had dismounted—a host of negroes ran to bait their weary horses—and the men of Colonel Henry and Captain Hamilton, respectively, proceeded to fraternize and exchange congratulations.

Our friend Captain Waters and Colonel Henry seemed to be old acquaintances. They exchanged a hearty greeting, and the captain seemed in high spirits.

“The sight of you is really good for sore eyes, my dear colonel,” he said; “*morbleu!* I think the cards at last shuffled and dealt! What’s the number of your men?”

“About two hundred only, captain,” said Colonel Henry, drawing round him his inseparable old red cloak; “but five thousand I’m told are marching to join us.”

“Five thousand! why, an army! a host! With that many, my dear friend, we will blow his Excellency sky high.”

“Yes, I think we could drive him away.”

“‘Could!’ What do you mean, colonel?”

“‘Will,’ then,—if—if—unfortunately”—

“If?” said the captain anxiously. “I’m afraid of that little word ‘*if*,’ friend.”

“So am I, captain.”

“What does it mean in your mouth, *mon ami*? speak!”

“Well, I meant to say that the result of our march would probably be the rout of his Excellency and his adherents—*if* he does not defeat *us* by paying for the powder.”

And Colonel Henry’s face assumed its old grim smile as he spoke.

“Paying,” cried Captain Waters, “paying for the powder!”

“Yes, captain.”

“Why, that would be dishonest! it would be illegal, my dear colonel!” cried his companion. “Here this fellow Dunmore first robs us of our property and then has the audacity to offer us the value of the stolen goods! You can’t think of accepting such an offer!”

“I fear I must.”

“Must! why?”

“The colony would not sustain me in refusing. I should simply be deposed from my command, and the only result would be that some one else’s signature would be appended to the receipt. I’m not a free agent, captain. Colonel Carter Braxton left me, some hours since, for Williamsburg, and I promised to wait a certain time for him to go and return; you know, Colonel Corbin, the receiver, is his relative. Now he’ll come, I predict, and bring the money.”

The captain’s head drooped.

“What you say, my friend,” he muttered, mournfully, “has caused me the very keenest anguish. It seems to me that the result will be the escape of the wolf, just when the chase is in full burst!”

“Exactly, captain.”

The captain remained thoughtful for a moment and sighed. He seemed really overcome.

“And so your parole is given to Colonel Braxton, is it?” he said.

“Yes; but in less than an hour I shall be released.”

“Released?”

“The time fixed for his return will expire then, captain. If he did not bring the money then, I told him, I should march.”

“You would march?”

“Undoubtedly.”

“And in less than an hour.”

The colonel nodded.

“*Morbleu!*” cried the captain, “you delight me, my dear colonel! Then I’ll have my good bout with Foy yet.”

“With Foy?”

“With Mr. *Secretary* Foy. You see, my dear friend, ’t is a little arrangement between us that, at the first open hostilities, our swords shall cross. I’m positively sick for the encounter, and now, since you assure me that you

march in an hour, I think the chances are favorable for the bout!"

Colonel Henry shook his head dubiously.

"I have a presentiment, captain," he said, "that Colonel Braxton will return in time. He said the money would be paid, and he 'd only to go for it, and you know he 's a man of his word."

As these words were uttered in a melancholy tone, an expression of deep disappointment came to the captain's face.

"He'll return with the money."

"I'm sure of it."

"Then all 's lost!" and the captain let his chin fall on his breast. He remained motionless and frowning for some moments; but suddenly his frown disappeared, his head rose:

"My dear colonel," he cried, "you made Colonel Braxton a promise; will you make me one, too?"

"A promise? What is it?"

"Oh, 't is nothing unreasonable, my small request. *Morbleu!* 't is most fair."

"Speak, captain."

"Do you wish valid payment for the powder if you are compelled to receive payment?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Then promise me that you 'll only receive gold or Bank of England notes—no promises of payment of any description from either his Excellency, or the receiver, or Colonel Braxton."

Colonel Henry reflected, and the captain watched the expression of his countenance with the deepest anxiety.

"Well," said the colonel, "I see no objection to promising that, and I certainly shall refuse any promissory notes."

"Good!" cried the captain; "and now, my dear colonel, I will not further intrude on you. I see my friends Hamilton and Effingham yonder coming to talk with you."

So speaking, the captain made the military salute, sauntered easily away, and went out of the Ordinary.

He had no sooner reached the spot where his horse was tied, however, than, leaping into the saddle, he set forward, at full speed, on the road to Williamsburg.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

THE ROBBERY OF THE COACH OF THE KING'S RECEIVER-GENERAL.

Just an hour before the interview which we have just related, a chariot, drawn by four fresh horses, and driven at full speed, left Williamsburg by the road leading to New Kent.

The speed of the coach, great as it was, however, did not seem to keep pace with the feelings of its inmate.

The head of a gentleman about forty years of age, wearing a long flaxen peruke and ample cocked hat, was thrust from the window, and this head uttered, in an impatient and hurried voice, the words,

“Faster! faster! make the horses gallop!”

The driver obeyed and laid his long lash on the backs of the horses.

They started forward, at a gallop, and the coach whirled along through the fields and into the forest with fearful rapidity.

At the end of half an hour the speed of the horses began to abate, their strength to flag. The coach then proceeded at a more moderate pace, apparently causing the gentleman within great impatience.

He took from his pocket some papers, however, and examined them carefully. Then he opened a large pocket book of leather, and counted some notes of the Bank of England.

As he did so, he heard, or thought he heard, the rapid foot-falls of a horse behind the carriage.

He thrust his head from the window, and at the same moment descried a horseman who rushed rapidly toward him, and drew rein beside the window.

The chariot was descending a gorge in the forest at the moment, and had moderated still further its headlong speed.

The stranger drew rein, and leaning one hand on the edge of the window, said,

“Have I the honor to speak to Colonel Braxton?”

“Yes,” said the occupant of the chariot; “your business, sir!”

“Order the coach to stop, colonel.”

“Impossible, sir; I am on urgent public business, and can not tarry for a moment.”

“Still it ’s necessary, my dear colonel,” said the enemy; “give the order.”

“I’ll do nothing of the sort, sir!” cried the other; “drive faster!”

These latter words were directed to the coachman, who raised his whip to strike the horses.

Before it descended the cavalier had rushed on his swift horse to the head of the animals, and catching the leaders by the bridle, made them rear and start sidewise.

He was immediately at the coach window again, and said, coolly,

“Now, your money, my dear colonel.”

“My money sir! are you mad?” cried Colonel Braxton, in a fury.

“No, *morbleu!*” cried the enemy, “I’m perfectly sane! I repeat that I want your money, my dear friend—not your money or your life, as the highwaymen say—but the sum which you bear from his Excellency!”

“You are insane!” cried the colonel, shouting to the driver to lash his horses; “you shall repent this outrage, sir! begone!”

The horses again darted forward, but the cavalier kept his place at the carriage window.

"For the last time, your money, friend!" he said; "*morbleu*, I shall not ask you again."

"You intend to rob me, then?"

"Precisely."

With a movement as rapid as lightning, Colonel Braxton thrust his hand into the pocket of the coach and drew forth a pistol.

He leveled the weapon at his enemy and discharged it, the bullet passing through the lappel of the horseman's sur-tout.

"Ah! well!" cried that gentleman, "you'll do battle, will you, friend? But first I'll secure what I want."

With these words the speaker suddenly extended his hand through the window of the coach, and caught from the other's grasp the three or four hundred pound notes which he held.

"Now friend," he said, "this will suffice! I had some compunctions about proceeding so irregularly, but you've attempted my life, and I'm quite easy! Do n't discharge another pistol at me as I go, or I'll imitate you. I have two in my holsters, and perhaps I shall blow out your brains!"

With these words the speaker put spur to his horse, and striking the coach horses as he passed, disappeared in the forest.

With a face full of rage and amazement, Colonel Braxton was borne onward, asking himself if he had dreamed this outrage—if he really could be awake.

"Well," he growled, "'t is far more important to arrive yonder in time, and I can easily give my note for the money. Lash your horses!"

And in obedience to his order the driver again struck his animals, which rapidly bore the vehicle to the Ordinary.

The Hanover company and the rest were drawn up before the door, and Colonel Henry was just issuing forth to get

into the saddle. He paused, however, as the chariot flashed up.

“Ah! is that you, colonel?” he said; “you have come at last.”

“Yes,” said Colonel Braxton, getting out of the chariot and exchanging a grasp of the hand with Henry, “I have come, on the part of his lordship, to pay for the powder.”

“To pay!”

“Yes, its full value.”

A grim smile came to the face of Colonel Henry, and he hesitated, looking at his men. With a deep sigh he seemed to decide.

“I am told we’ll have an army of five thousand men tomorrow,” he said; “still I promised to take the money, and I must take it.”

With these words Colonel Henry walked into the Ordinary, followed by Colonel Braxton.

“Pen and ink, landlord,” he said; “of course I shall give a receipt.”

“I must first premise that I was robbed on the route hither,” said Colonel Braxton. And he related the scene on the road to Henry. Some of the company, who were in the room, laughed heartily, and the same grim smile reappeared on the face of Henry.

“In truth, he must have been a madman,” he replied, “and what you have said, colonel, materially alters the face of affairs.”

With these words Colonel Henry laid down his pen.

“Alters affairs?” asked the other; “how is that?”

“Why, unfortunately, I gave a promise no later than half an hour ago, that I would take only gold or bank bills in payment. ’Tis unfortunate, my dear colonel, but the promise is given.”

“To whom—Heaven preserve us!” cried Colonel Braxton, in despair.

“To a friend—Captain Waters by name.”

“Tall—with a black moustache—riding a black Arabian?”

“Yes, that is an accurate description of him.”

“Why, he it was who robbed me!”

“Possible!” said Colonel Henry, with his former grim smile; “why, my dear colonel, he is a gentleman of large landed estate, and I have always heard that he was honest.”

“I say ’t was he!”

“Captain Waters?”

“Yes! Colonel Henry. ’Tis a deep-laid conspiracy, and the object of this gentleman was plainly to paralyze me.”

“If so, it was very reprehensible in the captain.”

And the same sardonic smile wreathed the corners of the iron mouth of Henry.

“Of course you will not suffer the affair to affect your action.”

“Unfortunately I’ve promised to take gold or notes only, colonel. I am the veriest slave of my word.”

“You then refuse my own obligation for the powder?”

“I must—perforce.”

Colonel Braxton bit his lip, and looked both anxious and irritated. But the expression of pain and regret predominated.

“Of course, sir,” he said, “I am not so discourteous as to intimate you had any part in this. Your action, however, supports Captain Waters’ outrage, and the result will be blood.”

“It is unfortunate,” said Henry, with the same iron calmness, and buckling on his sword.

Colonel Braxton knit his brows in anguish, and remained thus silent and gloomy for some moments.

Then his countenance was suddenly illumined with joy, and he hastened to his chariot, and immediately returned with a small leather portmanteau.

From this portmanteau he drew a roll of bank notes.

“It is most fortunate, colonel,” he said to Henry, “that the events of the last few days have caused me so much concern. I brought this money to Williamsburg to make a payment on my own private account, and such was my pre-

occupation that I quite forgot it until this moment. I now offer you, on the part of his Excellency, three hundred and thirty pounds in Bank of England notes, in payment for the powder. There, colonel."

And he laid the notes on the table.

Colonel Henry thereupon sat down, and spreading a large sheet of paper before him, wrote the following receipt :

"*Doncastle's Ordinary, New Kent, May 4, 1775.* Received from the Hon. Richard Corbin, Esq., his Majesty's Receiver-General, 330*l.*, as a compensation for the gunpowder lately taken out of the public magazine by the Governor's order, which money I promise to convey to the Virginia delegates at the general congress, to be, under their direction, laid out in gunpowder for the colony's use, and to be stored as they shall direct until the next colony convention or general assembly, unless it shall be necessary, in the meantime, to use the same in the defense of this colony. It is agreed that, in case the next convention shall determine that any part of the said money ought to be returned to his Majesty's said Receiver-General, that the same shall be done accordingly.

"PATRICK HENRY, JUN.

"Test.—SAMUEL MEREDITH, PARKE GOODALL."

Colonel Henry had scarcely affixed his signature to this paper, when the hoof-strokes of a horse resounded on the road before the tavern, and the next moment Captain Waters entered the apartment, his spurs jingling and his lips smiling.

At sight of the money, however, and the receipt which Colonel Braxton raised from the table and folded, this expression suddenly changed.

"The money's paid!" he cried; "you do n't say the powder is paid for, my friends!"

"Yes, sir," said Colonel Braxton, with an angry flush; "and your outrage has failed—your robbery, sir"

The captain was so much overwhelmed by this failure of his scheme that he scarcely heard the angry words addressed to him.

His head drooped, his hands fell at his side, and from his lips escaped the sorrowful words,

“Then Foy and myself will not meet!”

The captain sighed, and looked around mournfully.

“Ah! well!” he said at length, “I’ll not be cast down! What’s not to-day may be to-morrow! Let us wait!”

Then turning to Colonel Braxton, the captain took from his pocket the four hundred pound notes and returned them.

“You will pardon my little jest, my dear colonel,” he said, “as I freely pardon you the pistol shot which passed, you see, close to my breast, spoiling my best coat—my best, *parole d’honneur!* It was only a little escapade of fun, an ebullition of youthful spirits. I’m getting old and I need amusement. My object was simply to further a small private affair, which the march of our friends here upon Williamsburg would have suited admirably. I thought I had provided for every thing—well! well! The best schemes sometimes fail—the most honest intentions! I suppose now the chance of war’s at an end—what unhappiness!”

And the captain sighed in the midst of laughter.

Even Colonel Braxton, who was excellently pleased with the result, joined in the laughter, and one would have thought that these men were in a ball room, instead of on the surface of a volcano.*

“So the affair is all over, and the fight will not take place,” said Captain Waters to Colonel Henry, as he got into the saddle.

A grim smile wreathed the firm iron lips, and the man of the red cloak replied,

“Let us wait; ’t is the momentary ebb of the wave, friend!”

“The ebb?”

“Yes; the silence in the air—the lull before the storm—

* Historical Illustrations, No. XL.

the retrograde movement of the great wave of revolution. When that wave rushes forward again, as it will before you can speak, almost, it will strike and overwhelm! Then you'll see the last scene of the last act of the tragedy—the tragedy of 'George III. in Virginia!' Farewell!"

And the trumpet sounded to horse.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

HOW LINDON LEFT WILLIAMSBURG, AND WHOM HE CON- VERSED WITH AT AGINCOURT.

THE prophecy was destined soon to be fulfilled. Dunmore vainly thought that compliance with the demands of the Hanoverians, in the matter of the powder, would quiet the colony and disarm revolution.

Things had gone too far; the times were ripe now, and nothing could divert the storm about to burst. The Assembly was summoned, the Governor made a diplomatic speech, with Lord North's famous "olive branch" proposal in his hand, but it was all of no avail.

Virginia was aroused in its whole length and breadth, and arms were in every hand, soon, as we shall see, to be used.

Let us proceed, however, to relate the events which befell the personages of our narrative, before we chronicle the outburst of the storm. For, after all, it is a family history which we relate—the joys and sorrows of unhistorical personages is our chief subject.

Let us follow now the events which brought all things to an issue here too; like the whole land, our small domain had its convulsion and its tragedy, and this we shall now proceed to relate.

About three weeks after the scene which we have just witnessed at Doncastle's Ordinary, Lindon one morning presented himself before Lord Dunmore, and requested leave of absence for a fortnight.

This leave was graciously accorded by his lordship, who thought he would have at present no use for his mercenaries; and on the same afternoon, Lindon mounted his horse, and crossing the James at Burwell's ferry, set forward in a south-westerly direction over the main road of Isle of Wight county.

Busy with the events befalling our chief characters, we have not been able to expend, upon this gentleman and his affairs, that attention, which, in view of their connection with our history, they demand at our hands.

Lindon had, time after time, renewed his addresses to Bonnybel, and repulse seemed only to arouse still more deeply the profound passion of his nature. Driven back upon every occasion—rejected time after time, and always with increased coldness and decision by the girl—he had come at last to regard it as a single combat between them for the victory, and in the depths of his heart he registered a silent oath that he would conquer the girl's resolution or die in the attempt. There was still another reason in addition, which impelled him to persevere.

The large property which he inherited from his father, had, by successive mortgages, been almost wholly alienated; and such had been the success of the owner, that his affairs were now hopelessly embarrassed. To preserve his station, and not be turned as a beggar on the world, it was necessary that he should look around him speedily for some means of fortifying his position; and this he found in a marriage with Bonnybel. Were he to secure the hand of that young lady, the wealth and influence of Colonel Vane would be at his command; and he could easily induce his creditors to delay the threatened sale of all his property. They had already forced him to sell nearly every servant which he possessed; and he was scarcely left now with a handful. A union with Bonnybel was thus equally desirable in a business point of view; and with passion and cupidity working together, the whole energies of this man's nature were put forth to attain his object,

Let us follow him, and see whither he goes.

About sunset, Lindon reached his house of "Agincourt," which was a fine old mansion, erected upon a lofty hill; and as he rode up, the dying sunset gilded the roofs and the many out-houses attached to the homestead.

With an air of fiery impatience which had become habitual with him of late, he threw the bridle of his horse to a rough-looking man, and said briefly:

"You have watched carefully, as I ordered you?"

"Yes sir," replied the man, doffing his cap; "she has been rather more restive to-day, and I had some trouble, as usual; but I think she sees there's no hope."

"That's well," said Lindon; "now order some dinner for me, I'm nearly broken down. Go!"

The man touched his forehead, and Lindon entered the house.

It was elegantly arranged, and the furniture of the great apartment which he entered, though rather too gaudy for good taste, displayed every mark of wealth.

Lindon threw himself upon a velvet sofa, and ringing for wine, which a servant brought him upon a silver waiter, took great gulps of the liquid, and then seemed to reflect.

"Things are coming to a crisis," he muttered at length; "and if I act at all, I must act quickly. Those scoundrels will sell me out, if I do not prevent them; and there's but one way now—this marriage! How can I achieve it? How conquer that diabolical resolution of a mere love-sick girl, dreaming, I have no doubt, of that pale-faced hero, forsooth! She loves him, and she scorns me! Curse him! he's the stumbling-block in all my schemes, and eternally opposes and conquers me! Why did n't I run him through the heart yonder, and so end him? Shall I now? He is still weak from his sickness, and I could do it! I'll think about it!"

And with a heavy frown upon his brow, Lindon was silent for some moments, reflecting.

“No!” he growled, at length, with an oath; “no! curse him! I’d like to put an end to his scheming; but what good would that do? It would only make the marriage more difficult, and I’ve no time to attend to such things. In a fortnight, perhaps, Dunmore will be driven from Virginia, and I was a fool to attach myself to such a coward as he is! I thought he would bolster me up, but he can’t protect himself from these *canaille!* This fine hero, St. John, this Lord Bolingbroke! well, he shall escape me for the present, though I shall not forget him. I must think of something more important.”

He was interrupted by the summons to the table, where he proceeded and rapidly devoured his meal, washing it down with large draughts of wine. He then returned to the sofa, and, with knit brows, again reflected:

“Well, I’m determined, at last!” he said, with a face flushed by the thought in his mind more than by the wine which he had drunk; “it is the only way that’s left to me, and I’ll do it and take the consequences! Now I’ll go and see madame,” with which words he rose, with a sinister smile, from the sofa, and left the room.

He ascended the great stair-case, and, taking a key from his pocket, opened a room directly over the one he had just left.

It was a chamber elegantly furnished, and, in a corner, sat—Miss Carne, the Vanely seamstress.

The woman sat crouched down and leaned her elbows on her knees. Her hair, falling in disordered masses on her bosom, completely concealed her countenance—the brows resting upon her white and nervous hands.

As Lindon entered she half raised her head, and, when she saw who her visitor was, raised it entirely erect.

The face thus revealed was scarcely recognizable. Formerly, this woman had been almost beautiful, and an expression of tranquillity and content characterized her entire appearance. Now, however, all this had disappeared. Her face was haggard and furrowed by passion, and her dark

eyes burned with a sullen and lurid flame which seemed to flash up and glitter as she looked upon Lindon.

He entered with a sarcastic smile, and, approaching the woman, said, satirically,

“How is my pretty bird to-day—how is madame the vulture? Have my people supplied all her wants and complied with her wishes?”

A lurid flash, brighter than the former, darted from the eyes of Miss Carne.

“Madame seems silent,” said Lindon in the same tone of sarcasm.

There was no reply.

With cheeks flushed with wine, and a gait unsteady from the same cause, Lindon drew nearer to the woman, and, at last, placed one hand carelessly on her head.

Before he could complete the caress which he attempted, the woman rose to her feet, with a spring like a wild cat, and uttered a hoarse cry which was scarcely human.

“Do n't touch me!” she said. “Touch me at you peril!” and, with bloodshot eyes, hair hanging in disorder, and lips writhing with convulsive passion, she seemed ready to spring upon Lindon and throttle him.

“Ah! our pretty hawk is angry,” he said, with a sarcastic grin; “our lady bird intends to show her claws. Come to its deary—deary won't let anybody hurt his turtle-dove,” and again he attempted to touch her hair.

With one bound the woman sprang to a table upon which a knife had been left, and, clutching it, confronted her persecutor.

Lindon regarded her, for a moment, with drunken gravity, and then said, soothingly,

“Come, do n't let us have any scenes.”

“I wish to have none!” said the woman, hoarsely, “but before you shall touch me I will plunge this knife into your heart. I hate you! I detest you! The very sight of you makes me sick!”

“ Ah! does it said Lindon, approaching her cautiously but with apparent carelessness.

“ Yes! you tempted me to crime! you took advantage of my treacherous nature! you made me the tool of your villainy by appealing to my avarice, and now—”

“ You ’ve not even the consolation of the reward, eh ?” said Lindon, satirically; “ is that your meaning ?” and, with the same air of carelessness, he approached nearer still.

“ Yes !” said the woman, hoarsely ; “ you made a devil of me, and now you turn me loose without the money for which I sold myself !”

“ Turned you loose, my pretty bud ? Is n’t that a slight mistake ?”

And he drew nearer still.

“ Yes !” said the woman, with sullen passion, “ you are right ! I am not free ; I am a prisoner here under a brutal jailor.”

“ And can’t go and tell the world of my depravity, eh ?”

“ It shall know all yet, and you will be punished ! If the world does not do it I will !”

And an angry clutch of the knife showed the meaning of the speaker.

“ Ah ? You will ?”

“ Yes !”

“ You will punish me ?”

“ Yes !”

“ Perhaps stab me ?”

“ If you tempt me !”

“ Well, I will !”

And Lindon, who had approached nearer and nearer as he uttered these words, suddenly sprang upon the woman, and wrenching the knife from her grasp, broke the blade by striking it on the table.

He then confined the wrists of the furious woman in his own, and forcing her writhing form violently into a chair, said,

“Now, my pretty lady-bird, I’ve blunted your claws! In future you had better watch better!”

He continued to hold her thus until she ceased struggling, and then finding her apparently subdued, released his hold.

“My dear Madame Carne, or Madame In-What-Ever-Other-Name-Thou-Rejoicest,” he said, “you perceive that after all I am more than a match for you in deviltry. It is true I never could have accomplished what you did, and there I accord you every praise. Your boldness and treachery and cunning were admirable, and extort my highest admiration. You effected your object, and I confess that the thousand pound note which I promised you ought to have been forthcoming. You know it became absolutely necessary to confine you here afterwards, and here you will still remain until I’ve finished a little affair which I may as well tell you of as a friend. You can not report it, fortunately, and I’m *ennuyé* this evening. Come, I’ll sit here and tell you all about it!”

With these words Lindon coolly sat down opposite to Miss Carne, upon whose countenance the sullen and lurid look had taken the place of the fiery passion, and thus, reposing gracefully, her persecutor spoke at length upon the “little affair.”

At ten o’clock he rose, and said,

“I think the thing looks promising; do n’t you? You know the old adage, ‘faint heart never won a fair lady yet,’ and I need not tell so intimate a friend as yourself—one so well acquainted with my private affairs—that ’t is absolutely necessary for me to take some aced young lady to wife. I am determined to have this one, and I’ve told you the means I shall employ. Of course your thousand pounds will be punctually paid, and I shall escort you gallantly to the sea-board, and see you depart. I trust ’t will so end; but perhaps you will not permit it. I see a gleam in your fair eyes which may make it necessary to suppress you. Do you know the meaning of that word? I’ve a fellow here who

has an original genius for murder ; of course, however, I shall not employ him. You won't be revengeful, dear lady-bird, but profit by the thing and go away."

Having thus spoken in the same tone of mocking sarcasm, Lindon yawned and declared his intention to retire.

The woman did not reply. Still crouching in her seat, and looking at him fixedly with her bloodshot eyes, she resembled a panther about to spring.

Lindon rose and made her a low, mock, ceremonious bow.

"I trust your ladyship will have pleasant dreams," he said, "and I now have the honor of respectfully bidding you adieu."

As he closed the door and disappeared, the woman rose to her feet, and with an indescribable expression of hatred, looked at the spot where he had passed from her sight.

At the same moment the key turned, the heavy bolt was shot into its place, and Lindon retreated, singing in a harsh and drunken voice, a bacchanalian song.

The woman shook her clenched fist at the door, and with lips convulsed by passion, muttered hoarsely,

"You said I was cunning—wait and see!"

And her sinister eyes betrayed the fixed resolution which she had made.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

A GLANCE AT VANELY.

AT Vanely, as of old, sleeps the beautiful sunshine of the tender May, and the flowers bloom as they did on that morning of '74 when we opened the pages of our chronicle.

Again, as on that morn when Tom Alston and his friend rode gayly up the hill, the leaves bourgeon and bloom—the winds laugh and dance onward as though singing, while the great oaks rustle, the clouds float like white strips on an

ocean of azure, and the grass on the lawn is sprinkled with forget-me-nots, those stars of the earth in the spring.

That spring, as in old years, has come in rejoicing, and the domain of Vanely wakes up and smiles, and puts on the gala costume of the fine season.

Let us enter, for a moment, as we pass onward, and look around us.

In his old chair, in the library with its oaken book-cases and table covered with volumes, sits our friend the good colonel, with his gouty foot raised upon a cricket. He reads, stopping at times to polish his spectacles, for the old gentleman finds age creeping on him.

By his side sits Bonnybel, engaged at some work, with a sad smile on her fair face, which is still paler than before. But this paleness even adds to her beauty. She looks more like a sweet phantom than a woman of flesh and blood, and, when she raises her large violet eyes and smiles, her whole countenance is so spiritual that an old painter might have taken it for a type of Madonna.

Long hours pass thus, and then Mrs. Vane, Miss Seraphina and Helen come in, and the family converse and try to cheer the girl. They evidently affect the merriment of spirit which they display, and it is meant to enliven *her*.

The father and daughter sit thus in the cheerful room every morning, and here Bonnybel receives her visitors. These visitors are Barry Hunter, Mr. Page, Mr. Ranton and others, and often Tom Alston and Jack Hamilton come to Vanely, though the former has, for some time now, been sick.

Miss Seraphina rather likes to be teased about Mr. Hamilton, and the color in Helen's cheek, when Mr. Alston is mentioned, seems to indicate that the fruit has nearly fallen by the "shaking."

At times, Bonnybel goes to the harpsichord and sings, and her voice has the old tenderness and sweetness, but not the joy. That contagious freshness and merriment which once characterized it is gone, and it has a sad music in its

faint carol. It is "Katherine Ogie" which she sings most frequently, and the ditty is so inexpressibly sad and touching as she sings it, that tears more than once come to the eyes of the auditors.

Thus the days pass on, and the current flows tranquilly in the good old mansion from which we have been absent so long. Political events make small stir there, though they are spoken of frequently, and often the old colonel suppresses an outbreak. He does not yield now to these passionate impulses. He grows old.

One subject alone is never mentioned—one name is never uttered. But she thinks of him always.

What befell that personage, and, especially, what happened to the girl, the two letters, which we now lay before the reader, and the events which followed, will abundantly show.

The crisis of the family history and the political storm ripened and rushed into action nearly at the same moment.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

BONNYBEL VANE TO HER FRIEND KATE EFFINGHAM.

I.

"VANELY, *the 20th May, '75.*

"How long it seems now since I've written to my own dear Kate! I received, more than three weeks since, your kind, sweet letter, and only my unhappiness has prevented me from replying. You may not consider this a good reason, but it is true. When we suffer little sorrows, and are sad only, then we fly to our friends and unbosom ourselves, and the act brings us consolation. This is not the case, I think, when we are deeply wounded, as I am. I ask only silence and quiet, for nothing relieves me, not even writing to my Kate!

“But I’ll not write so sadly. I will try and relate cheerfully what has happened to us all. It is nothing, scarcely. There is little that’s new. Papa continues to have gout, but his health, I think, improves with the spring; mamma, too, seems stronger since the advent of May, and Helen and Aunt Seraphina are as blooming as roses. *My* cheeks have not reddened yet, as they will soon, I trust. The spring will, doubtless, restore my strength and spirits, which, you know, dearest, have not been good since—well, let me not speak of that sad subject again. Papa is going to send me, in a day or two, to Mr. Burwell’s. He thinks the fresh sea breeze will quite cure me.

“I thought I would not write upon sad subjects, but I can think of little besides *that* which my Kate knows about. It continues to depress me very much, and I will tell you how it has been again brought up to me. Since the meeting at Mammy Liza’s, of which I told you, I have seen him twice, but we have never spoken.

“The first time was at Moorefield, Mr. Alston’s, you know, whither we went in the chariot to see Mrs. Alston, Mr. Thomas’ aunt. Our staying away was becoming absolutely marked, and so we went. As the chariot drove up to the door, *he* had just mounted his horse to ride away. As I afterwards discovered, he had been staying some days with Mr. Alston, who is sick, and now returned to Williamsburg. He passed within a few feet of the carriage, and made us a low and ceremonious salute. I saw him distinctly, and though still very pale, he looked stronger and more cheerful. His arm was no longer supported by the scarf, and seemed to have quite healed.

“I need not tell you, dear, how much I was rejoiced to see him thus well again, and his sickness seemed even to have added to that singular grace which, you know, has ever characterized him. His air had lost none of its dignity, and I observed that extraordinary smile as he passed—a smile which seemed now both happy and sad. All this I

descried as he passed quickly ; in a moment he was gone. That is the first meeting.

“ The second was the other evening, and at the old graveyard, where his mother and father are buried, you know. When you were last here, we visited it one afternoon, and, you know, it lies down the vale, within sight of the upper window of my chamber. I can see the distant oaks as I write. Helen and myself had gone out to take a walk about twilight, and we extended it so far that the night caught us, as we passed the old graveyard on our return. The moon was shining, however, and we were not afraid, as we heard the voice of Uncle Robin, on the hill near by, driving home the cattle and singing one of his rude songs. The moonlight was nearly as bright as day as we came near the graveyard, and Helen went to the gate and looked in. You know it is surrounded by an old brick wall, which is beginning to crumble, some of the bricks having been knocked off by mischievous boys, and the enclosure, in other places, cracked by the roots of the trees forcing up.

“ Helen went to the old wooden gate, which was closed with a log laid against it, and peered through the bars. I followed her, and for a moment we stood thus silently gazing at the tombstones. We were about to return when suddenly we heard a low sigh, and a figure, which had been kneeling in the shadow upon the grave of Aunt St. John, rose erect in the moonlight. We drew back quickly into the shadow of the great oak, for we were somewhat frightened, as you may imagine. In an instant, however, I recognized him, and my terror yielded to sorrow. He leaned upon the tall tombstone in the moonlight, and rested his forehead on the cold marble. I shall never forget his figure as he stood thus. His right arm encircled the weeping willow cut on the top of the stone, his long dark hair fell upon the white surface, and only the movement of his breast proved that he himself was not a form of marble. He remained thus for about a quarter of an hour, and then, raising his head, looked in succession at every object in the graveyard, apparently

bidding them farewell, one after another. He then stooped and plucked a wild rose from the turf on his mother's grave, stood looking at it for a moment, and then slowly passed through a cleft in the wall and disappeared. We heard his horse neigh from a copse near by, and then the sound of hoof-strokes dying gradually into silence. He was gone, and we came home without a word—I think Helen was crying too.

“I thought I would write of these two meetings, my own Kate, because it affords me a painful consolation to speak of him. O, why will he leave us? for he came to bid farewell thus to his mother, I know, before going to foreign lands, whither, I'm told, he would long since have gone but for the late troubles and the sickness of his friend, Mr. Alston. He leaves many who love him, and ask only that he will come back again. My wounded pride is no longer mistress of me, and though he can never be the same to me, I should love and cherish him still—though I never could be his wife.

“I am not happy. Please write and give me some comfort, if you can. I must er. d my sad letter now, dearest. I will write you again from Mr. Burwell's, whither I go, as I said, in a day or two.

“Much love to Willie, and farewell, dear.

“Your devoted

“BONNYBEL.”

II.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

“MR. BURWELL'S, *Iste of Wight, the 2d June, '76.*

“IN my last letter, dear Kate, I told you I was coming hither in search of some color for my cheeks. I am sorry to say I've not found it. I think the air's not as wholesome to me as that of Prince George, and in a day or two I shall set out on my return to Vanely.

“I need not tell you that I have received every kindness

and goodness from the family. The Burwells are admirably cheerful and kindly, and I think 'Belle-bouche,' as they still call her, from some old jest, is a beauty, and as tender as she's lovely. She delights us as usual—for Bel Tracy is here—with stories about her 'youth,' as she calls it with a laugh, and certainly, from her own relation, Monsieur Belle-bouche, if the name is proper, had a very difficult time in his courtship. They began talking about these old scenes one evening on the portico, when Mr. Mowbray and that dazzling lady, his wife, Mistress Philippa, had ridden over from their house, not far off, and I think the stories which they repeated would make a lively comedy. There seemed to be even more than Belle-bouche told, for she was going on, laughing, when Mistress Philippa stopped her, and blushing deeply, prayed her to refrain. Mr. Mowbray turned his fine head with a smile, and said, 'Silence was better,' after which he went on talking with Mr. Nelson, from Little York. How merry and happy all are, except myself! But that's envious, and I will not complain.

"This is all that I think of to tell you, dear, but I've forgotten the chief incident of all! Mr. Lindon and myself had a violent scene yesterday morning, and we have parted for the last time, I trust. He renewed his addresses, which, you know, I have repeatedly rejected, and had the discourtesy, when I simply said I could not accept his attentions any further, to reply, that he would yet find the means to make me change my resolution! Can you imagine such rudeness? It aroused all my pride, and I told him, with a look as freezing as ice, that I despised his threat, and cared nothing for him. I regretted it afterwards and do now—I mean my passion, but his tone was insufferable. The scene made me sick all day, but I believe I have now quite recovered from it. I left Mr. Lindon in the parlor, and came up stairs, and he soon went away. His abuse of *him* has for ever ruined him in my estimation.

"I must close, as the mail passes very soon, dear. Please write to me a good long letter, such as my Kate knows how

to write. Direct to Vanely, where I shall be before your letter can arrive.

“Do not let my sadness grieve you, and we should trust in our dear heavenly Father, who sends the clouds and the sunshine in mercy. In him I put my trust.

“Much love to Willie—I hope you enjoyed your visit to the Hall, where Mr. Hamilton says he saw you.

“Good bye now, dear — pray for me, as I do for you night and morning.

“Your own

“BONNYBEL.”

CHAPTER LXXXV.

LINDON SMILES.

At the moment when Bonnybel folded and sealed the letter last laid before the reader, Lindon entered Williamsburg from the south, riding at full speed, and casting a glance toward the palace as he passed, halted in front of the Raleigh tavern.

He threw his bridle to a servant, and ordering him to hold his horse, and not take him to the stable, entered the tavern.

To his demand, whether any one had asked for him, the landlord respectfully replied that a gentleman giving his name as Tag, had done so.

Where was he?

In the room which his honor had directed him to be shown to—No. 6, second floor.

And preceded by a servant, Lindon quickly ascended.

He was met upon the threshold of the room by no less a personage than Mr. Tag, unsuccessful candidate for the commissariat,

The door closed behind them, and remained closed for an hour.

Then it opened, and Lindon gave orders to have dinner served to him and his companion, cautioning the servant to have "plenty of wine."

The servant bowed respectfully, and hastened to obey, bringing, when he came again, half a dozen bottles of mine host's best Rhenish.

The dinner went in and came out; and still the two men remained shut up together.

They remained thus until three o'clock in the afternoon, when they issued forth and descended.

A second horse came to the door in accordance with Lindon's orders, and he and Mr. Tag got into the saddle, setting forward immediately toward Burwell's ferry on the James.

As they proceeded through the streets of the town, they perceived that the whole place was in commotion.

Groups of men assembled at the corners, were discussing with excited voices and gestures, something which seemed to have profoundly aroused the popular mind.

As the two men pushed onward, and approached the embouchure of Palace street, this agitation grew greater and greater—the crowds still more numerous—and the groups were gathered more closely around those stump-speakers, who give utterance at all times to the general sentiment, rising like bubbles on the waves of commotion.

From the groups thus gathered around the excited speakers, hoarse murmurs rose from time to time, and even shouts were heard when some sentiment peculiarly acceptable was uttered, or some lengthened or fiery period brought to a defiant close.

"What the devil are these *canaille* talking about?" said Lindon disdainfully to his companion; "let us listen."

"Let us listen, sir."

They soon discovered. From his lofty position in the saddle, Lindon looked down upon the excited figures of the

speakers, swaying to and fro in the gusts of oratory ; and distinctly heard the words which they uttered.

The popular commotion was excited by a report just disseminated, that Captain Collins, by the orders of his Excellency, Lord Dunmore, was marching at the head of a company of his marines, to take vengeance on the city of Williamsburg for the late outrages ; intending to reduce that city to ashes.

This was the sudden rumor which had drawn the population from their houses into the streets ; and the sudden nature of this sally, at a moment's notice, sufficiently proved that the general feeling was as fiery as ever, and that every one looked forward to critical events, and was prepared for the issue. The specious words of his Excellency had not deceived a single individual ; and Williamsburg had never been so thoroughly on its guard, as it was when the powder affair was arranged.

It now rose *en masse*, as we have seen, at a word, and all classes—from the members of the House of Burgesses, which assembled on the day before, to the humblest citizen of the town—all was violent commotion and expectation.

More than one sinister glance was directed toward Lindon as he proceeded, for he was recognized as lieutenant of the Governor's guard. But no violence was offered him, and he was allowed to proceed quietly.

“Fools !” he muttered ; “you are as fearful as children ! You make bugbears and tremble at them ! With a single company I'd crush out your sedition, and teach you your duty to the government !”

In spite, however, of this lofty tone, Lindon hastened the speed of his horse, and arriving thus, followed by Tag, at the outskirts of the town, betrayed visible satisfaction at the event.

He looked back at the crowd which seemed gradually diminishing, and then turning his head in front again, encountered the gaze of a horseman coming into, as he was leaving, Williamsburg.

As he and the horseman exchanged low and ceremonious salutes, a cold and sinister smile for a moment illuminated Lindon's countenance; and this smile became one of triumph as the horseman passed on and disappeared.

That horseman was Mr St. John, who, having bid adieu to his friend, Tom Alston, now came to make his preparations to leave Virginia, as he had said, "never to return."

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

THE TWO LETTERS.

BONNYBEL had rightly supposed that nothing but the sickness of Mr. Alston had detained Mr. St. John in Virginia. That sickness having now yielded, he rapidly made every preparation, and paid his adieus to the places, the things, the personages of his youth.

She had chanced to meet him as he bade farewell to the tombs of his mother and his father—that was the last and saddest of all. From that moment his heart was disseyered from the soil, and he no longer thought of any thing but another land where he might forget his sufferings and his misfortunes.

It was on Friday, the second day of June, when the young man entered Williamsburg, and on the morning of Monday, the fifth, he was informed by a message from Captain Fellowes of the "Charming Sally," that at twilight the brig would sail for Europe.

He hastened to make the final preparations for his long journey, and as this was to be his last sight of Virginia, he sought all his friends to say farewell.

The stranger was absent, and he sought him in vain at the well-remembered place; with a sigh, he gave up the search and retired.

As he went toward the Raleigh, where his horse was

waiting, he met Captain Waters, who was strolling along humming a song.

When he announced his intention of departing, the worthy captain stood aghast, and then he plied every possible argument to induce him to change his resolution.

We need scarcely say that these arguments were in vain, and at the end of an hour the captain found that he had simply expended so much breath in vain.

“Well,” he said, “never have I seen such a perfect block! Mark me, friend, you ’ll regret this proceeding! It is the maddest thing, *morbleu!* which I ever heard of!”

“I know you think so.”

“*Parbleu!* I do think so; but as you are determined, I have no more to say.”

“I know I have your good wishes, my dear friend, and I believe you sincerely regret our parting. But believe me, ’t is necessary for me to go. When I shall return I know not.”

“Basta!” cried the captain, knitting his brows, “that ’s the very thing! If you were coming back soon ’t would be quite another thing, but I doubt if you ’ll ever return!”

“And I too, my dear captain, most seriously. Well, well, I must go. You would not ask me to stay if you knew why I go. Tell your brother, whose relationship to you, strangely enough, never occurred to me until lately—tell Mr. Charles Waters good bye for me.”

“There it is! you take this moment when he ’s away. He ’ll be furious!”

And the captain frowned to hide his emotion.

“I would willingly defer my departure to see him,” said St. John, sadly, “but I have staid longer now than I intended owing to Tom Alston’s sickness. The ‘Charming Sally’ sails at twilight with the wind.”

“The ‘Charming Sally?’”

“Yes.”

“You go in her?”

“This evening.”

“Captain Fellowes?”

“Yes, that is the captain’s name. What are you thinking of?”

The captain’s brows drooped, and a sigh shook his breast.

“I was thinking of old times, *mon ami*, and of other faces. Pardon me, ’t is a bad habit, and, *morbleu!* I must break myself thereof. But again she rose before me as I heard that name—the old days all rushed back—I saw her, Beatrice, one whom you never knew, whom I loved! There! there! my mind wanders to another epoch. Let us dismiss the subject.”

St. John inclined his head.

“Yonder is Jack Hamilton,” he said, gazing sadly at the approaching figure, “I will bid him farewell again; a long farewell, for I shall never return.”

And the young man smiled, but so sorrowfully that a moisture came to the soldier’s brilliant eye.

“*Ventre Sainte Gris!*” cried the captain, dashing his hand across his eyes; “do you know, comrade, you make me cry like a baby with your sad way of talking? Something’s wrong with me or I never would feel thus.”

“Something’s right with you, friend,” said St. John, again smiling, as he looked at the honest soldier; “’t is your heart!”

And leading Tallyho by the bridle, he went to meet Jack Hamilton, whose face at sight of St. John clouded over, and lengthened deplorably.

To all the protestations and persuasive arguments of his friends the young man made brief replies. He must go; all was ended.

“Could any thing induce me to continue in Virginia,” he said, “’t would be the true hearts of men like you—faces I would not go away from but for an inexorable destiny which drives me. You will think of me sometimes, though, will you not?” he said, holding a hand of each. “Under other stars I will think of you,” and pressing the hands of

the two men, who looked at him with drooping heads, the young man made a movement to get into the saddle.

At the same moment he heard his name uttered by the voice of a child, and, turning around, found himself accosted by Blossom.

The child was almost breathless with the haste she had used to reach him, and her bosom labored heavily for a moment. Then, regaining her breath, she said, looking at Mr. St. John with deep affection,

“You will not leave us, will you, sir?”

“I must, my child; I am glad I have met you. Take my love and this kiss,” he added, stooping and pressing his lips to those of the child, “and pray for me.”

The tears rushed to Blossom’s eyes, and she clung to his hand obstinately.

“Oh, do not go!” she said, sobbing, “please do not go, sir!”

“I must, my dear. ’Tis written, as the Orientals say. Farewell!”

Blossom seemed to be too much overcome to speak, but, seeming suddenly to remember something, put her hand into her pocket and took therefrom a letter.

“Papa told me to give you this or make Uncle Ralph give it to you,” she said, blinded with tears; then, bursting into sobs again, she cried, “Oh, do not go away! please do not go away! Papa said you were going away never to come back. Oh! please do not go!”

The young man smiled sadly, but shook his head. His eye fell carelessly upon the letter, which seemed to be double, and he tore it open. It was, in truth, two letters. The first was in the hand-writing of the stranger, and contained these words:

“I have looked everywhere to find you, friend, having, by a strange chance, received what I know is of importance to you. ’Tis a letter which, with this, I entrust to my child, having an instant call away; my foot is in the stirrup. ’T will reach you in time, however, I do not doubt, for

Blossom has the unerring instinct of affection, to which I trust.

“You might remember that one night when you visited me I opened my drawer, while you were speaking, and drew forth a letter which I looked at with what probably seemed to you discourtesy. That letter was, however, about yourself, and others have reached me of the same tenor. I have not spoken with you about these affairs, but I am convinced, that, in the matter of your suffering, you are the victim of some diabolical conspiracy and fraud.

“To the point now. I was traveling yesterday in Isle of Wight county, post haste, when, just as I passed the residence of the man Lindon, lieutenant of the guards, I was accosted by a servant girl who delivered me the enclosed letter, saying that her mistress bade her bring it me. On a slip of paper was written, in a woman’s hand, ‘If you are a friend of justice and right bear this to Mr. Henry St. John, of Prince George county.’ I took the letter, brought it hither, and searched everywhere for you. I think it contains what most nearly concerns you, and, in giving it to Blossom, I do best. You must, necessarily, visit Williamsburg for preparations before your departure, if you depart, and she or my brother Ralph will deliver it.

“I know not what the letter contains, but a presentiment—a sentiment I can not explain, bids me say to you, do not leave Virginia till you see the woman who wrote that letter.

“I can add no more, friend. My horse neighs, and the cause calls me. Every moment now is a century. Farewell.

“C. W.”

Mr. St. John finished the letter, and, looking from Blossom to Captain Waters, and from the soldier to Hamilton, with blank, wondering eyes, seemed for a time speechless with astonishment at the contents of the stranger’s letter.

Then, letting the paper fall, he turned over the other letter, which was securely sealed and directed to “Mr. Henry St. John, Prince George county.”

Mechanically, without looking at it intelligently, as it

were, he opened it and held it for some moments in his hand without reading it. Then his eyes fell upon the sheet.

No sooner had he read the first few lines, however, than a fiery flush blazed on his cheeks, his hands grasped the letter so violently as almost to tear it asunder, and with his distended eyes glued to the paper he ran over its contents rapidly, and ending it, almost gasped for breath.

A deadly paleness invaded his countenance, a tremor ran through his frame, and holding out the paper, he tried to say to Waters and Hamilton, "Read!" His dumb lips did not utter a sound, however, and he stood thus like a statue of marble.

Waters caught the letter and ran hastily over it.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

THE UNRAVELING OF THE MESH.

THE letter was evidently written by a woman, and ran as follows:

"MR. ST. JOHN,

"The words which you are about to read come from one who has been guilty of deception, treachery, forgery and robbery, and therefore at first you may not give credit to my statements. Before I have finished what I design writing, however, you will give implicit credence to what I say.

"I write this at Agincourt, the house of your enemy and rival, Lindon, and I do so at the peril of my life. I think I can bribe the servant who waits on me, however, and whom her master has sold, and I shall run the risk. The interview which I have just had with this man, and his outrageous treatment, have made me resolve to hazard

every thing, and I do not conceal the fact that my motive in addressing you is wholly to take my revenge on him.

“The hours are long here, sir, and I have much time on my hands. I shall employ this leisure in revealing to you the conspiracy which has made your life miserable, and yet been of no benefit either to the one who conceived it or to his tool—myself.

“Listen, sir. I was born in Italy, and my parents having removed to England, I was there brought up and well educated. Then they came to Virginia, and within a year after our arrival both my parents died, and I was thrown upon the world without any fixed principles or regular employment. I became finally a seamstress at Pate’s shop in Williamsburg, and here this man, Lindon, who had before made me unworthy proposals, came to seek me. He had many conversations with me, and asked me if I had nerve to undertake an enterprise requiring skill and secrecy; if it was done in accordance with his views and effected its object, he would pay me one thousand pounds.

“Follow me closely now, sir, in my narrative, and you will see the steps by which your misery was effected. I had always been avaricious and am now—I would sell my soul for money, and I do not conceal the fact. When Lindon offered me the thousand pounds, I said I would do any and every thing which he demanded. At first he made no distinct promise, and it was only one night at the Indian Camp, where I accompanied him disguised as a man, that he directly offered me the large sum.

“Now, would you like to know Mr. Lindon’s project? He was in love with, or at least wished to marry, Miss Vane, and you were his rival. He thought that if you were removed, or what amounted to the same thing, the girl’s mind poisoned against you, she would fall an easy prey to his assiduity or his wiles. My part was to go to Vanelly and thus poison the young lady’s heart against you. Of course you will hate and wish to strike me, perhaps kill me, after what follows, but that is nothing. You had much better strike

Lindon. Well, I at once set about my scheme. One day the ladies came into the shop and I offered to work for them. It is not often that seamstresses will go into the country, and they readily accepted my offer. I remember seeing you gazing from your window at the girl in a window of Mr. Burwell's house on the night before I left town with them in the chariot, and I half relented. But the sum of money decided me.

"I went to Vanely and commenced my part almost immediately, but your duel and what followed it came too soon. I waited. At last you went to Williamsburg to see to the repairs of your house, and then I had a fair field. Lindon had supplied me with some of your writing, and I forged letters from you to the girl—letters which gradually grew lukewarm, then cool, then short and stiff. I intercepted every one which you really wrote to her. Her letters to yourself I suppressed, and this I easily effected, as I carried the letter bag always to the servant and received it from him.

"You came to see the young lady several times. On the first occasion she treated you coolly; I watched through the door. On the second, I had so poisoned her mind, that she would scarcely look at you; and, on this second visit, I secured what I had often coveted, your signet ring. I entered your apartment two hours after midnight, and stole the signet from the toilet table. Then mastered by curiosity to see how a man slept when his heart was breaking, I approached your bed. You awoke, sprung up, and I had just time to escape. You probably supposed that it was a dream; it was myself, sir.

"Well, having secured your signet, I had no longer any fears. My proficiency in imitating hand-writing, which I had learned at a common school in England, enabled me to forge letters from you; and the stamp of your motto on the seal placed these letters beyond all doubt. I shaped the contents of these letters so as to indicate a gradual change of feeling on your part. At first, lukewarm as I said, then

cool, then jesting and careless, then indifferent. I placed one after another in the mail bag—and under the forgeries, I saw the young lady tremble and shrink, and her peace of mind pass away, yielding to anger and despair—until when you came, she refused to see you. I could have killed myself for my treachery, for she is as good as she is beautiful; but the accursed money controlled and mastered me.

“At last the end came. You wrote a letter which I well recollect, for it bore the marks of the delirium which soon attacked you. It commenced with the words, ‘Is it wrong for me to write to you?’ and was written immediately after that third and last visit, upon which occasion she refused to see you, and you left abruptly.

“This letter very nearly reached her, for she seemed, by a strange instinct, to suspect something, and now went forth herself to meet the servant who brought the letters from the office. On this evening I accompanied her, although she tried to repulse me; and before she could take the bag, I had it in my own hand. I slipped your letter up my sleeve, and presented to her the one which I had forged and held ready, the post-mark and every thing down to the rumpling of the edges, being perfectly feigned. In that letter I made you declare that you had been too hasty, and would think more seriously before you undertook to marry; and I saw her tremble and turn pale as she read it.

“It was *my* reply which you read. She wrote none—pride succeeded agony, and she permitted her heart to break in silence without speaking. I wrote the answer, in which I declared, in the character of the young lady, that your letter was ‘strange;’ that the alterations in your manor house concerned only yourself; and ended, by breaking off the engagement. I next heard that you were sick—she visited you in your sleep—and then you went away, and all was over. I had accomplished my object—I had played my part—and I had even done it so adroitly, that she felt an honorable scruple against uttering a word to the family. Her sister endeavored in vain to extort from her any thing

contained in *my* letters, and I doubt if to this moment she has told any thing. Her pure and noble nature was true to itself through all; and though her heart was broken, she did not speak. I had thus conquered by fraud, treachery, and robbery, a young girl's heart—conquered, by appealing to that immense weakness of woman, *pride*—and I went to my master, after your departure, and asked for my reward.

“What do you suppose, sir, was his reply? He denied that he had ever made any such arrangement with me; and when I threatened, in my wrath and disappointment, to expose his part in the matter, he took advantage of his power and made me a close prisoner here, in his house of Agincourt. Here I have remained since the month of October last, the prisoner of this man, who either watches over me himself, or employs a brutal jailor, who has twice struck me, as if I were a slave or a mad woman.

“Well, sir, I have now informed you of the means which I used to destroy your happiness, and I have shown you that my treachery resulted in no gain. I am about to make some amends for my crime by informing you of a scheme which intimately concerns your peace of mind. Lindon came hither to my apartment yesterday, and, in a spirit of bravado, laid before me, at length, a design which he will surely accomplish.

“It is his intention to waylay Miss Vane, who is now upon a visit to Mr. Burwell's, in this county, and who designs soon to return. His intention, I say, is to waylay her carriage, and bring her here to this place by force. Once here, a hedge parson, named Tag, is to marry her to Lindon, and the whole scheme will be complete.

“I write these lines, as I said, that, through your instrumentality, I may have revenge upon this man. I hate him with a deadly hatred, and, if I have my revenge, you may do any thing you please with me. I care not.

“LUCREZIA CARNE.

“P. S.—Since writing the above, Lindon has come again. He designs to accomplish his object upon Monday, the 5th

of June, when, he has learned, Miss Vane sets out on her return."

These were the words which made St. John turn pale and crimson, and his eyes blaze as with lightning.

Captain Waters had scarcely read five lines before St. John seized the letter and pointed hoarsely to the last paragraph, then to the postscript.

"To-day is the fifth of June!" cried the young man, as Waters and Hamilton looked at the letter with wondering eyes, "and it is past noon already!"

Captain Waters, without a word, pointed to the young man's horse, and then hastened into the Raleigh for his own. Hamilton followed him.

In fifteen minutes the three men left Williamsburg at a furious gallop, and, on fire with excitement, struck the spurs into their horses and took the open highway to the south.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

FIRE AND STORM.

THEY rapidly crossed the river, plunged into the forest, and fled straight across the country in the direction of the point which they wished to reach.

St. John was well acquainted with the district, and chose, with unerring precision, the shortest roads.

Leaning forward in his saddle, the young man seemed to be devoured by a terrible passion, and, at every bound, he struck his horse furiously with the spur, and shouted hoarsely to him, as though he were a human being.

Tallyho responded nobly to his master's will, and the man and the animal fled onward like a single body.

The captain and Hamilton were at St. John's side. Riding Selim, that noble Arabian who, in old days, had dis-

tanced the best steeds of Virginia, and whose speed age had not diminished, leaning over, as did St. John, and impelled by the same passion which drove his friend on like a tempest, the worthy soldier kept pace with the most furious rush of his companion, and strained his eyes forward into the distance.

“We’ll kill our horses, if necessary,” said the young man, hoarsely, “but we’ll arrive!”

“We’ll arrive!” repeated the soldier and Hamilton, and they plunged their spurs into their animals.

The three horses ran neck and neck, and, passing now like shadows over the soft, sandy road, they resembled phantoms intent upon some weird enterprise of darkness.

It was not long before actual darkness came to add verisimilitude to the idea. The west, which had been clear an hour before, now filled with black clouds, and, from these clouds, piled up in huge ebon masses, fringed by the crimson of sunset, flashes of lightning began to gleam, illuminating the whole heavens with their lurid splendor.

One of those brief but terrible storms which visit Virginia at this season, was lowering, and the mutter of thunder, every moment growing louder, showed that the tempest was near at hand.

The cavaliers still pushed on at headlong speed, without uttering a word. The hot mouths of the horses were nearly touching, the clouds of foam, from their burning nostrils, mingled and fled away in the gathering darkness.

“If they are married when we arrive, I’ll make the new wife a widow!” cried the young man, through his clenched teeth, in a voice hoarse with passion. “I’ll plunge my sword into his heart, as I would into a dog’s.”

“And I!” added Hamilton.

“Good!” said the captain.

“Faster! faster!” howled the young man; “every instant is a lifetime!”

And he plunged his spur anew in “Tallyho,” who leaped ten feet and quivered.

Hamilton and the captain were at the side of their friend still.

“How far?” said Hamilton.

“Five miles only! Come!”

As the young man spoke, a dazzling flash darted from the black clouds, and a roar of thunder, like the discharge of a battery, shook the forest.

The startled animals snorted, and fled on beneath the overshadowing boughs of the forest more rapidly.

For a quarter of an hour no word was spoken, no sound was heard, but the rumbling of thunder, and the rapid hoof-strokes of the horses.

Suddenly they issued forth into the open country, and St. John stretched out his hand and said, hoarsely,

“There is the house!”

“Where?” said the captain.

“There, rising over the woods! Faster!”

And the young man struck his horse, with his clenched hand, on the neck.

The captain looked in the direction indicated, and saw a large edifice, embowered in foliage, and gilded now by the lurid rays of the bloody sun flashing from beneath the thunder cloud as it sunk from sight.

“Is that Lindon’s?” he said.

“Yes! how’s your horse?”

“Quite fresh yet!”

“And mine’s nearly dead, but that’s nothing.”

They fled on.

The storm, which had been long gathering, now seemed about to burst. Vivid flashes of lightning succeeding each other with rapidity, illuminated the darkness, and the very earth seemed shaken by the warring thunder, which crashed down like the rush of an ocean.

The frightened horses rather flew than ran, and their coats, bathed in sweat and foam, showed the immense exertion they had undergone.

Another woods was passed through, and just as darkness

and storm descended, the three men drew up before the edifice.

A vivid blaze of lightning struck the great elm at the door as they checked their foaming horses, and splintered it from top to bottom.

At the same moment a blinding torrent of rain descended, and the three men threw themselves from the saddle and rushed forward.

In another moment they stood in the great hall of the house, and their eyes penetrated into the large apartment.

Had not the captain laid a violent hand on the shoulder of St. John, the young man would have burst into the room.

The sight was enough to arouse him.

With his back to the door, Lindon stood with one arm round Bonnybel, who seemed nearly fainting—in front of the couple, Tag, the miserable hedge-priest, with an open prayer book in his hand, was reading the marriage service.

Two rough-looking men stood by as witnesses, and in a corner, bowed down upon a chair, old Cato, the Vanely coachman, was ringing his hands and crying like a child.

Suddenly the words resounded, "If any man can show just cause why this couple may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his peace."

A scream from the girl, so piercing and full of anguish that it rose above the very roar of the storm, sent a shudder through the frames of the auditors without, two of whom held back the third, whose eyes glared like a madman's as he looked.

"O, no! no!" cried the girl, struggling to disengage herself from Lindon's arm; "he brought me here by force! I was seized and dragged here! I will die before I become his wife!"

The girl had scarcely uttered these words, and still writhed to get free, when St. John broke from his companions and threw himself, like a wild beast, upon Lindon.

So tremendous was the blind passion of the young man, that, great as was the strength and bulk of his adversary, he was hurled to the ground like a child—St. John falling with his enemy, locked in a mortal embrace.

At the same instant the captain and his companion rushed with drawn swords upon the accomplices, who, uttering cries, retreated before them hastily and disappeared in the darkness.

St. John's struggle with Lindon was not protracted. The infuriated man caught a pistol from his belt, and placing the muzzle on his enemy's breast, drew the trigger. The murderous weapon hung fire, and a blow on the head, from the sword hilt of St. John, made him relax his grasp, and fall back stunned and senseless.

St. John rose to his feet, pale and bleeding from a wound in his temple, and seeing the girl totter, at the moment, toward a chair, he placed his arm round her, and prevented her from falling.

She clung to him in an agony of terror, with the wild agitation of a child who flies to a protector, and at the contact of those arms, at that face again laid near his own, the young man felt a thrill of bitter delight run through his frame.

"O, take me away!" she sobbed; "take me from this dreadful place! O, I shall die if I stay here longer!"

"That is true," said a low voice; "truer than you think. The house is on fire!"

And Miss Carne, standing on the threshold of the apartment, pointed with her finger to the adjoining room. As she did so, a sudden gust of smoke and flame invaded the one which they occupied.

"In five minutes escape will be cut off!" cried the pale woman, and she disappeared in the hall.

St. John raised the girl in his arms like a child, and just as the flame rushed roaring upon them, bore her forth into the storm, the whole broadside of the edifice bursting into flame,

“’T is a horrible death” cried Hamilton; “he’s senseless and—”

“Look!” shouted Waters, “the dog’s come to his wits!”

In truth, Lindon seemed to have recovered completely, for in the midst of the brilliant space, upon which torrents of rain descended, lit by lightning flashes, he appeared suddenly, pale, furious and despairing.

Looking around him with the air of one who is demented, he shook his clenched hand at his enemies, uttered a horrible oath, grasped at his belt, where no sword hung, and leaping upon one of the horses, disappeared at headlong speed, like a fury, in the darkness.

The wild vision had scarcely vanished in the forest when another spectacle attracted the attention of the shuddering group.

It was a woman at one of the loftiest windows who half threw herself out, driven, it seemed, by the scorching flame. The cry which she uttered was awful in the intensity of its terror. Suddenly, however, she disappeared, and returned with a cord which she affixed rapidly to the sill. Then, holding between her teeth a casket, she swung by this cord safely to the top of the great portico, slid with incredible agility along the moulding, and fell to the ground, from which she rose and disappeared like Lindon in the storm.

It was Miss Carne, who had broken open the coffers of her enemy and escaped.

As she disappeared, the whole house became one great mass of hissing and crackling flame, and this flame roared for hours without cessation, wall after wall falling with a crash until the ruin was complete.

Bonnybel had long before been assisted into the Vanely chariot, which old Cato got ready with nervous haste. Escorted by the three gentlemen it was now proceeding rapidly toward Prince George through the last mutterings of the storm.

Faint and weak, scarcely realizing that the scene through which she had just passed was not some hideous dream, the

young lady felt herself borne along, hour after hour, until, at last, she saw the welcome walls of Vanely, which began to loom out indistinctly in the first gray glimmer of dawn.

The gentlemen who escorted her resembled dusky shadows as they assisted her from the chariot. She felt a letter placed in her hand, heard some murmured words, and then one shadow only remained at her side.

Captain Waters and St. John set out at once for Williamsburg in pursuit of Lindon, who had bent his steps thither.

“Time enough afterward for explanations,” said St. John, as they departed at full gallop; “come, captain, and see me execute my private vengeance!”

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

THE END OF THE DRAMA.

THE speed of their horses was so great that the two men entered Williamsburg as the sun was rising.

The leagues seemed to have fled from beneath the feet of the animals—the gray, glimmering landscape had flitted by like a dream.

As they rushed onward toward the town which gleamed before them now, they heard a measured and yet confused noise, at times rising to a roar almost. Something important was evidently taking place.

The hoofs of the horses clashed on the stones; the riders leaned forward in the saddle to see what was going on. In an instant they were in the midst of a shouting and tumultuous crowd.

The capital seemed convulsed.

The crowd which had thronged the streets three or four days before seemed nothing in comparison with the fiery

multitude which now surged to and fro from the college to the capitol—from the palace of the governor to the old magazine. This last was the center from which radiated the shouts and cries—the heart from which the hot blood flowed.

The whole population seemed driven to fury. The two men heard that hoarse and somber roar which accompanies the movements of an enraged multitude, as it does the tossing of the sea when lashed by tempests.

At one spot, before the old magazine, the excitement seemed to culminate. Here the huge waves of the crowd rolled to and fro, surrounding, with their tumult and uproar, the form of a man who succeeded in standing erect only by leaning on the shoulders of two others.

This person was pale and bleeding from a wound in the shoulder.

“*Morbleu!* something strange has happened!” muttered the captain; “let us find out,” and he addressed his question to one of the crowd. The information was soon obtained. Dunmore had affixed concealed spring guns at the door of the magazine, and the wounded man, in opening the door, had received a full charge of slugs in his shoulder and breast.

The face of the soldier flushed like fire, and his hoarse exclamation was added to those of the crowd, which every moment seemed to lash itself to greater fury.

“Ah, well!” he growled, bringing round the hilt of his sword; “the moment comes at last! we will fight, friend! Listen to that roar, like the growl of a lion at bay! And look yonder!”

St. John followed the pointed finger, and saw that the Governor’s guards, mounted and fully equipped, were drawn up before the gate of the palace. Two loaded cannon were directed point blank upon the furious multitude.

St. John pushed his horse through the agitated mass, and riding up to the cannon, followed close by Waters, said to one of the men who recognized him,

“Where is your captain—Mr. Lindon?”

The man whom he addressed looked strangely at him, and replied with the single word,

“Within.”

“Come friend,” cried St. John, throwing himself from his horse, the bridle of which he hastily affixed to the wall; “let us enter! Our game is not here!”

“You are right!” growled the captain, dismounting quickly; “*my* game too is there—it is Foy!”

And they hurried onward to the palace. It was in the wildest confusion. The servants were hastening in every direction with affrighted looks, and there was no one to announce them.

St. John heard the voice of Dunmore, however, in the great apartment which he knew so well; and without ceremony threw open the door.

As he did so, Captain Foy, who was rushing out, struck against him. The secretary was armed to the teeth. A heavy saber rattled against his horseman’s boots, and his leather belt was stuck round with pistols. His somber calmness had all disappeared. His dark eyes burned with ferocious excitement, and a sort of audacious pride; his cheek flushed with the thought of the coming contest. As he rushed by toward the hostile crowd, he seemed filled with the *gaudium certaminis*.

He scowled and then smiled with grim satisfaction, as he recognized the two men; and then in a martial and strident voice,

“Come, Captain Waters!” he said; “the moment has arrived. The pen yields to the sword as I promised you!”

A flush of joy rushed to the martial features of Waters, and leaving the side of his companion, he rushed after Foy.

“I will be with you in an instant!” said St. John. “I have *my* own game too. In a moment—or Lindon will escape!”

And as the two men disappeared, he hastily entered the apartment of the Governor.

But he recoiled from the threshold.

At the sight which greeted him, he turned pale and trembled ; a cold sweat burst from his forehead, looking around as though seeking for some means of escape from the spectacle which riveted his staring, and horror-struck eyes.

Stretched on a sofa opposite the table of the Governor, lay the dead body of Lindon, clearly relieved against the red damask of the couch.

His haughty features were deadly pale—his heavy brows were knit into a frown of rage and despair—his entire frill and waistcoat were bathed in blood ; and looking again, the young man saw that his bosom was completely torn to pieces.

St. John recoiled in irresistible horror. As he did so, Dunmore, who was surrounded by his crouching and terror-stricken family, rose wrathfully to his feet.

“ So you come, like a vulture, to croak over death ! ” he cried, hoarse with passion and agitation ; “ you scent the carrion, and rush toward it ! ”

The young man was speechless with horror and disgust at the spectacle, and the words of Dunmore. He could not speak.

“ You do not answer ! you pretend ignorance ! ” cried the Governor, looking at the dusty garments and horseman’s boots of St. John ; “ you would say that the death of this person was unknown to you ! Well, I’ll soon explain that, sir ! I placed guns to defend the arms of his Majesty in the magazine, from the rioters of this capital and province. For what reason I know not, nor do I care, Mr. Lindon went thither, and met with the accident that resulted in his death ! I suppose you will say that it was all *my* fault ! I say it was his own. He deserted me, and met his reward.”

St. John almost recoiled from the speaker, as he had done from the dead body—with a sentiment of awful horror and disgust. Then his mind’s eye, with a lightning-like glance, saw Lindon again rushing, *without his sword*, from the burning house—he imagined the unfortunate man flying to Wil-

liamsburg—he saw him stop at the magazine, the key of which he carried, to procure a sword; he heard the tremendous explosion, and saw them bear the shattered and bleeding body to the palace.

“Yes, he met with his proper reward!” repeated Dunmore, with wrathful agitation; “you do not answer, sir, Am I not to hear your highness’ insults?”

St. John had no time to reply. A roar, like that of a great dyke giving way to the rush of waters, rolled in from the street. The crowd had just discovered several barrels of gunpowder, buried beneath the floor of the magazine, with trains attached; and this new enormity, in addition to the rest, made their anger perfect fury.

As the menacing thunder reverberated, the ladies of the Governor’s family rose to their feet with irrepressible terror. Trembling like aspens—pale, fear-stricken, overwhelmed—they looked toward the door, and awaited a repetition of the sound.

Their panic was shared by the Governor. His courage seemed to give way, his cheek grew pale, and turning toward the man whom he had just insulted, he faltered out,

“These people will tear us to pieces!”

St. John looked away from the speaker with a curl of the lip which he could not repress; his gaze fell upon the ladies, and he saw Lady Augusta, the friend of Blossom, gazing into his face, with so helpless and beseeching a glance, that his heart melted in his breast.

“Fear nothing, madam,” he said, replying in words to the look, and bowing with grace and ceremonious courtesy; “the men of Virginia do not make war on women. I will preserve you from insult with my life, if that is necessary.”

And turning to the Governor,

“I place myself wholly at your Excellency orders,” he said, “and I think that the ladies should leave the palace.”

“Yes, yes! and I, too, sir! I, too, will go! I will no longer remain where my life is threatened!”

The young man did not wait for more. He rushed through

the palace to the stables, with his drawn sword, compelled the terrified servants to attach the horses to the chariot; in ten minutes it stood at the rear entrance of the palace.

The ladies were ready with a few hastily-gathered jewels and articles of clothing, and quickly got in with the Governor.

Lady Augusta entered last, and St. John long remembered the sweet look of gratitude which she bestowed upon him.

“Thanks, Mr. St. John,” she said, hurriedly pressing his hand; “you are truly a gentleman. We may never meet again, but I will always remember you!”

And, whether by design or accident, she dropped one of her small gloves at his feet, which he raised and placed in his bosom, with a low bow of thanks and farewell.

The door closed—the coachman, trembling with fear, lashed his terrified horses; they started at a gallop, and the chariot disappeared at the moment when another roar shook the palace.

St. John hastened to the great gateway—saw a wild, terrible tumult—was mounted, and spurring his animal into the *meleé*, before he knew it, almost, the guards of the Governor had charged the crowd.

The veins of the young man seemed to fill with fire instead of blood; his eyes blazed with indignation as the trampling troopers bore down on the unarmed mass; his sword flashed in the sun, and digging the spur into the quivering sides of his animal, he rushed upon Captain Foy, who, raging like a wild beast at bay, led the guards in their charge.

But suddenly another adversary was opposed to Foy—an adversary who cried, as his horse reeled through the mass,

“Now for the Coup of Reinfels!”

Then St. John saw, raised above the heads of the crowd, two men clash together with a noise like thunder—two swords gleamed aloft—the combatants grappled, as it were, for an instant, breast to breast, face to face, and then, as the sudden blast of a trumpet, and the sound of galloping horses

resounded from the other end of Gloucester street, the combat came to its termination. Captain Waters rose erect, with his hat slashed in two, and the blood flowing from a slight wound in his temple; Captain Foy dropped his saber, and turning deadly pale, fell forward on the neck of his horse. His opponent's weapon had passed through his body.

The trumpet and galloping horses announced a company from the county of James City, and they came on now with shouts and cries; the guards were seen to waver and fall back. When it was known that their captain, Foy, was disabled, they lost heart, and looked around in despair. Then finally, as the horsemen swept on, they recoiled and fled, with a last look toward the palace, from which they seemed to have expected succor. The chariot of the Governor was seen ascending, at full gallop, a distant hill, and in that direction they now directed their flight, pursued by the victorious shouts of their enemies.

Foy glared at his adversary for an instant, like a wounded wolf, with indescribable hatred and rage; his dark eyes burned like coals in his pallid face, and he gnashed his teeth with a sort of helpless fury. Then turning his horse's head, and shaking his clenched hand at his enemies, with a last exertion of strength, he dug the spur into his horse and fled reeling. His unconquerable spirit seemed to supply him with strength to remain in the saddle. His black horse darted onward on the heels of the rest—the flying hoofs resounded for some moments on the stones—then, bearing away his faint and reeling rider, the wild animal disappeared from all eyes.

As Foy thus vanished, an immense roar of victory resounded, and borne on by the tumultuous and shouting multitude, St. John found himself suddenly by the side of the commander of the reinforcement. It was the stranger, But no longer the stranger of the past, in his plain citizen's accoutrements—the man of the pen. It was now the man of the sword. His belt was filled with pistols, a long broad-sword clashed against his heavy boots; with his white

and nervous hand, as supple and hard as steel, he reined in the fiery and plunging animal which he rode with a grasp of iron.

His pale face was slightly flushed, his lips compressed with icy resolution, his dark, haunting eyes, blazed with a steady flame.

As his horse and that of St. John came in collision, the young man found his hand enclosed in the vice-like grasp of the stranger's.

"We meet again, friend," said the stranger, in his collected voice, which sounded low and clearly in the midst of the immense tumult; "I told you that events were ripening—that the storm rushed on. We'll see now! it has come! hear its thunder! You will soon see its lightning!"

"Yes," replied St. John, gazing with absorbing interest at the pale martial face, "yes! the *tongue* and the *pen* are about to yield—to yield to the sword, as you said."

"They have yielded! They disappear!" cried the stranger, with a glance of fiery joy and pride. "We have found what we wanted—the *sword!*"

"You have found it? found the leader?"

"Yes! the man who will lead us to glory and victory! He is already elected general in chief of the armies of North America!"

"His name?"

"George Washington!"

As though in response to the utterance of the name, a deafening cheer rose above the multitude, making the horses start and rear.

The flag of St. George—the banner of England—which had waved above the magazine, was seen to drop. Then, obeying the strength of the hundred hands which caught the ropes, it slowly descended, amid the shouts of the great crowd.

In an instant it had disappeared. It was trampled beneath the feet of the roaring multitude, and torn into a thousand shreds.

“Look, friend!” cried the stranger, with glowing eyes, “see the banner of England trodden down and torn to pieces! See the beginning of the end! the advent of war and revolution! The hour has struck! the day dawned! The old world has passed away—behold all things from henceforth become new!”

The triumphal roar of cannon seemed to reply to the words—the Revolution had indeed begun.

CHAPTER XC.

A SUMMER DAY AT “FLOWER OF HUNDREDS.”

WITH the scenes which have just been narrated our history might very well end, but perhaps by so terminating it, we should leave too much to the imagination of the reader.

We shall therefore add a few words in relation to Mr. St. John, the family at Vanely, and some other personages of the history.

The stranger had not used the money which the young man deposited in his hands “for the cause.” He never for a moment had any such intention, and soon after the departure of St. John for the Indian wars, had entrusted the entire sum to Colonel Vane, with a statement of the circumstances under which he had received it.

The old gentleman had been ignorant of the young man’s return to Williamsburg, Bonnybel having never spoken of their meeting at the graveyard, and thus there had been no communication between the two gentlemen.

Soon after the flight of Dunmore, however, and when St. John went again to Vanely, and dissipated with a word the long misunderstanding, the old gentleman returned the twenty thousand pounds, and in the presence of the young man, burned, smiling, the deed by which he had conveyed

to Colonel Vane all his servants. One thing only remained to be done—to repurchase “Flower of Hundreds” from Mr. Smith, the factor—and in this St. John did not experience any difficulty. The worthy factor was quite content to receive back the money, with interest, having found that residing at “Flower of Hundreds” was neither in consonance with his habits, which were those of a town-dweller, or his interests, which made his presence necessary in Williamsburg. The young man, therefore, found himself reinstated in his family mansion—the owner again of his patrimonial acres, as though he had never left them, or parted with them.

We need scarcely say that the cloud which had obscured his relations with Bonnybel had wholly disappeared. Perhaps they loved each other even more dearly than before for the woful misunderstanding which had taken place. There was now no obstacle to their union, and they were accordingly married in the autumn of the same year. Two other marriages took place on the same evening at Vanely. Miss Seraphina gave her hand to the inconsolable widower, Jack Hamilton, whose business at Vanely now lay with the lady—no longer with Colonel Vane. And Helen rewarded the long and persevering suit of honest Tom Alston, whose “shaking” had at last brought down the fruit.

On the same morning Mr. St. John had been invited to the wedding of James Doubleday, Esq., who was about to espouse the lady for whom he had only a “Platonic regard,” and we may add that there were present at Vanely, in the party of Captain Waters and his wife, who possessed but a single failing, two young people who, perhaps, looked forward to the day upon which they, also, would be married.

These young persons were Paul Effingham, Esq., son and heir of Champ Effingham, Esq., of Effingham Hall, and Miss Beatrice Waters, otherwise called Blossom, daughter of Charles Waters, Esq.

“The son of Champ and the daughter of Beatrice!” murmured the captain, as his shoulders drooped and his eyes grew dreamy; “what a singular world!”

At the door, on a chair set for her, was Mammy Liza ; and, when the ceremony was over, Bonnybel went to her and put her arms around her neck and kissed her. It is the fashion in our country, gentle reader.

So the festival passed, with its joy, and merriment, and uproar, and bright eyes, and smiles, and true love was rewarded.

St. John did not remain many days with his bride. He again girt on his sword, exchanged his buckled shoes for heavy horseman's boots, and went to join the troops that were marching against Dunmore. He was present at the battle of "Great Bridge," where the raw volunteers of Virginia defeated the grenadiers of a crack English regiment, at the burning of Norfolk, and at the terrible tragedy of "Gwynn's Island," from which, driven by General Andrew Lewis, the victor at "Point Pleasant," and now arrayed against him who had endeavored to betray him, Lord Dunmore, abandoning his mercenaries and armed slaves, took flight, leaving thus, happily for ever, the soil of the land which he had tried to enslave.

St. John fought throughout the Revolution, and was known to enjoy the confidence and warm personal regard of the friend of Colonel Vane, the great leader of the armies of America. He only visited his estates in Virginia occasionally ; but, after Yorktown, returned thither to go away no more. The sun-burnt soldier hung up his sword on the wall of "Flower of Hundreds," and sank back to the place of a Virginia planter.

Need we say that a beautiful face appeared at the door as the aged "Tallyho" neighed joyfully at the great gate?—that a form flitted, rather than ran, over the emerald grass, and, in an instant, was weeping in the arms of the soldier ? and soon his knees were clasped by two little urchins with sunny curls, and a lovely child, fast ripening into beautiful girlhood, threw her arms around his neck, and sobbed for joy upon his bosom.

St. John reëntered the familiar old hall in the midst of

a joyful pæan from a multitude of Africans with grinning and delighted faces ; and then the old chariot from Vanely was descried ascending the hill, the day of his return having been announced in a letter. The honest old colonel limped forth with grimaces and warmly pressed the hand of the young man. Old Cato did the same with evident satisfaction, and good Aunt Mabel placed her thin arms around him and gave him a kiss and her blessing.

They were happy in the cheerful old mansion, thus reunited, and we leave them as we found them—smiling.

EPILOGUE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE MS.

So it ends, my simple old chronicle; my poor dim-colored picture of the men and women, habitudes and costumes of the days of the Revolution.

'Twas an unknown land, and a forgotten generation which I attempted to describe ; the *terra incognita* of old Virginia ; the race of giants, looming now, as it were, through mists, or the smoke of battle ; the race which played such a great and noble part in the drama of those days which tried men's souls.

I wished my pages to embody, if that were possible, some of the secret influences which bore on great events—to paint the humble and unnoted source of the great stream of revolution, ever increasing, and, at last, overthrowing all which stood before it. To paint, too, the gallant youths and lovely maidens—their gay love encounters, in the old, old, days—their sorrows and joys—their sighs and their laughter—their whispering voices, heard still, as we read the yellow old letters of the far away Past! What is it that comes up before the page as we read ? Is it a ghostly laughter, a glimmer of bright eyes, a beautiful shadow of something flitting and impalpable, as delicate as a reverie or

dream? I read the dim words, and lay down the sheet, and think, with smiles, of the gallant protestations of gallants long dead—as dead as the maidens whom they toasted long ago. Damon is gone this many a day, and Celinda sleeps with the roses. The Philanders and Strephons, the Mays and the Cynthias are “white as their smocks,” or their ruffles—and so cold!

Whither have you flown, O maidens of a dead generation? There was a time when you smiled and sighed: when your frowns or your laughter plunged the gallants into misery or exuberant delight. Will you come no more back if we call to you, and sigh for you? Will you still remain silent and cold when we adjure you?

Alas! yes. For you are the stars of another generation. It is fourscore years since you shone in the skies—you will shine no more to the eyes of mortals. You have crumbled to dust beneath emerald sward; from your white maiden breasts grow flowers. You played your merry parts beneath the old colonial skies, and then went away to heaven; and now we, your descendants, in another age, read of your happy faces with such pensive smiles—ponder so wistfully, as we follow the old story—the story which chronicles the beauty and goodness of the dear, dead maidens of the Past!

But I am dreaming. I look on the landscape from my shady old porch, and only see the faces of Bonnybel and her lover—of Blossom, and Tom Alston, and Kate Effingham. I linger still in the haunted domain of my memory, or my fancy, if it please you. I press the warm hands, hear the musical voices; but they die away as I listen. The colors all fade—the laughter is hushed—no more the gay jest rings careless and free—it is a company of ghosts which I gaze at; fading away into mist.

A glimmer—a murmur—they are gone!



